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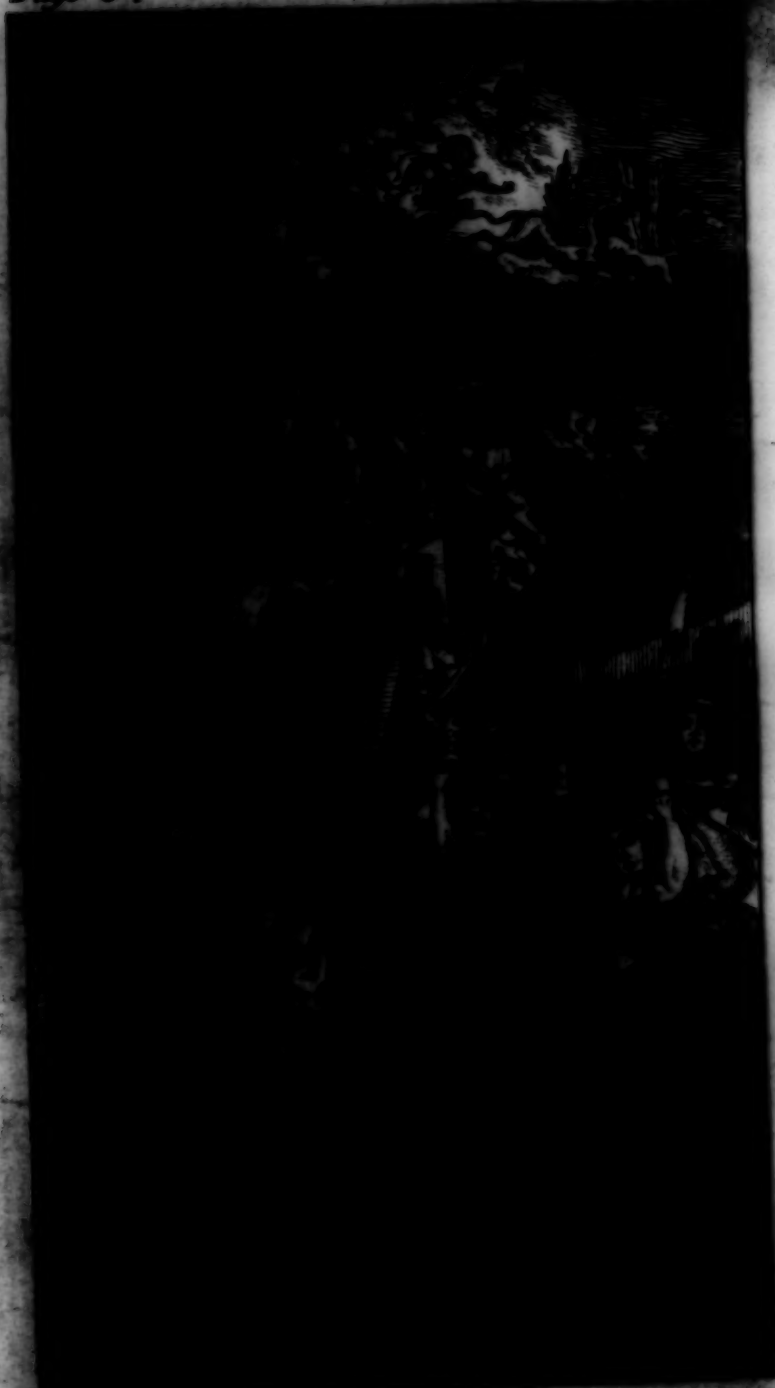
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The Renowned
H I S T O R Y
OF THE
SEVEN CHAMPIONS
OF
CHRISTENDOM,

St. GEORGE of ENGLAND, || St. ANDREW of SCOTLAND,
St. DENIS of FRANCE, || St. PATRICK of IRELAND,
St. JAMES of SPAIN, || Add
St. ANTHONY of ITALY, || St. DAVID of WALES;

And their S O N S.

S H E W I N G,

Their Memorable and Glorious Battles by Sea
and Land: Their Tilts, Jests and Tournaments
for Ladies: Their Combats with Giants, Mon-
sters, and Dragons: Their Adventures in Foreign
Nations: Their Enchantments in the Holy-
Land: Their Knighthoods, Prowess and Chival-
ry, in *Europe, Africa and Asia*: With their
Victories over the Enemies of CHRIST.

A L S O,

The true Manner and Place of their Deaths, being
Seven TRAGEDIES; and how they came to be called
the Seven SAINTS or CHAMPIONS of *Christendom*.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by J. DOWSE, opposite *Fountain-Court* in
the Strand; S. CROWDER and H. WOODGATE, in
Fater-Nasser-Row; W. JACKSON, at *Oxford*; T. JAMES
at *Cambridge*; and R. MILLSON, at *Liverpool*, 1755.



1208

The Renowned
H I S T O R Y
OF THE
SEVEN CHAMPIONS
OF
CHRISTENDOM.

P A R T II.

C H A P. X.

How St. George's three Sons and Rosana entered the Black-castle, where they quenched the Lamps, and awaked the Seven Champions of Christendom, after they had slept seven Days upon an enchanted Bed.



TH E three Knights buckled close their Armour, laced on their Helmets, and put their Shields upon their Arms, and in Company of Rosana they went to the Castle-gate, which glittered against the Sun like burnish'd Gold: Whereat hung a mighty Copper Ring,

wherewith they beat so vehemently against the Gate, that it seemed to rattle like a violent tempestuous Storm of Thunder in the Element.

Then presently there appeared (looking out of a Marble-pillar'd Window) the Magician, newly risen from his Bed, in a wrought Shirt with black Silk, and covered with a Night-Gown of Damask Velvet; and seeing the Knights with the Lady standing before the Gate, he thus discourteously greeted them.

‘ You Knights of strange Countries (said he) for so doth it appear by your strange Demeanors, if you desire to have the Gates opened, and your Bones buried in the Vaults of our Castle, turn back unto the Jasper Pillar behind you, and sound the Silver Trumpet that hangs upon it, so shall your Entry be easy, but your coming forth miraculous.’ And thereupon the Magician left the Window.

Whereupon one of the Knights went unto the Jasper Pillar, and with a vehement Breath sounded the enchanted Trumpet, as St. George did before, whereat the Gates flew open in like Manner; whereinto (without Disturbance) they entered; and coming into the same Court where the Champions had fought with the Giants, they espied the enchanted Lamps, which hung burning before the

Seven Champions of Christendom.

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the Entry of the Cave where the Champions lay upon the enchanted Bed. Under the Lamps hung a Silver Tablet in an Iron Chain, in it was written these Words following.

The fatal Lamps with their enchanted Lights,
In Death's sad Sleep have cast seven *Christian* Knights,
Within this Cave they lie with Sloth confounded,
Whose Fame but late in every Place resounded;
Except the flaming Lamps extinguish'd be,
Their golden Thoughts shall sleep eternally :

A Fountain fram'd by Furies rais'd from Hell,
About whose Spring doth Fear and Terror dwell.

No Earthly Water may suffice but this,
To quench the Lamps where Art Commander is ;
No Wight alive this Water may procure,
But she that is a Virgin chaste and pure,
And Nature at her Birth did so dispose,
Upon her Breast to print a purple Rose.

These Verses being perused by the three Knights, and finding them, as it were, contrived in the Manner of a mystical Oracle, they could not imagine what they should signify : But *Rafana*, being of a quick Understanding, presently knew that by her the Adventures should be finished, and therefore she encouraged them to a Forwardness, and to seek out the enchanted Fountain, that by the Water thereof the Lamps might be quenched, and the Seven Champions delivered out of Captivity.

This importunate Desire of *Rosana*, caused the three young Knights not to lose any Time, but to search in every Corner of the Castle, 'till they had found the Place wherein the Fountain was : For as they went towards the North-Side of the Court, they espied another little Door standing in the Wall, and when they came to it, they saw that it was made all of very strong Iron, with a Portal of Steel, and in the Key-hole thereof there was a Brazen Key, with which they opened it, whereat presently (unto their wonderful Amazements) they heard a very sad and sorrowful Voice breath forth these Words following.

Let no Man be so fool-hardy, as to enter here ; for it is a Place of Terror and Confusion.

Yet for all this they entered in thereat, and would not be daunted with any Fear, but like Knights of heroical Estimation, they went forward : Wherein they were no sooner entered, but they saw that it was wonderful dark, and it seemed unto them that it should be a very large Hall, and there they heard very fearful Howlings, as though there had been a Legion of Hell-hounds, or that *Pluto's* Dog had been Vicegerent of that Place. Yet for all this, these valiant Knights did not lose any of their accustomed

accustomed Courage, nor would the Lady leave their Companies for any Danger at all, but they entered in further, and took off their Gauntlets from their left Hands, whereon they wore marvellous great and fine Diamonds which were set in Rings, that gave so much Light that they might plainly see all Things that were in the Hall, which was very great and wide, and upon the Walls were painted the Figures of many furious Fiends, Devils, with other strange Visions, framed by Magick Art, only to terrify the Beholders. But looking very circumspectly about them on every Side, they espied the enchanted Fountain standing directly in the middle of the Hall, towards which they went with their Shields braced on their left Arms, and their good Swords charged in their right Hands, ready to withstand any dangerous Accident whatsoever should happen.

But coming to the Fountain, and offering to fill their Helmets with Water, there appeared before them a strange and terrible Griffin, which seemed to be all of flaming Fire, who struck all the three Knights one after another in such sort, that they were forced to recoil back a great Way: Yet notwithstanding with Discretion they kept themselves upright, and with a wonderful Lightness, accompanied with no less Anger, they threw their Shields at their Backs, and taking

taking their Swords in both their Hands, they began most fiercely to assail the Griffin with mortal and strong Blows : Then presently there appeared before them a whole Legion of Devils with Flesh-hooks in their Hands, spitting forth Flames of Fire, and breathing from their Nostrils smoaking Sulphur and Brimstone. In this terrible Sort tormented they these three valiant Knights, whose Years although they were but young, yet with great Wrath and redoubled Force adventured they themselves against this Hellish Crew, striking such terrible Blows, that in Spite of them they came unto the Fountain, and proffered to take of the Water ; but all in vain, for they were not only put from it by this devilish Company, but the Water itself glided from their Hands.

But during the Time of these dangerous Encounters, *Rosana* stood like one bereft of Sense, through the Terror of the same ; but at last remembering herself of the Superscription written in the Silver Tablet, which the Knights perused by the Enchanted Lamps ; the Signification of which was, ‘ That the
‘ quenching of the Lights, should be ac-
‘ complished by a pure Virgin that had the
‘ lively Form of a Rose naturally pictured
‘ upon her Breast ;’ all which *Rosana* knew most certainly to be comprehended in herself, therefore whilst they continued in their dangerous Fight, she took up a Helmet that
was

was pulled from one of the Knights Heads by the furious Force of the Griffin, and ran unto the Fountain, and filled it with Water, wherewith she quenched the enchanted Lamps, with as much Ease as though one had dipped a waxen Torch in a mighty River of Water.

This was no sooner done and finished, to *Rosana's* Contentment, but the Skies began to wax dark, and immediately to be overspread with a black and thick Cloud, and it came with great Thundering and Lightenings, and such a terrible Noise, as though the Earth would have sunk; and the longer it endured, the more was the Fury thereof, in such Sort, that the Griffin with all that deluded Generation of Spirits vanished away, and the Knights forsook their Encounters, and fell upon their Knees, and with great Humility they desired in their Hearts to be delivered from the Fury of that exceeding and terrible Tempest. By this sudden Alteration of the Heavens, the Knight of the Castle knew that the Lamps were extinguished, the Champions redeemed from their enchanted Sleeps, the Castle yielded to the Pleasure of the three Knights, and his own Life to the Fury of their Swords, except he preserv'd it by a sudden Flight, so presently he departed the Castle, and secretly fled out of the Island unsuspected by any one: Of whose

whose after Fortunes, Miseries, and Death, you shall hear more hereafter.

The Necromancer by his Art likewise knew that the Castle was yielded into his Enemies Power, and his Charms and Magick Spels nothing prevailed, therefore he caused two airy Spirits, in the Likeness of two Dragons, to carry him swiftly through the Air in an Ebon Chariot.

Here we likewise will leave him in his wicked and devilish Attempts and damned Enterprizes, which shall be discoursed hereafter more at large; because it appertaineth to our History now to speak of the Seven Renowned Champions of *Christendom*, that by the quenching of the Lamps were awaked from their Enchantments, wherein they had lain in Obscurity for the Space of seven Days. For when they were risen from their Sleep, and had roused up their drowsy Spirits, like Men newly recovered from a Trance, being ashamed of that dishonourable Enterprize, they long Time gazed on each other's Face, being not able to express their Minds, but by blushing Looks, being the silent Speakers of their extreme Sorrows: Yet at last *St. George* began to express the Extremity of his Grief in this Manner:

• What is become of you, brave *European*
• Champions. Where is now your wonted
• Valours, of late so much renowned through
• the

‘ the World ? What is become of your sur-
‘ mounted Strengths, that hath bruised en-
‘ chanted Helmets, and quell’d the Power
‘ of mighty Multitudes ? What is become
‘ of your terrible Blows, that have subdued
‘ Mountains, hewed in sunder Diamond
‘ Armours, and brought whole Kingdoms
‘ under your Subjection ? Now I see that all
‘ is forgotten, and nothing worth, for that
‘ we have buried all our Honours, Digni-
‘ ties, and Fames, in slothful Slumbers
‘ upon a filken Bed.’

And thereupon he fell upon his Knees,
and said, ‘ Thou that art the Guider of all
‘ our Fortunes, unto thee I invoke and
‘ call, and desire thee to help us, and do
‘ not permit us to have our Fames taken
‘ away for this Dishonour, and let us merit
‘ Dignity by our Victories, and that our
‘ bright Renowns may ride upon the glori-
‘ ous Wings of Fame, whereby the Babes
‘ as yet unborn may speak of us, and in
‘ Time to come fill whole Volumes with
‘ our princely Atchievements.’

These and such like Speeches pronounced
this discontented Champion, till such Time
as the Elements cleared, and that golden
faced *Phæbus* glittered with splendant Bright-
ness into the Cave thro’ a secret Hole, which
seemed in their Conceits to dance about the
Vail

Vail of Heaven, and to rejoice at their happy Deliveries.

In this joyful Manner returned they up to the Court of the Castle, with their Armour buckled fast unto their Bodies, which had not been unbraced in seven Days before, where they met with the three Knights coming to salute them, and to give them the Courtesies of Knighthood.

But when *St. George* saw his Sons, whom he had not seen in two Years before, he was so ravished with Joy, that he swooned in their Bosoms, being not able to give them his Blessing; so great was the Pleasure he took in their Sights.

Here I leave the joyful Greeting betwixt the Father and his Sons, to those that know the secret Love of Parents to their Children, and what dear Affection long Absence breedeth.

For when they had sufficiently opened the Integrity of their Souls to each other, and had at large explained how many Dangers every Knight and Champion had passed since their Departure from *England*, when as they began their first intended Pilgrimage to *Jerusalem*, as you heard in the Beginning of this Book, they determined to search the Castle, and to find out *Leoger* with his Associate the wicked Enchanter, that they might receive due Punishments for their committed Offences; but they like wily Foxes were fled

fled from the Hunter's Traps, and had left the empty Castle to the Spoil of the *Christian* Champions: But when *Rosana* saw her dismiss'd from her Purpose, and that she could not perform her Mother's Will against her disloyal Father, she protested by her Mother's Name, ' never to close her chearful Eyes with quiet Slumbers, nor even rest her weary Limbs in Bed of Down, but travel up and down the circled Earth, till she enjoy'd a Sight of her disloyal Father, whom as yet her Eyes did never see.'

Therefore she conjured the Champions by the Love and Honour that Knights do bear unto poor distressed Ladies, to grant her Liberty to depart, and not to hinder her intended Travel.

The Knights considered with themselves that she was a Lady, born unto some strange Fortune, and one by the Heavens appointed, who had redeem'd them from a wonderful Misery. Therefore they condescended to her Desires, and not only gave her Leave to depart, but furnish'd her with all Things belonging to a Lady of so brave a Mind.

First, they found within the Castle an Armour fit for a Woman, which the enchanter had caused to be made by Magick Art, of such a singular Nature, that no

Weapon could pierce it, and so light in wearing, that it weighed no heavier than a Tyger's Skin; it was contriv'd after the *Amazonian* Fashion, plated before with Silver Plates, like the Scales of a Dolphin, and riveted together with golden Nails: So that when she had it upon her Back, she seem'd like a *Diana*, hunting in the Forest of transform'd *Atleon*.

Likewise they found standing in the Stable at the East-end of the Castle, a lusty-limbed Steed big of Stature, and of a very good Hair, for the half Parts forwards was of the Colour of a Wolf, and the other half all black, saving that here and there it was spotted with little white Spots; his Feet were cloven, so that he needed not at any Time to be shod; his Neck was somewhat long, having a little Head, with great Ears hanging down like a Hound; his Pace was with great Majesty, and he so doubled his Neck, that his Mouth touched his Breast; there came out of his Mouth two great Tusks like unto an Elephant. This likewise bestowed they upon the Lady, which did more content her Mind, than any Thing that ever her Eyes had seen before that Time; also the ten *Christian* Knights gave her, at her Departure, ten Diamond Rings, continually to wear upon her Fingers, in the perpetual Remembrance of her Courtesy.

This

This done, without any longer Stay, but only thanking them for the great Kindness shewed unto her in Distress, she leap'd into the Saddle without the Help of Stirrup, and so rode speedily away from their Sights.

After her Departure, the Champions remembered the old Shepherd, whom they had almost forgotten, through the Joy that they took in their happy Meetings, he as yet remained without the Castle Gates, carefully keeping their Horses; whom now they caused to come in, and not only gave him the Honour due unto his Age, but bestowed frankly upon him the State and Government of the Castle, with Store of Jewels, Pearls, and Treasures, only to be maintain'd and kept for the Relief of poor Travellers.

This being performed with their general Consents, they spent the Remnant of the Day in Banquetting and other pleasant Conference of their pass'd Adventures: And when the Night with her sable Clouds had overspread the Day's delightful Countenance, they betook them to their Rests.

C H A P. XI.

How, after the Christian Knights were gone to Bed in the Black castle, St. George was awaked from his Sleep in the dead Time of the Night, after a most fearful Manner, and likewise how he found a Knight lying upon a Tomb that stood over a flaming Fire.

MOST sweet were the Sleeps that these princely-minded Champions took in the Castle all the first Part of the Night ; but betwixt Twelve and One, such a strange Alteration did work in St. George's Thought, that he could not enjoy the Benefit of sweet Sleep, but was forced to lie broad awake, like one disquieted by some sudden Fear ; but as he lay with wakeful Eyes, thinking upon his passed Fortunes, he heard as it were a Cry of Night Ravens, which flew beating their fatal Wings against the Windows of his Lodging, by which he imagined that some direful Accident was near at Hand : Yet being not frightened with this fearful Noise, nor daunted with the Croaking of these Ravens, he lay still silent, not revealing it to any of the other Champions that lay in the six several Beds in the same Chamber ; but at last, being between sleeping and waking, he heard, as it were, the Voice of a sorrowful Knight, that constrained these bitter Passions from his tormented

mented Soul, and they contained these Words following :

‘ O thou invincible Knight of *England*,
‘ thou that art not frightened with this sor-
‘ rowful Dwelling, wherein thou canst see
‘ nothing but Torments, rise up, I say,
‘ from thy sluggish Bed, and with thy un-
‘ daunted Courage and strong Arm, break
‘ the Charm of my Enchantment.’

And therewithal he seemed to give a most terrible Groan, and so ceased. This unexpected Noise caused *St. George* to arise from his Bed, and to buckle on his Armour, and to search about the Castle to see if he might find the Place that harboured the Knight that made such sorrowful Lamentations.

So going up and down Bye-corners in the Castle, all the latter Part of the Night, without finding the Adventure of this strange Voice or Disturbance by any other Means, but that he was hindered from his natural and quiet Sleep ; by the Break of Day, when the dark Night began to withdraw her sable Curtains, and to give *Aurora* Liberty to display her purple Brightness, he entered into a four-square Parlour, hung round about with black Cloth, and other mournful Habilliments, where on the one Side of the same he saw a Tomb covered likewise with black, and upon it there lay a Man with a pale

Colour, who at certain Times gave most grievous Sighs, caused by burning Flames that proceeded from under the Tomb, being such that it seemed that his Body therewith should be converted into Coals; the Flame thereof was so stinking, that it made St. George somewhat to retire from the Place where he did see that most fearful Spectacle.

He which lay upon the Tomb, casting his Eyes aside, espied St. George, and knowing him to be a humane Creature, with an afflicted Voice he said, 'Who art thou, Sir Knight, that art come into this Place of Sorrow, where nothing is heard but Clamours of Fear and Terror?'

'Nay, tell me, said St. George, who thou art, that with so much Grief dost demand of me, that which I stand in Doubt to reveal to thee.'

'I am the King of *Babylon*, (answered he) which, without all Consideration, with my cruel Hand did pierce through the white and delicate Breast of my beloved Daughter; Woe be to me, and Woe unto my Soul therefore, for she at once did pay her Offence by Death, but I a most miserable Wretch, with many Torments do die living.'

When this worthy Champion St. George was about to answer him, he saw come forth from

from under the Tomb a Damsel who had her Hair of a yellow Colour, hanging down about her Shoulders, and by her Face she seemed that she should be very strangely afflicted with Torments, and with a sorrowful Voice she said :

‘ O unfortunate Knight, what dost thou
‘ seek in this infernal Lodging, where can-
‘ not be given thee any other Pleasure but
‘ mortal Torment, and there is but one
‘ Thing that can clear thee from it, and
‘ this cannot be told thee by any other but
‘ by me ? Yet I will not express it, except
‘ thou wilt grant me one Thing which I
‘ will ask of thee.’

The *English* Champion, that with a sad Countenance stood beholding of the sorrowful Damsel, and being greatly amazed at the Sight which he had seen, answered and said :

‘ The Powers which were Governors of
‘ my Liberty will do their Pleasures, but
‘ touching the Grant of thy Request, I ne-
‘ ver denied any lawful Thing to either
‘ Lady or Gentlewoman, but with all my
‘ Power and Strength I was made to fulfil
‘ the same, therefore demand what thy
‘ Pleasure is ?’ And with that the Damsel
threw herself into the Sepulchre, and with
a grievous

a grievous Voice she said : ‘ Now, most
 ‘ courteous Knight, perform thy Promise,
 ‘ strike but three Strokes upon this fatal
 ‘ Tomb, and thou shalt deliver us from a
 ‘ World of Miseries, and likewise make an
 ‘ End of our continual Torments.’

Then the invincible Knight replied in this
 Order. ‘ Whether you be humane Crea-
 ‘ tures, (said he) placed in this Sepulchre
 ‘ by Enchantment, or Furies raised from
 ‘ fiery *Acheron*, to work my Confusion or
 ‘ no, I know not, and there is so little
 ‘ Truth in this infernal Castle, that I stand
 ‘ in Doubt whether I may believe thy Words
 ‘ or not : But yet discourse unto me the
 ‘ Truth of all your passed Fortunes, and
 ‘ by what Means you were brought into
 ‘ this Place, and as I am a true Knight,
 ‘ and one that fights in the Quarrel of *Chris-*
 ‘ *tendom*, I vow to accomplish whatsoever
 ‘ lieth in my Power.’

Then the Damsel began with a sorrowful
 Lamentation to declare as strange a Tragedy
 as ever was told : And lying in the fatal
 Sepulchre, unseen of *St. George*, with a hol-
 low Voice, like a murdered Lady, whose
 bleeding Soul as yet did feel the terrible
 Stroke of her Death, she repeated this piti-
 ful Tale following.

C H A P. XII.

Of a tragical Discourse pronounced by a Lady in a Tomb, and how her Enchantment was finished by St. George.

IN famous *Babylon* sometimes reigned a King, who had only one Daughter that was very fair, whose Name was *Angelica*, humble, wise, and chaste; who was beloved of a mighty Duke, and a Man wonderful cunning in the black Art: This Magician better deserved the Government than any other in the Kingdom, and was very well esteemed throughout all *Babylon*, almost equally with the King: For which there engendered in the King's Heart a secret Rancour and Hatred towards him. The Magician cast his Love upon the young Princess *Angelica*, and it was ordained by Destiny that she should repay him with the same Affection, so that both their Hearts being wounded with Love the one to the other, they endured sundry great Passions.

Then Love, which continually seeketh Occasions, did on a Time set before this Magician a waiting Maid of *Angelica's*, named *Fidelia*, which seemed to be wrought by the immortal Power of the Goddess *Venus*: Oh in what Fear the Magician was to discover unto her all his Heart, and to bewray the Secrets of his Love-sick Soul; but in

in the End, by the great Industry and Diligence of the Waiting-Maid (whose Name was answerable unto her Mind) there was Order given that these two Lovers should meet together.

This fair *Angelica*, for that she could not at her Ease enjoy her true Lover, did determine to leave her own natural Country and Father, and with this Intention, being one Night with her Love, she cast her Arms about his Neck, and said :

‘ Oh my sweet and well-beloved Friend,
 ‘ seeing that my Destinies have been so kind
 ‘ to me, as to have my Heart linked in
 ‘ thy Breast, let no Man find in thee Ingratitude,
 ‘ for that I cannot live, except
 ‘ continually I enjoy thy Sight, and do not
 ‘ muse (my Lord) at these my Words, for
 ‘ the entire Love that I bear to you, constraineth
 ‘ me to make it manifest. And
 ‘ this believe of a Certainty, that if thy
 ‘ Sight be absent from me, it will be an
 ‘ Occasion that my Heart will lack his vital
 ‘ Recreation, and my Soul forsake her
 ‘ earthly Habitation. You know, my Lord,
 ‘ how that the King my Father doth bear
 ‘ you no good Will, but doth hate you
 ‘ from his Soul, which will be an Occasion
 ‘ that we cannot enjoy our Hearts Contentments;
 ‘ for the which I have determined
 ‘ (if you think well thereof) to leave both
 ‘ my

‘ my Father and my Native Country, and
‘ to go and live with you in a strange Land.
‘ And if you deny me this, you shall very
‘ quickly see your loving Lady without
‘ Life; but I know you will not deny me,
‘ for thereon consisteth the Benefit of my
‘ Welfare, and my chiefeft Prosperity.’
And therewithal shedding a few Tears from
her chrystal Eyes, she held her Peace.

The Magician (as one half-ravished with
her earnest Desires) answered and said :

‘ My Love and sweet Mistress, where-
‘ fore have you any Doubt that I will not
‘ fulfil and accomplish your Desire in all
‘ Things; therefore out of Hand put all
‘ Things in Readiness that your Pleasure is
‘ to have done; for what more Benefit or
‘ Content can I receive, than to enjoy your
‘ Sight continually, in such Sort that nei-
‘ ther of us may depart from the other’s
‘ Company, ’till the fatal Destinies gave
‘ End to our Lives.’

After this, within a few Days, the Ma-
gician by his Enchantment caused a Chariot
to be made, that was drawn by flying Dra-
gons, into which, without being espied of
any one, they put themselves, together with
their trusty Waiting-maid, and in great Se-
crecy they departed out of the King’s Pa-
lace, and took their Journey toward the
Country

Country of *Armenia*; into which Country in a short Time they arrived, and came without any Misfortune unto a Place where deep Rivers did continually strike upon a Rock, upon which stood an old Building, wherein they intended to inhabit, as a most convenient Place for their Dwelling, whereas they might, without all Fear of being found, live peaceably, enjoying each others Love.

Not far from that Place there was a small Village, from whence they might have necessary Provision for the maintaining of their Bodies. Great Joy and Pleasure these two Lovers received when they found themselves in such a Place whereas they might take their fill of each other's Loves.

The Magician delighted in no other Thing but to go a hunting with certain Country Dwellers that inhabited in the next Village, leaving his sweet *Angelica* accompanied with her trusty *Fidelia* in that House, so in this Order they lived together four Years, spending their Days in great Pleasure; but in the End, Time (who never rested in one Degree) did take from them their Rest, and repay'd them with Sorrow and extreme Misery. For when the King her Father found her missing, the Sorrow and Grief was so much that he received, that he kept his Chamber a long Time, and would not be comforted of any Body.

Four Years he passed away in great Heaviness, filling the Court with Ecchoes of his beloved Daughter, and making the Skies to resound his Lamentations. But at last, upon a Time as he sat in his Chair, lamenting her Absence with great Heaviness, and being over-charged with Grief, he chanc'd to fall into a troublesome Dream, for after quiet Sleep had closed up the Closets of his Eyes, he dreamed that he saw his Daughter standing upon a Rock by the Sea-side, offering to cast her Body into the Waves before she would return to *Babylon*, and that he beheld her Lover with an Army of Satyrs and wild Men ready-furnished with Habiliments of War to pull him from his Throne, and to deprive him of his Kingdom.

Out of this Vision he presently started from his Chair, as though it had been one frightened with a Legion of Spirits, and caused four of the chief Peers of his Land to be sent for, to whom he committed the Government of his Country; certifying them that he intended a Voyage to the Sepulchre at *Memphis*, thereby to qualify the Fury of his Daughter's Ghost, whom he dreamed to be drowned in the Seas, and that except he sought by true Submission to appease the angry Fates, whom he had offended, he should be deposed from his Kingdom.

None could withdraw him from his Determination, though it was to the Prejudice of the whole Land; therefore within twenty Days he furnished himself with all Necessaries, as well of Armour and martial Furniture, as of Gold and Treasure, and so departed from *Babylon* privately and alone, not suffering any other to bear him Company.

But he travelled not as he told his Lords, after any ceremonious Order, but like a Blood-hound searching Country after Country, Nation by Nation, and Kingdom by Kingdom, that after a barbarous Manner he might be revenged upon his Daughter for her Disobedience: And as he travelled, there was no Cave, Den, Wood, or Wilderness, but he furiously enter'd, and diligently searched for his *Angelica*.

At last, by strange Fortune he happened into *Armenia*, near unto the Place whereas his Daughter had her Residence, where after he had Intelligence by the Commons of the Country, that she remained in an old ruined Building on the Top of a Rock near at Hand, without any more Delay he travelled to the Place, at such a Time as the Magician her Husband was gone about his accustomed Hunting, where coming to the Gate and finding it locked, he knocked thereat so furiously, that he made the Noise
resound

resound all the House over with the redoubling Eccho.

When *Angelica* heard one Knock, she came unto the Gate, and with all Speed she did open it, where when she thought to embrace him (thinking it to be her Lover) she saw that it was her Father, and with a sudden Alteration she gave a great Shriek, and ran with all the Speed she could back into the House.

Her Father being angry, like a furious Lion followed her, saying: ' It doth little
' avail thee *Angelica* to run away, for that
' thou shalt die by this revengeful Hand,
' paying me with thy Death the Dishonour
' that my Crown hath received by thy
' Flight.'

So he followed her 'till he came to the Chamber where her waiting Maid *Fidelia* was, who likewise presently knew the King: Upon whose wrathful Countenance appeared the Image of pale Death, and fearing the Harm that might happen unto her Lady, she put herself over her Lady's Body, and gave most terrible loud Shrieks.

The King, as one kindled in Wrath, and forgetting the natural Love of a Father towards his Child, he laid Hands upon his Sword, and said: ' It doth not profit thee
' *Angelica*, to fly from thy Death, for thy
' Desert is such, that thou cannot escape

‘ from it ; for here mine own Arm shall be
‘ the Killer of my own Flesh, and I unna-
‘ turally hate that which Nature itself com-
‘ mandeth me especially to love.’

Then *Angelica* with a Countenance more red than Scarlet answered and said : ‘ Ah
‘ my Lord and Father ! Will you be now
‘ as cruel unto me, as you had wont to be
‘ kind ? Appease your Wrath, and with-
‘ draw your unmerciful Sword, and hearken
‘ unto this which I say, in discharging my-
‘ self of that you charge me withal. You
‘ shall understand, my Lord and Father,
‘ that I was overcome and constrained by
‘ Love, for to love, forgetting all Fatherly
‘ Love and Duty towards your Majesty :
‘ Yet for all that, having Power to accom-
‘ plish the same, it was not to your Disho-
‘ nour, in that I live honourably with my
‘ Husband :’ Then the King (with a Visage
fraught with terrible Anger more like a
Dragon in the Woods of *Hircania*, than a
Man by Nature) answered and said :

‘ Thou viperous Brat, degenerate from
‘ Nature’s Kind, thou wicked Traitor to
‘ thy Generation ! What Reason hast thou
‘ to make this false Excuse, when as thou
‘ hast committed a Crime that deserves
‘ more Punishment than human Nature can
‘ inflict ?’

And

And in saying these Words, he lift up his Sword, intending to strike her into the Heart, and to bathe his Weapon in his own Daughter's Blood: Whereat *Fidelia* being present, gave a terrible Shriek, and threw herself upon the Body of unhappy *Angelica*, offering her tender Breast to the Fury of his sharp cutting Sword, only to set at Liberty her dear Lady and Mistress.

But when the furious King saw her in this Sort make her Defence, he pulled her off by the Hair of her Head, offering to trample her delicate Body under his Feet, thereby to make a Way, that he might execute his determined Purpose without Resistance of any.

Fidelia, when she saw the King determined to kill his Daughter, like unto a Lioness, she hung about his Neck, and said: 'Thou monstrous Murderer, more
' cruel than the mad Dogs in *Egypt*, why
' dost thou determine to slaughter the most
' chaste and loyallest Lady in the World,
' even she within whose Lap untamed Li-
' ons will come and sleep. Thou art thy-
' self (I say) the Occasion of all this Evil,
' and thine only is the Fault, for that thy-
' self wert so malicious, and so full of Mis-
' chief, that she durst not let thee under-
' stand of her Love.'

These Words and Tears of *Fidelia* did little profit to mollify the King's Heart, who rather like a wild Boar in the Wilderness being compassed about with a Company of Dogs, most irefully shook his Limbs, and threw *Fidelia* from him in such Sort, that he had almost dashed her Brains against the Chamber Walls, and with double Wrath he proceeded to execute his Fury. Yet, for all this, *Fidelia* with terrible Shrieks sought to hinder him, 'till such Time as with his cruel Hand he thrust his Sword into her Lady's Breast, so that it appeared forth at her Back, whereby her Soul was forced to leave her terrestrial Habitation.

The ireful King, when he beheld his Daughter's Blood sprinkled about the Chamber, and that by his own Hands it was committed, he repented himself of the Deed, and cursed the Hour wherein the first Motion of such a Crime entered into his Mind, wishing the Hand that did it, ever after might be lame, and the Heart that did contrive it, to be plagued with more Extremities than was miserable *Oedipus*.

In this Manner the unfortunate King repented his Daughter's bloody Tragedy, with this Determination, not to stay 'till the Magician returned from his hunting Exercise, but to exclude himself from the Company of all Men, and to spend the Remnant of his loathsome Life among untamed Beasts

in some wild Wilderness. Upon this Resolution he departed the Chamber, and withal said, ' Farewel, thou lifeless Body of my '*Angelica*, and may thy Blood, which I have ' spilt, crave Vengeance of the Fates against ' my guilty Soul, for my earthly Body shall ' endure a miserable Punishment.'

Fidelia (after the Departure of the King) used such violent Fury against herself, both by rending her Hair, and tearing her Face with her Nails, that she rather seemed an infernal Fury, subject to Wrath, than an earthly Creature furnished with Clemency : She sat over *Angelica's* Body, wiping her bleeding Bosom with a damask Scarf, which she pulled from her Waist, and bathing her dead Body in lukewarm Tears, which forcibly ran down from her Eyes like an overflowing Fountain.

In this woful Manner spent the sorrowful *Fidelia* that unhappy Day, till bright *Phæbus* went into the Western Part : At which Time the Magician returned from his accustomed Hunting, and finding the Door open, he entered into *Angelica's* Chamber, where when he found her Body weltering in congealed Blood, and beheld how *Fidelia* sat weeping over her bleeding Wounds, he cursed himself, for that he accounted his Negligence the Occasion of her Death, in that he had not left her in more Safety.
Bug

But when *Fidelia* had certified him, how that by the Hands of her own Father she was slaughtered, he began like a frantick Tyrant to rage against black Destiny, and to fill the Air with terrible Exclamations.

‘ Oh cruel Murderer ! (said he) crept
 ‘ from the Womb of some untamed Tyger,
 ‘ I will be so revenged upon thee, O unnatural King, that all Ages shall wonder at
 ‘ thy Misery. And likewise thou unhappy
 ‘ Virgin shalt endure like Punishment, in
 ‘ that thy accursed Tongue hath noised
 ‘ this fatal Deed in my Ears, the one for
 ‘ committing the Crime, and the other for
 ‘ reporting it. For I will cast such deserved
 ‘ Vengeance upon your Heads, and place
 ‘ your Bodies in such continual Torments,
 ‘ that you shall lament my Lady’s Death,
 ‘ leaving alive the Fame of her with your
 ‘ Lamentations.’

And in saying these Words, he drew a Book out of his Bosom, and in reading certain Charms and Enchantments, that were therein contained, he made a great and very black Cloud appear in the Skies, which was brought by terrible high Winds, in which he took them up both, and brought them into the enchanted Castle, where ever since they have remained in this Tomb cruelly tormented with unquenchable Fire.

and must for ever continue in the same Extremity, except some courteous Knight will vouchsafe to give but three Blows upon the Tomb, and break the Enchantment.

“ Thus have you heard, magnanimous Knight, the true Discourse of my unhappy Fortunes. And the Virgin which for the true Love she bore unto her Lady, was committed to this Torment is myself, and this pale Body lying upon the Tomb, is the unhappy *Babylonian* King, which unnaturally murdered his own Daughter : And the Magician which committed all these Villanies is that accursed Wretch, which by his Charms and devilish Enchantments hath so strongly withstood your Encounters.”

These Words were no sooner finished, but *St. George* drew out his sharp cutting Sword, and gave three Blows upon the enchanted Tomb, whereat presently appeared the *Babylonian* King standing before him, attired in rich Robes, with an Imperial Diadem upon his Head, and that Lady standing by him, with a Countenance more beautiful than the *Damask Rose*.

When *St. George* beheld them, he was not able to speak for Joy, nor to utter his Mind, so exceeding was the Pleasure that he took in their Sights, so without any long Circumstance, he took them betwixt both his Hands, and led them into the Chamber, where he found the other Knights newly
risen

34 *The Renowned History of the*
risen from their Beds. To whom he revealed the true Discourse of the passed Adventure, and by what Means he redeemed the King and Lady from their Enchantments ; which to them was as great Joy as before it was to St. George.

So, after they had for some six Days refreshed themselves in the Castle, they generally intended to accompany the *Babylonian* King into his Country, and to place him again in his Kingdom.

In which Travel we will leave the *Christian* Knights to the Conduct of Fortune, and return again to *Rosana*, who, as you heard before, departed from the Castle in the Pursuit of her disloyal Father.

C H A P. XIII.

How the Knight of the Black-castle, after Conquest of the same by the Christian Champions, wandered up and down the World in great Terror of Conscience, and after how he was found in a Wood by his own Daughter, in whose Presence he desperately slew himself.

THE *Christian* Champions had slain the seven Giants in the enchanted Castle, and had made Conquest thereof ; disloyal Leoger, being Lord of the same, secretly fled, not for Anger of the Loss, but for the Preservation

Preservation of his Life : So in Grief and Terror of Conscience he wandered like a Fugitive up and down the World ; sometimes remembering of his passed Prosperity, other Times thinking upon the Rapes he had committed, how disloyally in former Times he had left the Queen of *Armenia* big with Child, bearing in her Womb the Stain of Honour, and the Confusion of her Reputation. Sometimes his guilty Mind imagined that the bleeding Ghosts of the two Sisters (whom he both ravished and murdered) followed him up and down, haunting his Ghost with fearful Exclamations, and filling each Corner of the Earth with Clamours of Revenge. Such Fear and Terror raged in his Soul, that he thought all Places where he travelled were filled with Multitudes of Knights, and that the Strength of Countries pursued him to heap Vengeance upon his guilty Head for those wronged Ladies. Whereby he cursed the Hour of his Birth, and blamed the Cause of his Creation, wishing the Fates to consume his Body with a Fire, or that the Earth would gape and swallow him.

In this Manner he travell'd up and down, filling all Places with Ecchoes of his Sorrow and Grief ; which brought him into such a Perplexity, that many Times he would have slain himself, and have rid his wretched Soul from a World of Miseries.

But

But it happened that one Morning very early, by the first Light of *Titan's* golden Torch, he entered into a narrow and strait Path, which conducted him into a very thick and solitary Forest, wherein with much Sorrow he travell'd till such Time as glittering *Phæbus* had passed the half Part of his Journey. And being weary with the long Way and the great Weight of his Armour, he was forced to take some Rest and Ease under some green Myrtle Trees; whose large Leaves shadowed a very fair and clear Fountain, whose Stream made a bubbling Murmur on the Pebbles. And laying down upon the green Grass, he closed up the Closets of his Eyes, in Hope to repose himself in a quiet Sleep, and to abandon all discontented Thoughts, in which silent Contemplations we will leave him for a while, and return to *Rosana*, the Queen's Daughter of *Armenia*, whom you remember likewise departed from the Black-castle in the Pursuit of her disloyal Father, whom she never in her Life beheld. This courteous Lady travelled up and down strange Countries with many a weary Step, yet never could she meet with her unkind Father, unto whom she was commanded to give her Mother's Letter, neither could she hear in any Place wheresoever she came, where she might go seek him: In which Travel she met with strange Adventures, which with
great

great Honour to her Name she finished, yet still she wandered over Hills and Dales, Mountains and Valleys, and through many solitary Woods, till at last she happened by Fortune into the Wilderness whereas this discontented Knight lay sleeping upon the green Grass, near to which Place she likewise reposed herself under the Branches of a Chesnut Tree, desiring to take some Rest after her long Travel.

But upon a sudden, being betwixt waking and sleeping, she heard towards her Left Hand a very dolorous Groan, as it were of some sorrowful Knight, which was so terrible, heavy, and bitter, that it made her to give an attentive Ear unto the Sound, and to see if she could hear and understand what it should be.

So with making the least Noise that she could possibly, she arose up, and went towards the Place, whereas she might see who it was, and there she beheld a Knight very well armed, lying upon the Grass, under a certain Myrtle Tree, his Armour was all Ruffet, and full of Bars of black Steel, which shewed to be a very sad, sorrowful, and heavy Enamelling, agreeable to the inward Sadness of his Heart. He was somewhat of a big Stature of Body, and well proportioned, and there seemed by his Disposition to be in his Heart great Grief: Where after she had a while stood in secret,

beholding his sorrowful Countenance, in a woful Manner, he tumbled his restless Body upon the green Grass, and with a sad and heavy Look he breathed forth this Lamentation.

‘ Oh heavy and perverse Fortune (said
‘ he) why dost thou consent that I so vile
‘ and cruel a Wretch do breath so long up-
‘ on the Earth, upon whose wicked Head
‘ the golden Sun disdains to shine, and the
‘ glittering Elements deny their chearful
‘ Lights. O that some ravenous Harpy
‘ would welter from his Den, and make his
‘ loathsome Bowels my fatal Tomb, or
‘ that my Eyes were sightless, like the mi-
‘ serable King of *Thebes*, that I never might
‘ again behold this Earth, whereon I have
‘ long lived and committed so many Cruel-
‘ ties. I am confounded with the Curse of
‘ sad Mischance for wronging that Maiden
‘ Queen of *Armenia*, in the Spoil of whose
‘ Virginity I made a triumphant Conquest.
‘ Where was thine Understanding when
‘ thou forsookest that gracious Princess,
‘ who not only yielded to thee her Liberty,
‘ Love, and Honour, but therewith a King-
‘ dom and a golden Diadem? and therefore
‘ Woe unto me, Traytor! and more Woes
‘ fall upon my Soul than there be Hairs
‘ upon my Head; and may the Sorrows of
‘ old *Priam* be my last Punishment. What
‘ doth

doth it profit me to fill the Air with Lamentations, when that the Crime is already past, without all Remedy or Hope of Comfort ?" This being said, he gave a terrible Sigh, and so held his Peace.

Rosana, by those sorrowful Lamentations, knew him to be her disloyal Father, whom she had so long travelled after to find out : But when she remembered how that his Unfaithfulness and Unkindness was the Death of her Mother, her Heart endured such extreme Pain and Sorrow, that she was constrained to fall down to the Ground.

But yet her couragious Heart could not remain long in that Passion, but straightways she rose up again upon her Feet, with a Desire to perform her Mother's Will, but yet not intending to discover her Name, nor to reveal unto him that she was his Daughter. So with this Thought and Determination, she went unto the Place where *Leoger* was, who when he heard the Noise of her coming, straightways started upon his Feet.

Then *Rosana* saluted him with a Voice somewhat heavy, and *Leoger* returned his Salutations with no less Shew of Grace.

Then the *Amazonian* Lady took forth the Letter from her naked Breast, where so long Time she had kept it, and she delivered it into his Hands, and said :

‘ Is it thou that art that forgetful and
‘ disloyal Knight, which left the unfortu-
‘ nate Queen of *Armenia* (with so great Pain
‘ and Sorrow) big with Child among those
‘ unmerciful Tyrants her Countrymen, which
‘ banished her out of her Country in Re-
‘ venge of thy committed Crime, where
‘ ever since she hath been Companion with
‘ wild Beasts, that in their Natures have
‘ lamented her Banishment.’

Leoger, when he heard her say these Words, began to behold her, and altho’ his Eyes were blubbered with weeping, yet he most earnestly gazed in her Face, and answered her in this Manner :

‘ I will not deny to thee, gentle *Amazo-*
‘ *nian* (said he) that which the very Clouds
‘ do blush at, and the low Earth doth
‘ mourn for. Thou shalt understand that I
‘ am the same Knight whom thou hast de-
‘ manded after, tell me therefore what is
‘ thy Will ?’

‘ My Will is, (said she) thou most un-
‘ grateful Knight, that thou read here this
‘ Letter, the last Work of the white Hand
‘ of the unhappy *Armenian* Queen.’

At which Words the Knight was so trou-
bled in Thought, and grieved in Mind,
that

that it was almost the Occasion to dissolve his Soul from his Body ; and therewithal putting forth his Hand, somewhat trembling, he took the Letter, and set himself down very sorrowful upon the green Grass, without any Power to the contrary, his Grief so abounded the Bounds of Reason.

No sooner had he opened the Letter, but he presently knew it to be written by the Hands of his wronged Lady, the *Armenian* Queen, and with great Alteration both of Heart and Mind he read the same. But when he had read it, he could not refrain from shedding Tears, so great was the Grief that his Heart sustained : *Rosana* did likewise bear him Company to solemnise his Heaviness, with as many Tears trickling from the Conduits of her Eyes.

The great Sorrow and Lamentation was such, and so much in both their Hearts, that for a great Space the one could not speak unto the other ; but afterwards their Grievs being somewhat extenuated, *Leoger* began to say :

‘ Oh Messenger from her, with the Remembrance of whose Wrong my Heart is wounded, being undeservedly of me evil rewarded : Tell me (even by the Nature of true Love) if thou dost know where she is ; shew unto me her abiding Place, that I may go thither, and give a Dis-
D 3 charge

‘ charge of this my great Fault by yielding
‘ unto Death.’

‘ Oh Cruel and without Love (answered
‘ *Rosana!*) What Discharge canst thou give
‘ unto her that already (through thy Cruel-
‘ ty) is dead and buried, only by the Oc-
‘ casion of such a forsworn Knight?’

This penitent and grieved Knight, when he understood the Certainty of her Death, with a sudden and hasty Fury he struck himself on the Breast with his Fist, and lifting his Eyes unto the Clouds, in Manner of Exclamation against the Fates, giving sorrowful Sighs, he threw himself to the Ground; tumbling and wallowing from one Side unto the other, without taking any Ease, or having any Power or Strength to declare the inward Grief which at that Time he felt, but with Lamentation, which did torment his Heart, he called continually on the *Armenian* Queen, and in that Devilish Fury wherein he was, drew out his Dagger, and lifting up the Skirt of his Shirt of Mail, he thrust it into his Body, and (with calling upon his wronged Lady) he finished his Life, and fell to the Ground.

This sad and heavy Lady, when she beheld him so desperately to gore his martial Breast, and to fall lifeless to the Earth, she greatly repented herself, that she had not
discovered

discovered her Name, and revealed to him how that she was his unfortunate Daughter, whose Face before that Time he had never beheld, and as a Lion (though all too late) who seeing before her Eyes a young Lionsess evil intreated of the Hunter, even so she ran unto her murdered Father, and with great Speed pulled off his Helmet, and unbraced his Armour, which was in Colour according to his Passion, but yet as strong as any Diamond, made by Magick Art. Also she took away his Shield, which had on it a Ruffet Flag, and in the Midst thereof was portray'd the God of Love with two Faces, the one was very fair and bound with a Cloth about his Eyes, and the other was made marvellous fierce and furious. This being done, with a fair Linnen Cloth she wiped off the Blood from his wounded Body. And when she was certain that it was he after whom she had travelled so many Steps, and that he was without Life, with a furious Madnes she tore her Attire from her Head, and rent her golden Hair tearing it in Pieces, and then returned again and wiped his bleeding Body, making such sorrowful Lamentation, that whosoever had seen her would have been moved to Compassion.

Then she took his Head betwixt her Hands, striving to lift it up, and to lay it upon her Lap, but seeing for all this, that
there

there was no moving him, she joined her Face unto his pale and dead Cheeks, and with sorrowful Words she said :

‘ Dear Father, open thine Eyes and behold me, open them, sweet Father, and look upon me, thy sorrowful Daughter : If Fortune be so favourable, let me receive some Contentment whilst Life remaineth : O strengthen thyself to look upon me, wherein such Delight may come to me, that we may one accompany the other. Oh my Lord and only Father, seeing that in former Times my unfortunate Mother’s Tears were not sufficient to reclaim thee, make me Satisfaction for the great Travel which I have taken in seeking thee out. Come now in Death and Joy in the Sight of thy unhappy Daughter, and die not without seeing her ; open thine Eyes that she may gratify thee in dying with thee.’

This being said, *Rosana* began again to wipe his Body, for that it was again all bathed in Blood, and felt his Eyes and Mouth, and his Face and Head, till such Time as she touched his Breast, and put her Hand on the mortal Wound, where she held it still, and looked upon him whether he moved or no.

At length she perceived his dim Eyes to open, and his Senses now a little gathered together; and when he saw himself in her Arms, and understood by her Words, that she was his Daughter, whom he had by the unfortunate Queen of *Armenia*, he suddenly strove against Weakness, he cast his Arms about the Neck of the fair *Rosana*; and then with a feeble and weak Voice the wounded Knight said :

‘ O my Daughter, unfortunate by my
‘ Disloyalty : I do confess that I have been
‘ pitiless unto thy Mother, and unkind to
‘ thee, in making thee to travel with great
‘ Sorrow in Search of me, and now thou
‘ hast found me, I must leave thee alone
‘ in this sorrowful Place ; yet before my
‘ Death, sweet Girl, give me some few
‘ gentle Kisses : This only Delight I crave
‘ for the little Time I have to tarry, and
‘ afterwards I desire thee to intomb my Bo-
‘ dy in thy Mother’s Grave, tho’ it be far
‘ in Distance from this unlucky Country.’

‘ O my dear Lord (answered she) do you
‘ request me to give your Body a Sepul-
‘ chre ? I think it more requisite to seek
‘ some to give it unto us both ; for I know
‘ my Life cannot continue long, if the an-
‘ gry Fates deprive me of your Company.’
And without Strength to proceed any further
in

in Speeches, she kissed his Face with many Sighs, and having within herself a terrible Conflict, she tarried for the Answer of her dying Father, who, with Pain and great Anguish of Death, said :

‘ Oh my Child, how happy should I be,
‘ that thus embracing one in another’s
‘ Arms, we might depart together ? Then
‘ should I be joyful in thy Company, and
‘ account myself happy in my Death : But
‘ alas ! I must leave thee unto the World :
‘ Daughter, farewell, good Fortune preserve
‘ thee, and for ever may she take thee into
‘ her Favour.’ And when he had said these
Words, inclining his Neck upon the Face
of *Rosana*, he died.

Which when this sorrowful Lady saw, she kissed his pale Lips ; and giving sorrowful Sighs, she began a most heavy Lamentation, calling herself unhappy and unfortunate, and laid herself upon the dead Body, cursing her Destinies, so that it was lamentable to hear.

At length, remembering the Promise that she made him, which was to give his Body Burial in her Mother’s Tomb ; which was the Occasion that she did somewhat cease her Lamentation, and taking unto herself more Courage than her sorrowful Grief would consent unto, she put the Body under a broad branched Pine-Apple Tree, and covered .

vered it with Leaves and green Grass, and withal hung his Armour upon the Boughs, in Hope, that the Sight thereof would cause some adventurous Knight to approach her Presence, that in Kindness would assist her to intomb him. This done, here we will leave *Rosana* weeping over her Father's Body, and speak of the Necromancer after his Flight from the Black-castle.

C H A P. XIV.

How the Magician found Leoger's Armour hanging upon a Pine Tree, kept by Rosana the Queen's Daughter of Armenia, betwixt whom happened a terrible Battle; also of the desperate Death of the Lady.

I Am sure you do well remember, when the *Christian* Knights had conquered the Black-castle, which was kept by Enchantment, how the furious Necromancer, to preserve his Life, fled from the same, carried by his Art through the Air in an Iron Chariot, drawn by two flying Dragons; in which he crossed over many Parts of the Eastern Climates.

At last, being weary of his Journey, he put himself into the thickest of a Forest, wherein he never rested till he came unto a mighty broad River: There he alighted
from

from his Chariot for to refresh himself. And as he found himself all alone, there came into his Mind many Thoughts of his fore-passed Life, and how he was vanquished by the *Christian* Knights, for which with great Anger he gave terrible Sighs, and began to curse not only the Hour of his Birth, but the whole World, and all the Generations of Mankind.

Likewise he remembered the great Sorrow and Travel that he ever since had endured, and what Toil travelling Knights do endure: In these variable Cogitations spent he the Time away till golden *Phæbus* began to withdraw himself into his accustomed Lodging. All that Night passed away with such sorrowful Lamentations for his late Disgraces, that all the Woods and Mountains did resound his woeful Exclamations, till that *Sol* with his glittering Beams began again to recover the Earth. Which being seen by the Magician, he arose up, and intending to prosecute his Journey, but lifting up his Eyes towards the Elements, he discovered hanging upon a high Pine-Apple Tree the Armour of *Leoger*.

This Armour was hung there by *Rosana*, in the Remembrance of his Death, as you heard in the last Chapter. And though it had almost lost the wonted Colour, and began to rust, through the Abundance of Rain that had fallen thereon, yet for all that
it

it seemed of a great Value and of a wonderful Richness: So without any further Circumspection or Regard, he took down the Knight's Armour, and armed himself therewith, and when he had lacked no more to put on but the Helmet, he heard a Voice that said:

‘ Be not so hardy, thou Knight, as to undoe this Trophy, except thou prepare thyself to win it by the Sword.’

The Magician, at this unexpected Noise, cast his Head on the one Side, and espied *Rosana* newly awak'd from a heavy Sleep, most richly armed with a strong enchanted Armour, after the Manner of the *Amazonians*; but for all that, he made an End of arming himself, and having laced on his Burgonet, he went towards the Demander with his Sword ready drawn in his Hand, inviting her to a mortal Battle.

Rosina, who saw his Determination, provided to defend herself and offend her Enemy. The valiant *Amazonian*, when her Enemy came unto her, she struck him so terrible a Blow upon the Visor of his Helmet, that with the Fury thereof she made Sparkles of Fire to issue out with great Abundance, and forced him to bow his Head unto his Breast. The Magician returned her his Salutation, and struck her such a

Blow upon her Helmet, that with the great Noise thereof, it made a Sound in all the Mountains; and so began between them a fearful Battle. Fortune, not willing to use her utmost Extremity, inclined the Foil to neither Party, nor as yet gave the Conquest to any; all the Time of the Conflict, the furious Magician and the valiant *Amazonian* thought on no other Thing, but either of them endeavoured to bring the other to an Overthrow, striking at each other such terrible Blows, and with so great Fury, that many Times it made either of them senseless, and both seeing the great Force one of the other, were marvellously incens'd with Anger.

Then the valiant Lady threw her Shield at her Back, that with more Force she might strike and hurt her Enemy, and therewithal gave him so strong a Blow upon the Burgonet, that he fell quite astonish'd to the Earth, without any Feeling.

But when the Magician came again to himself, he returned *Rosana* such a terrible Blow, that if it had chanced to hit right upon her, it would have cloven her Head in Pieces, but with great Discretion she cleared her Head in such sort, that it was struck in vain, and with great Lightness she retir'd, and struck the Magician so furiously, that she made him once again to fall to the Ground astonished, and there appeared at the

the Visor of his Helmet great Abundance of Blood that issued out of his Mouth; but presently he reviv'd and got up with great Anger.

Then this furious Devil (blaspheming against his hard Hap) having his sharp Sword very fast in his Hand, ran towards his Enemy, who (without any Fear of his Fury) went forth to receive him; and when they met together, they discharged their Blows at once; but it fortun'd that the *Amazonian's* Blow did first fasten, with so great Strength, that for all the Helmet of the Magician, which was wrought of the strongest Steel, it was not sufficient to make Defence, but with the rigorous Force wherewith it was charged, it bent in such Sort that it brake into Pieces; and the Magician's Head was so grievously wounded, that Streams of Blood ran down his Armour, and he was forced to yield to the Mercy of the valiant Lady, who quickly condescended to his Request, upon this Condition, that he would be a Means to convey her Father's dead Body to an Island near adjoining to the Borders of *Armenia*, and there to intomb it in her Mother's Grave, as she promised when that his Air of Life fled from his Body.

The Magician for Safeguard of his Life presently agreed to perform her Desires, and protested to accomplish whatsoever she demanded.

Then presently by his Art he prepared his Iron Chariot with his flying Dragons in a Readiness, wherein he had laid the murdered Body of *Leoger*, and likewise placed themselves therein, wherein they were no sooner entered, with Necessaries belonging to their Travels, but they fled thorough the Air more swift than a Whirlwind, or a Ship sailing on the Seas in a stormy Tempest.

Thus *Rosana* with her Father's dead Body, carried through the Air by Magick Art, over Hills and Dales, Mountains and Valleys, Woods and Forrests, Towns and Cities, and through many both wonderful and strange Places and Countries.

And at last, they arrived near unto the Confines of *Armenia*, being the Place of their long desired Rest. But when they approached near unto the Queen of *Armenia's* Grave, they descended from their enchanted Chariot, and bore *Leoger's* Body to his Burying Place, which they found overgrown with Moss and withered Brambles: Yet for all that they opened the Sepulchre, and laid his Body upon his Lady's consumed Carcase; which being done, the Magician covered the Grave again with Earth, and laid thereon green Turfs, which made it seem as though it never had been opened.

All the Time that the Magician was performing the ceremonious Funeral, *Rosana* watered the Earth with her Tears, never withdrawing

withdrawing her Eyes from looking upon the Grave; and when it was finished she took forth a naked Sword, which she had ready for the same Effect, and putting the Pummel to the Ground, cast her Breast upon the Point; which she did with such furious Violence, that the Magician could not prevent her from committing so bloody a Fact.

This sudden Mischance so amazed him, that his Heart (for a Time) would not consent that his Tongue should speak one Word to express his Passion. But at last he took up the dead Body of *Rosana*, bathed all in Blood, and likewise buried her in her Parents Grave; and over the same hung an Epitaph that did declare the Occasion of all their Deaths.

This being done, to express the Sorrows of his Heart for the desperate Death of such a magnanimous Lady, and the rather to exempt himself from the Company of all human Creatures, he erected over the Grave, by Magick Art, a very stately Tomb, which was in this Order framed: First, there were fixed four Pillars, every one of a very fine Ruby; upon which was placed a Sepulchre of Chrystal: Within the Sepulchre there seemed to be two fair Ladies; the one having her Breast pierced thorough with a Sword, and the other with a Crown of Gold upon her Head, and so lean of Bo-

dy that she seemed to pine away : And upon the Sepulchre there lay a Knight all along, with his Face looking up to the Heavens, and armed with a Croslet of fine Steel, of a russet Enamelling : Under the Sepulchre there was spread abroad a great Carpet of Gold, and upon it two Pillars of the same, and upon them lay an old Shepherd, and his Sheep-hook lying at his Feet ; his Eyes were shut, and out of them were distilled many pearled Tears : At either Pillar there was a Gentlewoman of a comely Feature, one of them seemed to be murdered, and the other ravished.

And near unto the Sepulchre, there lay a terrible great Beast, headed like a Lion, his Breast and Body like a Wolf, and his Tail like a Scorpion ; which seemed to spit continually Flames of Fire. The Sepulchre was compassed about with a Wall of Iron, with four Gates for to enter in thereat ; the Gates were after the Manner and Colour of fine Diamonds ; and directly over the Top of the chiefeft Gate stood a Marble Pillar, whereon hung a Table written with red Letters, the Contents whereof were as follow :

So long shall breathe upon this brittle Earth,
The Framers of this stately Monument ;
Till that three Children of a wond'rous Birth
Out of a Northern Climate shall be sent :
They shall obscure his Name, as Fates agree,
And by his Fall the Fiends shall tamed be.

This

This Monument was no sooner framed, but the Necromancer inclosed himself within the Walls, where he consorted chiefly with Furies and walking Spirits; that continually fed upon his Blood, and left their damnable Seals sticking upon his left Side, as a sure Token and Witness that he had given both his Soul and Body to their Governments after the Date of his mortal Life was finished.

In which enchanted Sepulchre we will leave him for a Time, conferring with his damnable Mates, and return to the *Christian* Knights, where we left them travelling towards *Babylon*, to place the King again in his Kingdom.

C H A P. XV.

How the Seven Champions of Christendom restored the Babylonian King unto the Kingdom; and after how honourably they were received at Rome, where St. George fell in Love with the Emperor's Daughter.

TH E valiant *Christian* Champions, having, as you heard before, performed the Adventure of the enchanted Monument, accompanied the *Babylonian* King to his Kingdom of *Assyria*, as they had solemnly promised him.

But

But when they approached the Confines of *Babylon*, and made no Question of princely Entertainment, there was neither Sign of Peace nor likelihood of joyful and friendly Welcome, for all the Country raged with intestine War, four several Competitors unjustly striving for what unto the King properly and of Right belonged.

The unnatural Causers and Stirrers up to this Blood-devouring Controversy, were four Noblemen, unto whom the King unadvisedly committed the Government of his Realm, when he went in the tragical Pursuit of his fair Daughter, after his dreamed Illusion that caused him so cruelly to seek her Death : And the breaking out into this Confusion grew first to Head in this Manner following :

Two Years after the King's Departure, these Deputies governed the publick State in great Peace, and with prudent Policy, till no Tidings of the King could be heard, notwithstanding so many Messengers as were into every Quarter of the World sent to enquire of him ; then did Ambition kindle in all their Hearts, each striving to wrest into his Hand the sole Possession of the *Babylonian* Kingdom. To this End, they all made several Friends ; for this had they contended in many Fights ; and now lastly, they intended to set all their Hopes upon this main Chance of War, intending to fight till three fell, and one remained Victor over the

the Rest; whose Head should be beautified with a Crown.

But to Traitors and Treason the End is sudden and shameful; for no sooner had *St. George* (placing himself between the Battles) in a brief Oration shewed the Adventures of the King, and he himself to the People discovered his reverend Face, but they all shouted for Joy, and hauling the Usurpers presently to Death, they reinstalled him in the antient Dignity, their true, lawful, and long-looked for King.

The King being thus restored, married *Fidelia* for her Faithfulness, and after the Nuptial Feasts, the Champions (at the earnest Request of *St. Anthony*) departed towards *Italy*; where in *Rome* the Emperor spared no Cost honourably and most sumptuously to entertain those never-daunted Knights, the famous Wonders of *Christendom*.

At that Time of the Year when the Summer's Queen had beautified the Earth with interchangeable Ornaments, *St. George* (in Company of the Emperor, with the rest of the Champions) chanced to walk along by the Side of the River *Tyber*, to delight themselves with the pleasant Meads, and beautiful Prospect of the Country. Before they had walked half a Mile from the City, they approached an ancient Nunnery, which was a stately Building, and likewise encompassed

passed about with Chrystal Streams and many green Meadows, furnished with all Manner of beautiful Trees and fragrant Flowers.

This Nunnery was consecrated to *Diana*, the Queen of Chastity, and none were suffered to live therein, but such chaste Ladies and Virgins as had vowed themselves to a single Life. In this Place the Emperor's only Daughter lived as a professed Nun, and exempted herself from all Company, except it were the Fellowship of chaste and religious Virgins.

This virtuous *Lucina* (for so was she called) having Intelligence before, by the Overseers of the Nunnery, that the Emperor her Father with many other Knights were coming to visit their religious Habitation, against their Approach she attired herself in a Gown of white Sattin, all laid over with gold Lace, having also her golden Locks of Hair somewhat laid forth : And upon her Head was knit a Garland of sweet-smelling Flowers. Her Beauty was so excellent, that it might have quailed the Heart of *Cupid*, and her Bravery exceeded the *Paphian* Queen's. Never could Nature with all her Cunning stream more Beauty in any one Creature, than was upon her Face ; nor never could the flattering *Sirens* more beguile the Travellers, than did her bright Countenance enchant the *English* Champion ;

Champion ; for at his first Entrance into the Nunnery, he was so ravished with her Sight, that he was not able to withdraw his Eyes from her Beauty, but stood gazing upon her, like one bewitched with *Medusa's* Shadows. And to be short, her Beauty so fired his Heart, that he must either enjoy her Company, or give End to his Life by some untimely Means.

St. *George* being wounded thus with the Dart of Love, dissembled his Grief, and revealed it not to any one, but departed with the Emperor back again to the City, leaving his Heart behind him, closed in the stony Monastery with his lovely *Lucina*.

All that ensuing Night he could not enjoy the Benefit of Sleep, but contemplated upon the divine Beauty of his Lady, and fraughted his Mind with a thousand several Cogitations how he might attain to his Love, being a chaste Virgin and a professed Nun.

In this Manner he spent the Night, and no sooner appeared the Morning's Brightness, but he arose and attired himself in watchet Velvet, and wandered alone to the Monastery, where he revealed his deep Affection unto the Lady, who was as far from granting to his Request as the Skies from the Earth ; for she protested, while Life remained within her Body, never to yield her Love to any one, but to remain a pure Virgin, and of *Diana's* Train.

No

No other Resolution could St. George get of the chaste Nun, which caused him to part in great Discontent, intending to seek by some other Means to obtain her Love : So coming to the Rest of the *Christian* Champions, he revealed to them the Truth of all Things that had happened : Who in this Manner counselled him, that he should provide a Multitude of armed Knights, every one bearing in their Hands a Sword ready drawn, and to enter the Monastery at such Time as she little mistrusted, and first with Promises and fair and kind Speeches to seek her Love, but if she yielded not, to fill her Ears with Threatnings, protesting that if she will not grant to requite his Love with like Affections, he would not leave one Stone of that Monastery standing upon another, and likewise make her a bloody Offering up to *Diana*.

This Policy well pleased St. George, though he intended not to prosecute such Cruelty : So the next Morning by Break of Day he went unto the Nunnery in Company of no other but the *Christian* Champions, armed in bright Armour, with their glittering Swords ready drawn, which they carried under their Side-Cloaks to prevent Suspicion.

But when they came to the Monastery, and had entered into the Chamber of *Lucina*, St. George first proffered her Kindness by fair Promises, but finding that thereby he

he nothing prevailed, he then made known his pretended unmerciful Purpose, and thereupon all of them shaking their bright Swords against her Breast, they protested (though contrary to their Intents) that except she would yield to *St. George* her unconquered Love, they would bathe their Weapons in her dearest Blood.

At which Words the distressed Virgin being overcharged with Fear, sunk down to the Ground, and lay for a Time in a dead Agony, but in the End recovering herself, she lifted up herself, and in this Manner declared her Mind :

‘ Most renowned Knight, (said she) it is
‘ as difficult for me to climb up to the
‘ highest Top of Heaven, as to persuade my
‘ Mind to yield to the fulfilling of your
‘ Requests : The pure and chaste Goddess
‘ *Diana*, that sits now crowned amongst
‘ the golden Stars, will revenge my per-
‘ jured Promise, if I yield to your Desires,
‘ for I have since deeply vowed to spend
‘ my Days in this religious House, in Ho-
‘ nour of her Deity, and not to yield the
‘ Flower of my Virginity to any one, which
‘ Vow, I will not infringe for all the Wealth
‘ of *Rome* ; you know, brave Champions,
‘ that in Time the watry Drops will mollify
‘ the hardest Diamond, and Time may root
‘ this Resolution out of my Heart. There-

‘ fore I request you, by Honour of true
‘ Knighthood, and by the Love you bear
‘ to your native Country, to grant me the
‘ Liberty of seven Days, that I may at full
‘ consider with my Heart before I give an
‘ Answer to your Demands, and to the In-
‘ tent that I may make some Sacrifices, as
‘ well to appease the Wrath which the God-
‘ des *Diana* may conceive against me, as
‘ to satisfy my own Soul for not fulfilling
‘ my Vow.’

These Words were no sooner ended, but the Champions, without any more Delay, joyfully consented, and moreover proffered themselves to be all present at the Sacrifice, and so departed from the Monastery with exceeding great Comfort.

The Champions being gone, *Lucina* called together all the rest of the Nuns, and declared to them the whole Discourse, where after, amongst this religious Company, with the Help of some other of their approved Friends, they devised a most strange Sacrifice, which hath since been the Occasion that so many inhuman and bloody Sacrifices have been committed.

The next Morning, after six Days were finished, no sooner did bright *Phæbus* shew his golden Beams abroad, but the Nuns began to prepare all Things in Readiness for the Sacrifice: For directly before the Door
of

of the Monastery they hired cunning Workmen to erect a Scaffold, all very richly covered with Cloth of Gold, and upon the Scaffold (about the Middle thereof) was placed a fair Table, covered also with a Carpet of Cloth of Gold, and upon it a Chafindish of Coals burning: All this being set in good Order, the Emperor, with the *Christian* Champions, and many other *Roman* Knights being present to behold the ceremonious Sacrifice, little mistrusted the doleful Tragedy that after happened.

The Assembly being silent, there was straitways heard a sweet and harmonious sound of Clarions and Trumpets, and sundry other Kinds of Instruments: These entered first upon the Scaffold, and next unto them were brought seven Rams, all adorned with fine white Wool, more soft in Feeling than *Arabian* Silk; with huge and mighty charged Horns, bound about with Garlands of Flowers; after them followed a certain Number of Nuns attired in black Vestures, singing their accustomed Songs in the Honour of *Diana*: After them followed an ancient Matron, drawn in a Chariot by four comely Virgins, bringing in her Hands the Image of *Diana*: And on either Side of her, two ancient Nuns of great Estimation, each of them bearing in their Hands rich Vessels of Gold, full of precious and sweet Wines: Then after all this, came the beautiful *Lu-*

cina, apparelled with a rich robe of State, being of a great and inestimable Value.

Thus ceremoniously she ascended the Scaffold, where the Matron placed the Image of *Diana* behind the Chafingdish of Coals that was there burning; and the rest of the Nuns continued still singing their Songs, and drinking of the precious Wines that were brought in the golden Vessels. This being done, they all at once brought low the Necks of the Rams, by cutting their Throats, whose Blood they sprinkled round about the Scaffold, and opened their Bowels, and burned the inward Parts in the Chafingdish of Coals.

Thus with the Slaughter they made Sacrifice to the Queen of Chastity; at the Sight whereof was present the surfeiting Lover *St. George*, with the other six *Christian* Knights, armed all in bright Armour, and were all very attentive.

This Sacrifice ended, *Lucina* commanded Silence to be made, and when all the Company were still, she raised herself upon her Feet, and with a heavy Voice, distilling many salt Tears, she said:

‘ O most excellent and chaste *Diana*, in
 ‘ whose blessed Bosom we undefiled Virgins
 ‘ do recreate ourselves, unto thy most divine
 ‘ Excellency do I now commend this my
 ‘ last Sacrifice, calling to Record all the
 ‘ Gods,

‘ Gods, that I have done my best to con-
 ‘ tinue a spotless Maiden of thy most beau-
 ‘ tiful Train. O Heavens! shall I consent
 ‘ to deliver my Virginity to him whose Soul
 ‘ desires to have the Use of it? Or shall I
 ‘ myself consent to my utter Ruin and sor-
 ‘ rowful Destruction, which proceedeth only
 ‘ by the Means of my flourishing Beauty?
 ‘ I would it had been as the Night Raven’s,
 ‘ or like to the tawny tanned Moors in the
 ‘ farthest Mountain of *India*.’

‘ O sacred *Diana*! thou blessed Queen
 ‘ of Chastity, is it possible that thou dost
 ‘ consent that a Virgin, descended from so
 ‘ Royal a Race as I am, should suffer the
 ‘ Worthiness of her Predecessors to be spot-
 ‘ ted by yielding her Virgin Honour to the
 ‘ Conquest of Love, without respecting the
 ‘ chaste Vow I made unto thy Deity? And
 ‘ now to thee I speak, thou valiant Knight
 ‘ of *England*, behold here I yield unto thy
 ‘ Hands my lifeless Body, to use according
 ‘ to thy Will and Pleasure, requesting only
 ‘ this Thing at thy Hand, that as thou
 ‘ lovest me living, thou wilt love me dead,
 ‘ and like a merciful Champion, suffer me
 ‘ to receive a princely Funeral.’

‘ At last of all, to thee, divine *Diana*, do
 ‘ I speak, accept of this my bleeding Soul,
 F 3 ‘ that

‘ that with so much Blood is offered unto thee.’

So finishing this sorrowful Speech, she drew out a bright shining Sword, which she had hid secretly under her Gown, and setting the Hilt against the Scaffold (little looked for by her Father and those that were present) she suddenly threw herself upon the Point of that Sword, in such a furious Manner, that it parted her bloody Heart in sunder, and so rendered her Soul to the Tuition of her unto whom she offered her most bloody rueful Sacrifice.

What, shall I here declare the lamentable Sorrows and pitiful Lamentations that were made by her Father and other *Roman* Knights that were present at this unhappy Mischance? So great it was, that the Wall of the Monastery ecchoed, and their pitiful Shrieks ascended to the Clouds.

But none was more grieved in Mind than the afflicted *English* Champion, who in great Fury rushed amongst the People, throwing them down on every Side, till he ascended upon the Scaffold: And approaching the dead Body of *Lucina*, he took her up in his Arms, and with a sorrowful and passionate Voice he said:

‘ O my beloved Joy, and late my own Heart’s Delight, is this the Sacrifice where-
in

‘ in (through thy Desperateness) thou hast
‘ deceived me, who loved thee more than
‘ my Life ! Is this the Respite that thou
‘ requirest for seven Days, wherein thou
‘ hast concluded thy own Death, and my
‘ utter Confusion ! ’

‘ O *Diana*, accursed be this Chance, be-
‘ cause thou hast consented to so bloody a
‘ Tragedy : For I do here protest, that ne-
‘ ver more shalt thou be worshipped, but
‘ in thy Stead in every Land and Country
‘ where the *English* Champion cometh, shall
‘ *Lucina* be adored. For from henceforth
‘ will I seek to diminish thy Name, and
‘ blot it from the Godral of the Firmament ;
‘ yea, and utterly extinguish it for ever, so
‘ that there shall never more Memory re-
‘ main of thee for this bloody Tyranny, in
‘ suffering so lamentable a Sacrifice.’

No sooner had he delivered these Speeches, but incensed with Fury, he drew his Sword and parted the Image of *Diana* into two Pieces, protesting to ruinate the Monastery within whose Walls the Device of this bloody Sacrifice was concluded.

The Sorrow and extream Grief of the *Roman* Emperor so exceeded for the Murder of his Daughter, that he fell to the Earth in a senseless Swoon, and was carried by certain of his Knights half-dead with
Grief

Grief home to his Palace, where he remained speechless for the Space of thirty Days.

The Emperor had a Son as valiant in Arms as any born *Italian*, except St. *Anthony*: This young Prince, whose Name was *Lucius*, seeing his Sister's Death, and by what Means it was committed, he presently intended, with a Train of one Hundred armed Knights, which continually attended upon his Person, to assail the discontented Champions, and by Force of Arms to revenge his Sister's Death.

This Resolution so encouraged the *Roman* Knights, that betwixt these two Companies began as terrible a Battle as ever was fought by any Knights; the Fierceness of their Blows so exceeded the one Side against the other, that they did resound Ecchoes, which yielded a terrible Noise in the neighbouring Woods.

This Battle did continue betwixt them both sharp and fierce for the Space of two Hours, by which Time the Valour of the incensed Champions so prevailed, that most of the *Roman* Knights were discomfited and slain: Some had their Heads parted from their Shoulders, some had their Arms and Legs lopped off, and some lay breathless, weltering in their own Blood, in which Encounter many a *Roman* Lady lost her Husband, many a Widow was bereaved of her

her Son, and many a Child left Fatherless, to the great Sorrow of the whole Country.

But when the valiant young Prince of *Rome* saw his Knights discomfited, and he left alone to withstand so many noble Champions, he presently set Spurs to his Horse, and fled from them.

After whom the Champions would not pursue, accounting it no Glory to their Names to triumph in the Overthrow of a single Knight, but remained still by the Scaffold, where they buried the sacrificed Virgin, under a marble Stone close by the Monastery Wall: Which being done to their Content, St. *George* engraved this Epitaph upon the same Stone with the Point of his Dagger, which was in the Manner following:

Under this marble Stone interr'd doth lie,
Luckleſs *Lucina*, yet of Beauty bright;
Who to maintain her ſpotleſs Chaſtity,
Againſt the Aſſailment of an *Engliſh* Knight;
Upon a Blade her tender Breſt ſhe caſt,
A bloody Offering to *Diana* chaſte.

So, when he had written this Epitaph, the *Chriſtian* Champions mounted upon their ſwift-footed Steeds, and bad Adieu to the unhappy Conſines of *Italy*, hoping to find better Fortunes in other Countries. In which Travel we will leave them for a Time, and ſpeak of the Prince of *Rome*, who after the
Discomfiture

Discomfiture of the *Roman* Knights, fled from the warlike Champions. After which, he traversed along by the River *Tybris*, filling all Places with his melancholy Passions, until such Time as he entered into a thick Grove, wherein he purposed to rest his weary Limbs, and lament his Misfortunes. After he had in this solitary Place unlaced his Helmet, he cast up his wretched Eyes unto the Skies, and said :

‘ O you fatal Torches of the Elements,
 ‘ why are you not clad in mournful Habili-
 ‘ ments, to cloak my wandering Steps in
 ‘ eternal Darknes ? Or shall I be made a
 ‘ Scorn in *Rome* for my Cowardice ? Or
 ‘ shall I return and accompany my *Roman*
 ‘ Friends in Death, whose Blood methinks
 ‘ I see sprinkled about the Fields of *Italy* ?
 ‘ Methinks I hear their bleeding Souls fill
 ‘ each Corner of the Earth with my base
 ‘ Flight : Therefore will I not live to be
 ‘ termed a fearful Coward, but die coura-
 ‘ gioussly by my own Hands, whereby those
 ‘ accursed Champions shall not obtain the
 ‘ Conquest of my Death, nor triumph in
 ‘ my Fall.’

This being said, he drew out his Dagger and clave his Heart in sunder. The News of whose Death, being soon brought to his Father’s Ears, he interred his Body with
 his

his Sister *Lucina's*, and erected over them a stately Chapel, wherein the Nuns and ceremonious Monks, during all their Lives, sung Dirges for his Childrens Souls.

After this, the Emperor made Proclamation through all his Dominions, that if any Knight were so hardy as to travel in Pursuit after the *English* Champion, and by Force of Arms to bring him back, or deliver his Head unto the Emperor, he should not only be held in great Estimation through the Land, but receive the Government of the Empire after his Decease: Which rich Proffer so encouraged the Minds of many adventurous Knights, that they went from sundry Provinces in the Pursuit of *St. George*, but their Attempts were all in vain.

C H A P. XVI.

Of the Triumphs, Tilts, and Tournaments, that were solemnly held in Constantinople by the Grecian Emperor; and of the honourable Adventures that were there achieved by the Christian Champions.

IN the Eastern Parts of the World the Fame and valiant Deeds of the Champions of *Christendom* was noised, with their heroical Acts and Feats of Arms, naming them the Mirrour of Nobility, and the
Types

Types of bright Honour : All Kings and Princes (to whose Ears the Report of their Valours were known) desired much to behold their noble Personages. And when the Emperor of *Grecia* (keeping then his Court in the City of *Constantinople*) heard of their mighty and valiant Deeds, he thirsted after their Sights, and his Mind could never be satisfied with Content, until such Time as he had devised a Means to train them unto his Court, not only in that he might enjoy the Benefit of their Companies, but to have his Court honoured with the Presence of such renowned Knights ; and therefore in this Manner it was accomplished.

The Emperor dispatched Messengers into divers Parts of the World, gave them in Charge to publish throughout every Country and Province as they went, of an honourable Tournament that should be held in the City of *Constantinople*, within six Months following, thereby to accomplish his Intent, and to bring the *Christian* Champions (whose Company he so much desired) unto his Court.

This Charge of the *Grecian* Emperor (as he commanded) was speedily performed with such Diligence, that in a short Time it came to the Ears of the *Christian* Knights, as they travelled betwixt the Provinces of *Asia* and *Africa*, who, at the Time appointed,

ed, came in great Pomp to *Constantinople*, to furnish forth the honourable Triumphs.

At the Fame whereof likewise resorted thither a great Number of Knights of great Valour and Strength, among whom was the Prince of *Argier* with a goodly Company of noble Persons, and the Prince of *Fez* with many well-proportioned Knights; likewise came thither the King of *Arabia* in great State; and with no less Majesty came the King of *Sicilia*, and a Brother of his, who were both Giants. Many other brave and valiant Knights came thither to honour the *Grecian* Emperor. And as they came to honour the Triumphs, so likewise they came to prove their Fortitudes, and to get Fame and Name, and the Praise that belongeth to adventurous Knights. It was supposed of all the Company that the King of *Sicilia* would gain by his Prowess the Dignity from the rest, for that he was a Giant of very big Limbs, although his Brother was taken to be the more furious Knight, who determined not just, for that his Brother should get the Honour and Praise from all the Knights that came; but it fell out otherwise, as hereafter you shall hear.

For when the Day of Tournament was come, all the Ladies and Damsels put themselves in Places to behold the Justing, and attired themselves in the greatest Bravery hat they could devise, and the great Court

swarmed with People that came thither to behold the triumphant Tournament.

What shall I say here of the Emperor's Daughter, the fair *Alcida*? who sat glittering in rich Ornaments amongst the other Ladies, like unto *Phæbus* in the chrystal Firmament; and when the Emperor was seated upon the imperial Throne under a Tent of green Velvet, the Knights began to enter into the Lists; and he that first entered was the King of *Arabia*, mounted upon a very fair and well-adorned Courser; he was armed with black Armour, all bespotted with Silver knobs, and he brought with him fifty Knights apparelled with the same Livery; and thus with great Majesty he rode round about the Palace, making great Obedience unto all the honourable Ladies and Damsels.

After him entered the *Pagan* Knight, who was Lord of *Syria*, and armed with Armour of Lions Colour, accompanied with an hundred Knights all apparelled in Velvet of the same Colour, and passed round about the Palace, shewing unto the Ladies great Friendship and Courtesy as the other did.

Which being done, he beheld the King of *Arabia* tarrying to receive him at the Just; and the Trumpets began to sound, giving them to understand that they must prepare themselves ready to the Encounter, whereto these two Knights were nothing unwilling,

unwilling, but spurred their Coursers with great Fury, and closed together with courageous Valour.

The King of *Arabia* most strongly made his Encounter, and struck the *Pagan* without missing, upon his Breast; but the *Pagan* at the next Race struck him so surely with his Lance, that he heaved him out of his Saddle, and he fell presently to the Ground, after which the *Pagan* Knight rode up and down with great Pride and Gladness.

The *Arabian* King being thus overthrown, there entered into the Lists the King of *Argier*, armed with no other Furniture but with Silver Mail, and a Breastplate of bright Steel before his Breast; his Pomp and Pride exceeded all the Knights that were then present, but yet to small purpose his Pride and Arrogancy served; for at the first Encounter he was overthrown to the Ground; in like Sort did that *Pagan* use fifteen other Knights of fifteen Provinces, to the great Amazement of the Emperor and all the Assembly.

During all these valiant Encounters, St. George, with the other *Christian* Champions, stood afar off upon a high Gallery beholding them, intending not as yet to be seen in the Tilt.

But now this valiant *Pagan*, after he had rode about six Courses up and down the Place, and seeing none entered the Tilt-

Yard, he thought to bear all the Fame and Honour away for that Day.

But at the same Instant there entered the noble-minded Prince of *Fez*, being for Courage the only Pride of his Country; he was a marvellous well-proportioned Knight; and was armed all in white Armour, wrought with excellent Knots of Gold, and he brought in his Company a hundred Knights, all attired in white Sattin; and riding about the place, he shewed his Obedience unto the Emperor, and to all the Ladies, and there-upon the Trumpets began to sound.

At the Noise whereof the two Knights spurred their Coursers, and made their Encounters so strong, and with such great Fury, that the proud *Pagan* was cast to the Ground, and so departed the Lifts with great Dishonour.

Straightway entered the brave King of *Sicilia*, who was armed in a glittering Croflet of very fine Steel, and was mounted upon a mighty and strong Courser, and brought in his Company two hundred Knights, all apparelled with Cloth of Gold, having every one a several Instrument of Musick in their Hands, sounding thereon a most delightful Melody.

And after the *Sicilian* King had made his accustomed Compass, and Courtesy in the Place, he locked down his Beaver and put himself in Readiness to fight. When the
Sign

Sign was given by the chief Herald at Arms they spurred their Horses, and made their Encounters so valiantly, that the first Race they made, their Lances shivered in the Air, and the Pieces thereof scattered abroad like Aspen Leaves in a Whirlwind. At the second Course, the young Prince of *Fez* was carried over his Horse's Buttocks, and the Saddle with him betwixt his Legs, which was a great Grief unto the Emperor and all the Company, for he was well-beloved of them all, and held for a Knight of great Estimation.

The *Sicilian* King grew proud at the Prince of *Fez*'s Overthrow, and was so enraged and furious, that in a small Time he left not a Knight remaining on Horseback in the Saddle, that durst attempt to fight with him; but every one, of what Country or Nation soever, he unhorsed in the Attempt: So that there was no Question, among either Nobles or the Multitude, but that unto him the undoubted Honour of the Victory in Triumph would be attributed.

But being in this arrogant Pride, he heard a great Noise in the Manner of a Tumult drawing near, which was the Occasion that he stood still, and expecting some strange Accident, and looking about what it should be, he beheld St. *George* entering the Lists, as then come from the Gallery, who was armed with strong Armour all of Purple,

78 *The Renowned History of the*
full of golden Stars, and before him rode
the Champions of *France, Italy, Spain, and*
Scotland, all on stately Coursers, bearing in
their Hands four filken Streamers of four
several Colours; and there followed him
the Champion of *Wales* carrying his Shield,
whereon was portray'd a golden Lion in a
fable Field; and the Champion of *Ireland*
likewise carried his Spear, being of knotty
Ash, strongly bound about with Plates of
Steel.

When *St. George* had passed by the royal
Seat whereon the Emperor sat, in whose
Company were many Princes; he rode along
by the other Side, where *Alcida* the Empe-
ror's fair Daughter sat, amongst many gal-
lant Ladies and fair Damsels, richly appa-
relled in a Vesture of Gold, to whom he
vailed his Bonnet, shewing them the Cour-
tesy of a Knight, and so passed by *Alcida*,
who at the Sight of this noble Champion
could not refrain herself, but with an high
and bold Voice she said unto the Emperor: -

‘ Most mighty Emperor, and my royal
‘ Father, this is the Knight in whose Power
‘ and Strength all *Christendom* do put their
‘ Fortunes, and this is he whom the whole
‘ World admires for Chivalry.’

Which Words of the lovely Princess, al-
tho’ *St. George* heard them very well, yet
passed

passed he on as though he had heard nothing. Now when he was come before the Face of his Adversary, he took his Shield and Spear, and prepared himself in Readiness to Just, and so being both provided, the Trumpets began to sound; whereat with great Fury these two warlike Knights met together, and neither of them missed their Blows at their Encounter, but yet by reason that St. *George* had a Desire to extol his Fame, and to make his Name resound through the World, he struck the Giant such a mighty Blow upon his Breast, that he presently overthrew him to the Ground, and so with great State and Majesty he passed along without any Shew of Disdain, whereat the People gave so great a Shout, that it resounded like an Eccho in the Air, and in this Manner he said: ‘ The great
‘ and furious Boaster is overthrown, and his
‘ mighty Strength hath little availed him.’

After this, many Princes proved their Adventures against the *English* Champion, and every Knight that was of any Estimation fought with him, but with Ease he overcame them all in less than the Space of two Hours. But when the Day drew to an End, there entered the Lists the brave and mighty Giant, Brother to the *Sicilian* King, with a mighty great Spear in his Hand, whose glimmering Point of Steel glittered through
all

all the Court ; he brought with him but only one 'Squire, attired in Silver Mail, bringing in his Hand another Lance.

So this furious Giant, without any Care or Courtesy due unto the Emperor, or any of his Knights there present, entered the Place, which being done, the 'Squire that brought the other Spear, went unto the *English* Champion, and said :

' Sir Knight, yonder brave and valiant
' Giant, my Lord and Master, doth send
' unto thee this warlike Spear, and there-
' withal he willeth thee to defend thyself to
' the uttermost of thy Power and Strength,
' for he hath vowed before Sun set, to be
' either Lord of thy Fortunes, or a Vassal
' to thy Prowess ; and likewise saith, that
' he doth not only defy thee in the Tour-
' nament, but also challenge thee to a mor-
' tal Battle.'

This braving Message caused St. *George* to smile, and bred in his Breast a new Desire of Honour, and so returned him this Answer : ' Friend, go thy Ways, and tell
' the Giant that sent thee, that I do accept
' his Demand, although it do grieve my
' very Soul to hear this arrogant Defiance,
' to the great Disturbance of this Royal
' Company, in Presence of so mighty an
' Emperor : But seeing his Stomach is
gorged

‘gorged with so much Pride, tell him, that
‘George of *England* is ready to make his
‘Defence, and also that shortly he shall
‘repent him, by the Pledge of my Knight-
‘hood.’

In saying these Words he took the Spear from the ‘Squire, and delivered him his Gauntlet from his Hand, to carry to his Master, and then put himself to the Standing for the Encounter. At that Time he was very nigh the Place where the Emperor sat, who heard the Answer which the *English* Knight made unto the ‘Squire, and was much displeased that the Giant in such Sort would defy St. George, without any Occasion. But it was no Time as then to speak, but to keep Silence, and to mark what Event came to his great Pride and Arrogancy.

All this Time the two Warriors, (mounted upon their Steeds) tarried the Sign to be made by the Trumpets, which being given, they set forwards their Coursers, with their Spears in their Rests, with so great Fury and Desire, the one to unhorse the other, that they both fail’d in their Encounter. The Giant, who was very strong and proud, when he saw that he had missed his Intent, he returned against St. George, carrying his Spear upon his Shoulder, and coming nigh unto him, upon a sudden, before he could
clear

clear himself, he struck him such a mighty Blow upon his Croſſet, that his Staff brake in Pieces, by reason of the Fineneſs of his Armour, and made the *Engliſh* Knight to double his Body backwards upon his Horſe's Crupper. But when he ſaw the great Villany that the Giant uſed againſt him, his Anger increaſed very much, and ſo taking his Spear in the ſame Sort, he went towards the Giant and ſaid :

‘ Thou furious and proud Beaſt, thou
 ‘ Scorn of Nature, and Enemy to true Knight-
 ‘ hood, thinkeſt thou for to entrap me
 ‘ treacherouſly, and to gore me at unawares,
 ‘ like a ſavage Boar ? Know, as I am a
 ‘ *Chriſtian* Knight, if my knotty Spear have
 ‘ good Succeſs, I will revenge me on thy
 ‘ Incivility.’

And in ſaying this, he ſtruck him ſo furiously on the Breſt, that the Spear paſſed through the Giant's Body, and appeared forth at his Back, whereby he fell down dead to the Ground. All that were preſent were very much amazed thereat, and wondered greatly at the Strength and Force of *St. George*, accounting him the fortunateſt Knight that ever wielded Lance, and the very Pattern of true Nobility.

At this Time the golden Sun had finiſhed his Courſe, having nothing above the Ho-
 riſon

rison but his glittering Beams, whereby the Judge of the Tournament commanded with Sound of Trumpets, that the Juſts ſhould ceaſe, and make an End for that Day.

So the Emperor deſcended from the imperial Throne into the tilting Place, where all the Knights and Gentlemen were, for to receive the noble Champion of *England*, and deſired him that he would go with them into his Palace, there to receive all Honours due unto a Knight of ſuch Deſert: To which he could not make any Denial, but moſt willingly conſented: After this, the Emperor's Daughter, (in Company of many courtly Virgins) likewise deſcended from her Place, where *Alcida* beſtowed upon *St. George* her Glove, which he wore for her Favour many a Day after in his Burgonet.

The other ſix *Chriſtian* Champions, although they merited no Honour by this Tournament, becauſe they did not try their Adventures therein, yet obtained they ſuch good Liking among the *Grecian* Ladies, that every one had his Miſtreſs; and in their Preſence they long Time fixed their chief Delights: Where we muſt leave the Champions in the Emperor's Court for a Time, and return to *St. George's* Sons travelling the World to ſeek out Adventures.

C H A P. XVII.

How a Knight with two Heads tormented a beautiful Maiden that had betrothed herself to the Emperor's Son of Constantinople; and how she was rescued by St. George's Sons; and how they were brought by a strange Adventure into the Company of the Christian Champions.

THIS renowned Emperor (within whose Court the *Christian Champions* made their Abodes) of late Years had a Son named *Pollemus*, in all Virtues and Knightly Deemeanors equal with any living. This Prince in his Youth fell in Love with a Maiden of mean Parentage, but in Beauty and other precious Gifts of Nature, most excellent.

This *Dulcippa* (for so was she called) being but Daughter to a Country Gentleman, was restrained from the Emperor's Court, and denied the Sight of her beloved *Pollemus*, and he forbidden to set his Affection so low, upon the Displeasure of the Emperor his Father: For he being the Son of so mighty a Potentate, and she the Daughter of so mean a Gentleman, was thought to be a Match unfit and disagreeable to the Laws of the Country; and therefore they could not be suffered to manifest their Loves as they would, but were constrained by Stealth to enjoy each other's Company.

Upon

Upon a Time these two Lovers concluded to meet together in a Valley betwixt two Hills, in Distance from the Emperor's Court about three Miles, where they might in Secret unite and fix both their Hearts in one Knot of true Love, and to prevent the Determination of their Parents that so unkindly thought to cross them. And when the appointed Day drew on, *Dulcippa* arose and attired herself in costly Apparel, as though she had been going to perform her nuptial Ceremonies. And in this Manner entered she the Valley, at such Time as the Sun began to appear out of his golden Horizon. Likewise the calmy Western Winds did very sweetly blow upon the green Leaves, and made a delicate Harmony at such Time as the fairest *Dulcippa* approached the Place of their appointed Meeting.

But when she found not Prince *Pollemus* present, she determined to spend the Time away till he came, in trimming of her golden Hair, and decking her delicate Body. So sitting down upon a green Bank under the Shadow of a Myrtle Tree, she pulled a golden Cawl from her Head, wherein her Hair was wrapped, and taking out an Ivory Comb, she began to comb her Hair.

But now mark (gentle Reader) how frowning Fortune crossed her Desires, and changed her wished Joys into unexpected Sorrows; for as she sat, there fortun'd to come wan-

dering by an inhuman Tyrant, surnamed the Knight with two Heads, who was a Ravisher of Virgins, an Oppressor of Infants, and an utter Enemy to virtuous Ladies and strange travelling Knights. This Tyrant was bodied like unto a Man, but covered all over with Locks of Hair ; he had two Heads, two Mouths, and four Eyes, but all red as Blood : Which deformed Creature presently ran unto the Virgin, and caught her up under his Arms, and carried her away over the Mountain into another Country, where he intended to torment her, as you shall hear more at large hereafter.

But now return we to Prince *Pollemus*, who at the Time appointed likewise prepared to meet his betrothed Love ; but removing to the Place, he found nothing but a Silver Scarf, which *Dulcippa* had let fall through the fearful Fright she took at the Sight of the two headed Knight.

No sooner found he her Scarf but he was oppressed extremely with Sorrow, fearing *Dulcippa* was murdered by some inhuman Means, and had left her Scarf as a Token that she infringed not her Promise, but performed it to the Loss of her own Life : Therefore taking it up, and putting it next his Heart, he breathed forth this woful Lamentation.

‘ Here rest thou near unto my true loving
 ‘ Heart, thou precious Token, and Re-
 ‘ membrance

‘membrance of my dearest Lady, never to
‘be hence removed till such Time as my
‘Eyes may either behold her Body, or my
‘Ears hear certain News of her untimely
‘Death, that I may in Death consort with
‘her. And for her Sake I vow to travel
‘through the World, as far as ever golden
‘*Phæbus* lends his Light, filling each Cor-
‘ner of the Earth with Clamours of her
‘Name, and make the Elements resound
‘with my Lamentation.’

In which Resolution, he returned home to the Emperor his Father’s Place, dissemb-ling his Grief in such Manner, that none could suspect his Sorrows, nor the strange Accident that unto beauteous *Dulcippa* had happened.

And so upon a Day as he was meditating with himself, seeing the small Comfort that he took in the Court, considering the Want of her Presence, whom he so much desired, he determined in great Secrecy, as soon as it was possible to depart the Court. Which Determination he straitways put in Practice, and took out of the Emperor’s Armory, very secretly, an exceeding good Croslet, which was all Russet, and enamelled with Black, and embroidered round about with a gilded Edge, very curiously and artificially graven and carved.

Also he took a Shield of the same making, saving that it was not graven as the Armour was; and commanded a young Gentleman, that was Son to an ancient Knight of *Constantinople*, of a good Disposition and hardy, that he should keep them safely, and gave him to understand of his determined Intent.

Although it grieved the young Man very much, yet for all that, seeing the great Friendship that he used towards him, in uttering his Secrets unto him before any other, without replying to the contrary, he very diligently took the Armour and hid it, till he found convenient Time to put it into a Ship very secretly. Likewise he put into the same Ship two of the best Horses which the Emperor had; and forthwith he gave the Prince to understand, that all Things were then in a Readiness, and in good Order; *Pollemus* dissembling with the accustomed Sorrow that he used, withdrew himself into his Chamber, till such Time as the dark Night came.

Which when it was come, he made himself ready with his Apparel, and when all the People of the Court were at their Rest, he alone with his Page, who was named *Mercutio*, departed the Palace, and went to the Sea-side. His Page did call the Mariners of the Ship, who straitway brought unto them their Boat, into which they entered,

tered, and went strait abroad. And being therein, he commanded them to weigh Anchor, hoist up their Sails, and to commit themselves to the Mercy of the Waters ; as he commanded, all was done, and so in short Time they found themselves far from the Sight of any Land.

But when the Emperor his Father understood of his secret Departure, the Lamentation which he made was very much ; and he commanded his Knights to go unto the Sea-side to know if there were any Ship that departed that Night ; and when it was told them that there was a Bark that halled Anchor, and hoisted Sail, they supposed straightway that the Prince was gone away.

I cannot here declare the great Grief and Sorrow which the Emperor felt for the Absence of his Son. But when the Departure of *Pollemus* was noised through all *Constantinople*, all Sports and Feasts ceased, and all the People of the Country were overcome with a general Sorrow.

So *Pollemus* sailed through the deep Seas three Days and three Nights, with a very fair and prosperous Wind. The fourth Day in the Evening being calm, and no Wind at all, the Mariners went to take their Rests, some on the Poop, and some on the fore Ship, for to ease their wearied Bodies. The Prince (who sat upon the Poop of the Ship) asked his Page for his Lute, which

straightway was given him, and sung so sweetly, that it seemed to be a most heavenly Melody, and being in this sweet Musick he heard a very lamentable Cry, as it were of a Woman, and leaving his delicate Musick, he gave a listening attentive Ear to hearken what this sorrowful Creature said, and by Reason of the Stilness of the Night, he might easily hear as it were a Woman uttering these Words: ‘ It will
 ‘ little profit thee, thou cruel Tyrant, this
 ‘ thy bold Hardiness, for that I am beloved
 ‘ of so worthy a Knight, as will undoubt-
 ‘ edly revenge this tyrannous Cruelty prof-
 ‘ fered me.’

Then he heard another Voice which seemed to answer :

‘ Now I have thee in my Power, there
 ‘ is no human Creature of Strength able
 ‘ enough to deliver or redeem thee from
 ‘ the Torments that (in my Determination)
 ‘ I have purposed thou shalt endure.’

Pollemus could hear no more, by Reason that the Bark wherein they were, passed by so swiftly ; but he supposed that it was his Lady’s Voice which he heard, and that she was carried by Force away. So (laying down his Lute) he began to fall into a great Thought, and was very heavy and sorrowful,

ful, in that he knew not how to adventure for her Recovery.

Being in this Cogitation, he returned to his Page, who was asleep, and struck him with his Foot, and awaked him, saying :

‘ What didst thou not hear the great Lamentation that my Lady *Dulcippa* made (as to me it seemed) being in a small Bark that is passed by, and gone forwards along the Seas ? To which the Page *Mercutio* answered nothing, for he was still in a sound Sleep.’ To whom the Prince called again, saying : ‘ Arise, I say, bring forth my Armour, call upon the Mariners that they may launch their Boat into the Sea ; for by the omnipotent *Jupiter*, I swear that I will not be called the Son of my Father, if I do suffer such Violence to be done against my Love, and not procure with all my Strength to revenge the same.’

Mercutio would have replied unto him, but the furious Countenance of the Prince would not give him Leave, no, not once to look upon his Face : So he brought forth his Armour, and buckled it on.

In the mean Time the Mariners had lanced their Boat into the Sea, whereinto he leaped with a hasty Fury, and carried with him his Page and four of the Mariners
for

for to row the Bark, and he commanded them to take their Way towards the other Company that passed by them.

So they laboured all the Night, till such Time as bright *Phabus* with his glittering Beams gave unto them such Light, that they might discover and see the other Bark, although somewhat afar off.

So they laboured with great Courage till two Parts of the Day was spent, at which Time they saw come after them a Galley, which was rowed with eight Oars upon a Side, and it made so great Speed, that in a Trice they were with them, and he saw that there was in her three Knights, in bright Armour, to whom *Pollemus* called with a loud Voice, saying: 'Most courteous Knights, I request you to take me into your Galley, that being in her, I may the better accomplish my Desire.'

The Knights which were in the Galley passed by the Prince without making any Answer, but rather shewed that they made but little Account of him. These three Knights were the Sons of the *English* Champion, who departed from their Father in his Journey towards *Babylon*, to set the King again in his Kingdom.

But now to follow our History: The Prince of *Constantinople* seeing the little Account they made of him, with the great Anger

Anger and Fury that he received, he took an Oar in one Hand, and another in the other Hand, and with such Strength he struck the Water, that he made the slothful Bark to fly, and laboured so fore at the Oars, that in a Trice they were equal with the Galley.

So leaving the Oars, with a light Leap he put himself into the Galley with his Helmet on, and his Shield at his Shoulder, and being within, he said: ‘ Now shall you do
‘ that by Force, which before you would
‘ not yield unto.’

This being said, one of *St. George's* Sons took the Encounter in Hand, thinking it a Blemish to the Honour of Knighthood by Multitudes to assail him; so the two brave Knights without any Advantage of one another, made their Encounters so valiantly, that it was a Wonder to the Beholders. The Prince of *Constantinople* struck the *English* Knight such a furious Blow, that he made him decline his Head to his Breast, and forced him to recoil backwards two or three Steps, but he came quickly again to himself, and returned him so mighty a Blow upon his Helmet, that he made his Teeth chatter in his Head.

With great Policy and Strength they endured the Bickering all Day, and when they saw the dark Night come upon them they
strove.

strove with more Courage and Strength to finish their Battle.

The Prince of *Constantinople* puffing and blowing like an enraged Bull, lifted up his Sword with both his Hands, and discharged it so strongly upon his Enemy, that by Force he made him fall to the Ground, and therewith offered to pull his Helmet from his Head. But when the *English* Knight saw himself in that Sort; he threw his Shield from him, and very strongly caught the other about the Neck, and held him fast, so that betwixt them began a terrible Wrestling, Tumbling and wallowing up and down the Galley.

At this Time the Night began to be very Dark, wherefore they called for Lights, which presently were brought them by the Mariners; in the mean Time these Knights somewhat breathed themselves although it was not much. So when the Lights were brought, they returned to their old Combat with new Force and Strength.

‘ O Heavens, said *Pollemus*, I cannot believe to the contrary, but that this is *Mars* the God of War, that doth contend in a Battle with me, and for the great Envy he bears against me, he goeth about to dishonour me :’ And with these Words they thickened their Blows with great Desperateness. And though this last Assault continued

continued more than two Hours, yet neither of them did faint, but at last, they both together lift up their Swords, and charged them together, the one upon the others Helmet, with so great Strength, that both of them fell down upon the Hatches without any Remembrance.

The rest that looked upon them, did verily believe they were both dead, by Reason of the Abundance of Blood which came forth at their Visors, but quickly it was perceived that there was some Hope of Life in them. Then presently there was an Agreement made betwixt the Knights of the Galley and Mariners of the Bark, that they should join together and travel whither fortune should conduct them; in this Order carried they these two Knights without any Remembrance.

But when the Prince of *Constantinople* came to himself, with a loud Voice, he said!
' O Love, is it possible to be true, that I
' am overthrown in this first encounter and
' Assault of my Knighthood? Here I curse
' the Day of my Creation; and the Hour
' when first I merited the Name of Knight;
' henceforth I'll bury all my Honours in
' Disgrace; and spend the Remnant of my
' Life in base Cowardice:' And in speaking these Words, he cast his Eye aside, and beheld the *English* Knight as one newly risen from a Trance, who likewise breathed forth these

these discontented Speeches. ‘ O unhappy
‘ Son of *St. George!* now a Coward and of
‘ little Valour, I know not how thou canst
‘ name thyself to be the Son of the valiantest
‘ Knight in the World, for that thou hast
‘ lost thy Honour in this last Assault.’

This being said, the two weary Knights concluded a Peace betwixt them, and revealed to each other their Names, and therefore they adventured to travel; which when it was known, they sailed forward that Way the sorrowful Woman went; so in this Sort they travelled all the rest of the Night that remained, ’till such Time as the Day began to be clear, and straitway they descried Land, to which Place with great Haste they rowed.

And coming to Land, they found no used Way, but one narrow Path: Wherein they had not travelled long when they met with a poor single Countryman, with a new ground Hatchet in his Hand, and he was going to cut some Fire-wood off the high and broad spreading Trees, and of whom they demanded what Country and Land it was? ‘ This Country, (said he,) is called
‘ *Armenia*, but yet most courteous Knights,
‘ you must pardon me, for that I do request
‘ you to return again, and proceed no further, if you do esteem your Lives, for in
‘ going this Way there is nothing to be had
‘ but

‘ but Death : For the Lord of this Country
‘ is a furious Monster, called the two-head-
‘ ed Knight, and he is so furious in his Ty-
‘ ranny, that never any Stranger could as
‘ yet escape out of his Hands alive : And
‘ for Proof of his Cruelty, no longer than
‘ Yesterday he brought hither a Lady Pri-
‘ soner, who, at her first coming on Shore,
‘ he whipp’d and beat in such Sort, that it
‘ would make the most tyrannous Tyrant
‘ that is to relent and pity her Distress,
‘ swearing that every Day he would so tor-
‘ ment her, ’till her Life and Body made
‘ their Separation.’

Pollemus, the Prince of *Constantinople*, was very attentive to the old Man’s Words, thinking the Lady to be his *Dulcippa*, after whom he travelled ; the Grief he received at this Report, struck such a Terror to his Heart, that he fell into a Swoon, and was not able to go any further ; but *St. George’s* Sons encouraged him, and protested by the Honour of their Knighthoods, never to forsake his Company, ’till they saw his Lady delivered from her Torments, and he safely conducted Home into his own Country.

So travelling with this Resolution, the Night came on, and it was so dark, that they were constrained to seek some convenient Place to take their Rest ? and laying themselves down under a broad-branched

Oak-Tree, they passed the Night, pondering in their Minds a thousand Imaginations.

When the Morning was come, and that the Diamond of Heaven began to glitter with his Beams upon the Mountain Tops, these martial Knights were not slothful, but rose up and followed their Journeys.

After this, they had not travelled scarce half a Mile, when they heard a pitiful Lamentation of a Woman; so they staid to hear from whence that lamentable Noise should come.

And presently, afar off, they beheld a high Pillar of Stone, out of which there came forth a Spout of clear Water, and thereat was bound a Woman naked, her Back fastned to the Pillar, her Arms backwards embracing it, with her Hands fast bound behind her.

These warlike Knights laced on their Helmets, and came unto the Place where she was, but when the Prince of *Constantinople* saw her, he presently knew her to be his Lady and lovely Mistress. For by Reason of the Coldness of the Night, and with her great Lamentation and Weeping, she was so full of Sorrows and Affliction, that she could scarce speak. Likewise the Prince's Heart so yearned at the Sight of his unhappy Lady, that he could not look upon her for Weeping.

But

But yet at last, with a sorrowful Sigh he said: ‘ O cruel Hands, is it possible that
‘ there should remain in you so much Mis-
‘ chief, that whereas there is such great
‘ Beauty and Fairness, you should use such
‘ Baseness and Villany? She doth more de-
‘ serve to be loved and served, than to be
‘ in this Sort so evil intreated.’

This woful Prince with much Sorrow beheld her white Skin and Back bespotted with Blood; and taking a Cloak from one of the Mariners, he threw it upon her, and covered her Body, and took her in his Arms whilst the other Knights unbound her.

This unhappy Lady never felt nor knew what was done unto her, ’till such Time as she was loosed from those Bands, and in the Arms of her Lover. But yet she thought that she had been in the Arms of the two-headed Knight, and therefore she gave a terrible Sigh, saying: ‘ Oh, *Pollemus*, my
‘ true betrothed Husband, where art thou
‘ now, that thou comest not to succour me?’ and therewith ceased her Speeches.

The Prince hearing these Words, would have answered her, but he was disturbed by hearing a great Noise of a Horse, which seemed to be in the Woods amongst the Trees. The rest of the Knights intending to see what it should be, left the Lady lying
I 2 upon

upon the green Grass in the Keeping of Prince *Pollemus* and the Mariners, and St. *George's* Sons went towards the Place, where they heard that rushing Noise, and as they diligently looked about them, they beheld the two headed Monster mounted upon a furious Palfrey, who returned to see if the Lady was alive, for to torment her anew.

But when he came to the Pillar, and saw not the Lady, with an ireful Look he cast his Eyes, looking round about him on every Side, and at last he saw the three Knights coming towards him with a slow Pace, and how the Lady was untied from the Pillar where he left her, and in the Arms of another Knight, making her sorrowful Complaint.

The two-headed Knight, seeing them in this Order, with great Wrath came riding towards them; and when he was near them, he said: ‘ Fond Knights, what wretched
‘ Folly and Madnefs hath bewitched you,
‘ that without any Leave you have advent-
‘ tured to untie the Lady from the Pillar
‘ where I left her, or come you to offer up
‘ your Blood in Sacrifice upon my Fal-
‘ chion?’ To whom one of the three valiant
Brothers answered, and said: ‘ We be
‘ Knights of a strange Country, that at the
‘ sorrowful Complaint of this Lady arrived
‘ at this Place, and seeing her to be a beau-
‘ tiful Woman, and without any Desert to
‘ be

‘ be thus evil intreated, it moved us to put
‘ our Persons in Adventure against them
‘ that will seem farther to misuse her.’

In the mean Time that the Knight was speaking these Words, the ugly deformed Monster beheld him very precisely, knitting his Brows with the great Anger he had received in hearing his Speeches, and with such great Fury he spurred his monstrous Beast, that he made him give so mighty a Leap, that he had almost fallen on the *English* Knight; who with great Lightness did deliver himself, and so drawing out his Sword, he would have struck him, but the Beast passed by with so great Swiftneſs that he could not reach them.

Here began as terrible a Battle between the two-headed Knight and St. *George’s* Sons, as ever was fought by any Knights; their mighty Blows seemed to rattle in the Elements like a terrible Thunder, and their Swords to strike sparkling Fire in such Abundance, as though it had been from a Smith’s Anvil.

During this Conflict, the *English* Knights were so grievously wounded, that all their bright Armour was stained with a Bloody Gore, and their Helmets bruised with the terrible Strokes of the Monster’s Falchion; whereat they grew so enraged, that one of them struck an overthwart Blow with his

trusty Sword upon his Knee, and by reason that his Armour was not very good, he cut it clean asunder, so that Leg and all fell to the Ground, and the two-headed Knight fell on the other Side to the Earth, and with great Roaring he began to rage and stare like a Beast, and to blaspheme against the Fates for this his sudden Mishap.

The other two Brethren, seeing this, presently cut off his two-heads.

There was another Knight that came with this Monster, who, when he saw all that had passed, with great Fear returned the Way from whence he came.

These victorious Conquerors, when they saw that they were delivered from the Tyrant's Cruelty, with joyful Hearts they departed with Conquest to the Prince of *Constantinople*, where they left him comforting his distressed Lady.

So when they were all together, they commanded the Mariners to provide them somewhat to eat, for that they had great Need thereof, who presently prepared it, for that continually they bore their Provision about them : Of this Banquet the Knights were very glad, and rejoiced much at that which they had achieved, and commanded that the Lady should be very well looked to, and healed of her Harm received.

At the End of three Days, when the princely Lady had recovered Health, they left

left the Country of *Armenia*, and departed back to the Seas, where they had left their Ships lying at Road, that tarried there until there coming.

Whereinto they had no sooner entered, but the Mariners hoisted Sail, and took their Way towards *Constantinople*, as the Knights commanded. The Wind served them so prosperously, that within a small Time they arrived in *Greece*, and landed within two Days Journey of the Court, which lay then about a Mile from *Constantinople*.

Being on Land, the Prince *Pollemus* consulted with *St. George's* three Sons what Course were best to be taken for their Proceeding in the Court. ' For (saith he) unless I may with the Emperor my Father's Consent, enjoy my dearest *Dulcippa*, I will live unknown in her Company, rather than delight in the Heritage of ten such Empires.'

At last, they concluded that the Lady should be covered in a black Veil from being known, and *Pollemus* in black Arms, and the other Knights, all suitable, should ride together, which accordingly they did, and about ten in the Morning entered the Palace; where they found the Emperor, and the Seven Champions, with many other Princes in the great Hall; to whom one of *St. George's* Sons thus spake:

Great

‘ Great Emperor and Noble Knights,
‘ this Knight that leadeth the Lady, hath
‘ long loved her ; in their Births there is
‘ great Difference, so that their Parents
‘ crost their Affections ; for him she hath
‘ endured much Sorrow, and for her he will
‘ and hath suffered many Hazards. His
‘ coming thus to your Court is to this End,
‘ to approve her the only deserving Lady in
‘ the World, himself the faithfullest Knight,
‘ against all Knights whatsoever, which
‘ with your imperial Leave, he, myself and
‘ these two, my Associates, will maintain ;
‘ desiring your Majesty to give Judgment
‘ as we shall deserve.’

The Emperor condescended, and on the Green before the Palace, those four overthrew more than four hundred Knights : So that *St. George* and three other of the Champions entered the Lists, and ran three violent Courses against the black Knights, without moving them, who never suffered the Points of their Spears to touch the Armour of the Champions ; which the Emperor perceiving, guessed them to be of Acquaintance : Wherefore giving Judgment that the Knight should possess his Lady, at his Request they discovered themselves.

To describe the delightful Comfort that the *English* Champion took in the Presence of his Children, and the Joy that the Emperor

peror received at the Return of his lost Son, requires more Art and Eloquence than my tired Senses can afford ; I am therefore here forced to leave the Flower of Chivalry in the City of *Constantinople*.

Of whose following Adventures I will at large Discourse hereafter ; and how all these famous Champions came to their Deaths, and for what Cause they were called the Seven Saints of *Christendom*.

C H A P. XVIII.

Of the Praise-worthy Death of St. Patrick ; how he buried himself : And for what Cause the Irishmen to this Day, do wear their Red Cross upon St. Patrick's Day.

HERE must you suppose, gentle Readers, that Time had run a long Race before these aforesaid thrice-honoured Champions had purchased so many Victories : And being now wearied with Age, Death, with his gloomy Countenance, began to challenge an End of all their worldly Achievements, and to draw their noble Names to a full Perfection ; therefore preparing a black Stage (for Honour) to act his last Scene out, thus it followed :

The valiant Champion *St. Patrick*, feeling himself weakened with Time and Age,
not

not able any longer to endure the Bruises of princely Atchievements, became an Hermit, and wandering up and down the World in poor Habiliments; he came at last to the Country of his Birth, which is now called *Ireland*, but in former Times *Hibernia*; where, instead of martial Atchievements, he offered up (in the Name of his Redeemer) devout Orisons, daily making Petitions to the Deity of Glory, in Behalf of his desired Peace: A Life more delightful to his aged Heart, than all his former Accomplishments: And now willing to bid farewell to the World, he desired an Inclosure to be made, and to be pent up in a stony Wall from the Sight of all earthly Objects. To which Request of this Holy Father, (now no Soldier but a Man of Peace) the Inhabitants condescended, and built him a four-square House of Stone, without either Window or Door, only a little Hole to receive his Food in, wherein they closed him up, never to be seen more alive by the Eyes of mortal Men. Also appointing divers of the Country to bring him at convenient Times Food to maintain Nature, they delivered it in at the aforesaid Hole, which they thought to be a Deed of more than common Charity, and he (the Receiver) to be an Honour to their Country, by the severe and strict Course of Life he put himself to. Thus-lived he the Servant of his God Day and Night, kneeling
ing

ing on the bare Ground, till thrice the Winter's Cold had taken Departure, and as oft the Summer's Warmth had cheared up the cold Earth, making his Knees hard with kneeling, and his Eyes dim with Lamentations for his former Offences: In which Time the Hairs of his Head were all overgrown, and the Nails of his Fingers seemed like the Talons and Claws of an old Raven, with which, by little and little, he digged his own Grave, preparing against the Hour of his Death to be buried in: Which in process of Time came thus to Effect as followeth.

When he had waited (as I had said before) thrice twelve Months in divine Contemplations, by Inspiration (as it seemed) he laid him down in the Grave that his own Nails had digged, and gave up the Ghost.

Thus being changed from a lively Substance to a dead Picture, his Attenders, as their usual Custom was, came with Food to relieve him, and calling at the Hole where he had wont to receive it, they heard nothing but empty Air blowing in and out, which made them conjecture presently that Death had prevailed, and the Fatal Sisters finish'd up their Labours: So calling together more Company, they made an Entrance thereinto, and finding what had happened, by a common Consent of the whole Kingdom, they pulled down the aforesaid House
or

or Tower, and in the same Place, builded a most sumptuous Chapel, calling it *St. Patrick's Chapel*, and in the Place where this holy Father had buried himself, they likewise erected a Monument of much Richness, framed upon Pillars of pure Gold, beautified with many artificial Sights, most pleasant to behold; whereunto for many Years after resorted distressed People, such as were commonly molested with loathsome Diseases, where making their Orisons at *St. Patrick's Tomb*, they found Help, and were restored to their former Healths.

By which Means, the Name of *St. Patrick* is grown so famous through the World, that to this Day he is intituled one of our *Christian* Champions, and the Saint for *Ireland*, where, in Remembrance of him, and of his honourable Atchievements done in his Lifetime, the *Irishmen*, as well in *England* as in that Country, do as yet, in Honour of his Name, keep one Day in the Year a Festival, wearing upon their Hats each of them a Cross of red Silk, in token of his many adventures, under the Christian Cross, as you have heard in the former History at large discoursed: Whose noble Deeds both in Life and Death we will leave sleeping with him in the Grave, and speak of our next renowned Tragedy, which Heaven and Fate had allotted *St. David*, the Champion for *Wales*, at that Time intituled *Cambro-Britanus*.

C H A P.

C H A P. XIX.

Of the honourable Victory won by St. David in Wales: Of his Death, and the Cause why Leeks are by Custom, of Welshmen, worn on St. David's Day.

SOME Months after the Departure of St. Patrick from the City of *Constantinople*, St. David, having a Heart still fir'd with Fame, thirsted even to his dying Day for honourable Atchievements, and although Age and Time had almost wearied him away, yet would he once more make his Adventure in the field of *Mars*, and seal up his Honours in the Records of Fame with a noble Farewel.

So upon a Morning framing himself for a Knightly Enterprize, he took his Leave of the other Champions, and all alone, well mounted upon a lusty Courser, furnish'd with sufficient Habiliments, he began a Journey home towards his own Country, accounting that his best Joy, and the Soil of his most Comfort.

But long had he not travelled, ere he heard of the Distresses thereof; how *Wales* was beset with a People of a Savage Nature, thirsting for Blood, and the Ruin of that brave Kingdom: And how that many Battles had been fought to the Disparagement of Christian Knighthood. Whereupon arm-

ing himself with true Resolution, he went forward with a courageous Mind, either to redeem the Fame, or to lose his best Blood in the Honour of the Adventure.

Whereupon all the Way as he travelled he drew into his Aid and Assistance all the best Knights he could find, of any Nation whatsoever, giving them Promises of noble Rewards, and Entertainment as befitted so worthy a Fellowship. By this Means, before he came upon the Borders of *Wales*, he had gathered together the number of 500 Knights, of such noble Resolutions, that all *Christendom* could not afford better, the Seven Champions excepted. And these all well furnished for Battle, entered the Country, where they found many Towns unpeopled, gallant Houses subverted, Monasteries defaced, Cities ruined, Fields of Corn consumed with Fire, yea every Thing so out of Order, as if the Country had never been inhabited. Whereupon with a grieved Mind, seeing the Region of his Birth-place so confounded, and nothing but Uproars of Murder and Death sounded in his Ears, he summoned his Knights together, placing them in Battle Array to travel high up into the Country, for the Performance of his desired Hopes. But as they marched along with an easy Pace, to prevent Dangers, there resorted to them People of all Ages, both Young and Old, bitterly complaining of
the

the Wrongs thus done unto their Country. Where when they knew him to be the Champion of *Wales*, whom so long they had desired to see, their Joys so exceeded, that all former Woes were abolished, and they emboldened to nothing but Revenge.

The rest of the Knights that came with St. *David*, perceiving their Forces and Numbers to increase, purposed a present Onset; and to shew themselves before their Enemies, who lay incamped amongst the Mountains, with such Strength and Policy, that hard it was to make an Affailment.

Whereupon the noble Champion, being then their General and Leader, called his Captains together, and with a bold Courage, said as followeth :

‘ Now is the Time, brave Martialists, to
‘ be canonized the Sons of Fame; this is
‘ the Day of Dignity or Dishonour; an En-
‘ terprize to make us ever live, or to end
‘ our Names in Obscurity: Let not chill
‘ Fear, the Coward’s Companion, pull us
‘ back from the Golden Throne, where the
‘ adventurous Soldier sits in Glory deserv-
‘ edly : We are to trample in the Field of
‘ Death and dead Mens Bones, and to
‘ buckle with an Enemy of great Strength,
‘ a Pagan’s Power, that seeks to over-run
‘ all Christian Kingdoms, and to wash our
‘ *Cambrian* Fields with innocent Blood. To

‘ Arms, I say, brave Followers, I will be
 ‘ the first to give Death the Onset; and for
 ‘ my Colours or Ensign do I wear upon
 ‘ my Burgonet you see a green Leek beset
 ‘ with Gold, which shall (if we win the
 ‘ Victory) hereafter be an Honour unto
 ‘ *Wales*; and on this Day, being the First
 ‘ of *March*, be it for ever worn by the
 ‘ *Welshmen* in Remembrance hereof.’

Which Words were no sooner spoken by
 the Champion, but all the Royal Army of
 every Degree and Calling, got themselves
 the like Recognizance, which was each of
 them a green Leek upon their Hats or
 Beavers, which they wore all the Time of
 the Battle; and by that Means the Champi-
 on’s Followers were known from the others.
 This was not long a doing before St. *David*
 and his Company beheld, descending from
 the Mountains, an Army of Pagans, as it
 seemed numberless, People of such mighty
 Statures, whose Sight might have daunted
 their noble Resolutions, had not the brave
 Champion still animated them with princely
 Encouragements; Time stay’d not long ere
 the Battles joined, and the Pagans with
 their Iron Clubs and Bats of Steel, so laid
 about them, that had not our Christian
 Army been preserved by Miracle, such a
 Slaughter had been made of the Champion
 and

and the Knights, that well might have caused the whole World to wonder at.

But the Queen of Chance so favoured St. *David* and his Followers, that what with their nimble Lances, keen Darts and Arrows, shot from their quick Bows and Welsh Hooks, in great Abundance, the Sun also lying in the Pagans Faces, to their great Disadvantage, that in short Time the noble Champion won a worthy Victory. The Ground lay all covered with mangled Carcasses, the grassy Fields changed from Green into red Colour, with the mangled Blood that ran from Horse and Man thus murdered. A noble Policy was it for all our Christians in that Battle to wear green Leeks in their Burgonets for their Colours; by which they were all known and preserved from the Slaughter of one another's Swords, only St. *David* himself excepted, who being Victor, in the highest Pride of his Glory, was at last vanquished. O unhappy Fate, to cut off his Honour, that was the only Darling of Honour! Help me, *Melpomene*, to bewail his Loss, that having won all, lost his dear Life, a Life that the whole World might well have Miss of. Oh fatal Chance! for coming from the Battle, over heated in Blood, so sudden a Cold congealed in all his Life's Members, that he was forced to yield unto Death, to the great Grief of all his Knights and Followers, who for the Space

The Renowned History of the
of forty Days mourned for him in great
Heaviness, and after attended him unto his
Grave with much Sorrow.

C H A P. XX.

*How St. Denis was Beheaded in his own Coun-
try, and by a Miracle shewed at his Death,
the whole Kingdom of France received the
Christian Faith.*

ST. Denis being the third in this our Pil-
grimage of Death, was likewise desirous
of the Sight of his own Country, which he
had not seen in many Years; and purposing
a toilsome Travel to the same, took Leave of
the other Champions; who, not altogether
willing to leave so noble a Champion, yet
considering the Desire of his Mind, they
quickly condescended, wishing him the best
Welfare of Knighthood; and so parting,
they to their Princely Pavillions, and he to
his restless Journey, as well mounted, and
as richly furnished with Habiliments of
Knighthood, as any Martialist in all *Arabia*,
in which Country he was then: But leaving
that Place, to satisfy his Desires, he travel-
led Day by Day towards the Kingdom of
France, without any Adventure worth re-
porting, till he arrived upon the Borders of
that fair Country that he had so long wished
to behold. But now see how Fate frowned;
for

for there was remaining in the *French King's* Favour a Knight of *St. Michael's* Order, who in former Times hearing of the honourable Adventures of this Noble Champion *St. Denis*, and thinking him to be a Disparagement to his Knighthood and the rest of that Order, conspired to betray him, and to bring all his former Honours with his Life to a final Overthrow.

Whereupon this envious Knight of *St. Michael* goes unto the King (being as then a Pagan Prince, one that had no true Knowledge of the Deity) and said; ' There was
' come into his Kingdom a strange Knight,
' a false Believer, one that in Time would
' draw the Love of his Subjects from him,
' to the Worship of a strange God; and
' that in Despite of him and his Country,
' he would establish a falsify'd Opinion, and
' that he wore upon his Breast the Christian
' Cross; with many other things contrary
' to the Laws of his Kingdom.'

Upon these false Informations the King grew so enraged, that without any more Consideration, he caused the good Knight *St. Denis*, to be attacked in his Bed-Chamber, otherwise a Score of the best Knights in all *France* had not been sufficient to bring him Prisoner to the King's Presence; before whom being no sooner come, but with more than human Fury, without Cause, he adjudged

judged him a speedy Death, and by martial Law (without any further Trial) to receive the same.

The good Champion St. Denis, even in Death having a most noble Resolution, nothing at all dismayed, and knowing his Cause to be good, and that he should suffer for the Name of his sweet Redeemer, he most willingly accepted of the same Judgment, saying: 'Most mighty, but yet cruel King, ' think not but yet this exceeding Tyranny ' will be requited in a strange Manner: ' Thy Censure I take with much Joy, in ' that I die for him, whose Colours I have ' worn from my Infancy, and this my ' Death seals up the Obligation of all my ' Comforts: And thou sweet Country, ' where I first took Life, receive it again ' a Legacy due unto thee; for this my ' Blood, which here I offer up into thy ' Bosom, is the best Gift I can bestow upon ' thee. Farewel, Knighthood, farewel, ' honourable Adventures and princely Achievements: Never may this dauntless ' Arm brandish Weapon more a Honour ' of the *Christian* Cross; for Death awaiteth at my Back to cut off all such noble ' Hopes, and I by Tyranny am betrayed ' thereto.'

These Speeches being uttered, he was forced to stand silent, and in the Presence of

of the King, with many hundreds more, was constrained to yield his Body to the fatal Stroke ; where his Head being laid upon the Block, was by a base Executioner, quickly dissevered from the rest of his manly Members. Which being no sooner done, and the Champion lifeless, but the Elements, beset with cloudy Exhalations, sent down such a terrible Thunder-clap, that struck presently dead the Knight of St. *Michael*, who accused him, the Executioner, with others that were at his Attachment ; at which fearful Spectacle the King himself grew so amazed, that he deemed him to be a blessed Creature ; that he had suffered wrongfully ; and that his Cause, for which he so willingly rendered up his Life, was the true Cause which all must have a Desire to die in : Wherefore instantly from a *Pagan* the King turned *Christian*, and caused the same to be proclaimed through all his Provinces, ordaining Churches to be built in Remembrance of this great Man.

C H A P. XXI.

*Of the Tyrannous Death that the Spanish
Champion was put unto.*

H E R E, gentle Reader, with a sad Eye, prepare to give Entertainment to the sorrowful Manner of the *Spanish* Champion's Death, who by Tyranny and cruel Dealing of the Infidels, was likewise made away. For Age and Time, as upon the former, grew upon him, and so enfeebled his Strength, that he was no longer able to manage the Adventures of Chivalry, nor fight the Battles of his Saviour. Wherefore resolving to spend the Remnant of his Days in Peace, he desired Leave likewise to commit his Fortunes to the Queen of Chance : Which as the others did, he quickly obtained ; and so leaving *Constantinople*, he put himself to travel towards the Country of his first Being, not decked in his shining Armour, nor mounted on his *Spanish* Gennet ; but poor and bare in outward Habit, though inwardly furnished with Gold and Jewels of an inestimable Value, which he had sewed up in the Patches of a Ruffet Gaberdine, the better to travel with : Where, instead of a bright shining Cuttle-Axe, his Pilgrim's Staff served him to walk with, and for his Burgonet of glittering Steel, he covered his Head (now as white as white
Thistle

Thistle Down with Age) with a Hat of grey Colour, broached with a broad Scallop-Shell; his princely Lodgings were changed to green Pastures, and his Canopies to the Skies azured Covering, where the Nightingale and Lark told the Time's Passage.

In which Manner, travelling many Days, giving still as he went the Poor and Needy such small Pieces of Silver as he well could spare; he arrived at last upon the Confines of *Spain*: Where in Honour of that God, for whom he had fought so many Battles, he built up, at his own Charge, a sumptuous Chapel, to this Day bearing the Name of *St. Jacques's Chapel*: And, for the Maintenance thereof, purchased divers Lands adjoining; with Choristers to sing Day and Night therein *Allelujab* to his Redeemer.

This coelestial Gift and glorious Customs so prepared, begot such Love of the meaner Sort of People, that they esteemed him more than a Man, with a Reverence of such Regard bestowed upon him, that the very Name of this noble Champion won greater Admirations than the high Tilts of their Country's King; who, being then a cruel Tyrant and proud King, maintaining Atheism by his Government, grew so envious thereat, that he caused good *St. Jacques*, with the whole Choir of coelestial Singers, to be closed up together in the Chapel which the Champion had erected, and so starved them

them to Death. Oh bloody Butchery, and inhuman Cruelty ! A Death of more Terror than ever was heard of. But to be short, Hunger prevailed, and they died, their Bodies putrified, and in Time consumed away to Dust and Mould ; whereupon the Lord, to shew how they died in his Favour, and the Love of Heaven, inflicted such a Light in the Chapel, that it shined Day and Night with such a glorious Brightness, as if it had been the glorious Palace of the Sun : And likewise continually was heard therein (though no Creature remaining) such a Choir of melodious Harmony, as if it had been the Sound of cœlestial Musick. Which strange Pleasures both to the Eyes and Ear, bred so great an Amazement to the whole Country, that all with common Consent accused their King for the tyrannous putting to Death of these good Men ; but especially the noble St. *Jacques*, and they purposed to hold him for their Country's Saint and Champion till the World's Dissolution. The proud King perceiving now his own Rashness, and the common Hate against him for this Deed doing, took such an inward Conceit of Grief, that without taking any Food ever after, he languished away and died.

C H A P. XXII.

Of the honourable and worthy Death of the Italian Champion.

AFTER all these Proceedings, Nature, the common Nurse of us all, so wrought in the Heart of St. *Anthony*, the Champion for *Italy*, that he undertook the next tragical Enterprize, and leaving St. *George* with St. *Andrew*, in the Emperor's Court of *Constantinople*, he took his Journey towards *Italy*; and knowing, by the Course of Nature, that his Days were not many, he purposed there to set up his Life's Rest, and in Death to finish up all earthly Troubles. So coming, after a long Journey, to the City of *Rome*, where the Emperor *Domitian* kept his Court, and the City being then in her chiefest Pomp and Glory, won great Desire in the Champion's Mind, to see the Monuments of the same.

So upon the Morning, going from his Lodgings, he walked up and down the Streets with Admiration, and fed his Eyes with many delightful Objects. First with great Wonder he stood gazing upon the Monuments that were erected in the Honour of all their famous Emperors, Counsels, Orators and Conquerors, Things which yielded him great Pleasure. The next Thing that his Eyes delighted in, was the Temple of the twelve *Sybils*, a most miraculous

Building; in which Temple were all their Prophecies enrolled; as also the Beginning and Ending of the whole Catalogue of the Heathen Gods, as *Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Apollo*, and such like; with their Manner of Worship. The next that he saw was the House of *Remus* and *Romulus*, who built *Rome*, a Building of much Worthiness. Next unto it stood an ancient Prison (an old rotten Thing) where the Man lay that was condemned to Death, and could have no Body come to him and succour him, but was search'd, yet was kept alive a long Space by sucking of his Daughter's Breasts. After this, he saw *Pompey's* Theatre, reputed one of the nine Wonders of the World: The Emperor *Nero's* Tomb, maintained with Disgrace, for the Offence he did in setting *Rome* on Fire. To conclude, he spent many Days in viewing the Martyrs Tombs, and other Reliques brought from *Jerusalem*. Amongst many other delightful Sights, he came into a Chapel dedicated unto himself, called *The Honour of St. Anthony*; wherein was portray'd in Alabaster Pictures, the true Forms of all the Champions of *Christendom*, with the Stories of all their Adventures, Combats, Tournaments and Battles; their Imprisonments, Dangers and Enchantments, all Pictured up by Enchantments and Witchcraft; whereupon ran a Prophecy, that the Patron of this Chapel should ever live unconquered,

conquered, and never embrace Death, till his Eyes were Witness of the same Portraits; which in Golden Letters were inscribed over the Chapel Door or Entrance. Which when St. *Anthony* had beheld, and knowing himself to be the Man, with a meek Mind he embraced his own End, and never after departed the Chapel, but remained kneeling in the same upon the bare Marble, making his Orisons of Repentance to the eternal Deity, till pale Destiny had cut off the Threads of his old Days.

And thus being converted to mouldy Earth, the Emperor caused him to be intombed in the same Chapel; and over his Grave to be set a magnificent Chair, in which Chair for many Years after, the Roman Conquerors received their Laurel Rewards of martial Victory.

C H A P. XXIII.

Of the Martyrdom of St. Andrew the Scottish Champion.

ST. *George* and St. *Andrew* were the two last Champions that staid together, and as it seemed, the dearest Love remained between them two; but yet rusty Time with his swift Course would needs part them, and break this their united Fellowship. For the Summons of Honour so animated the bold

Heart of the *Scotiſh* Champion, that he burned with Deſire to ſee his native Country, and to behold the Place of his firſt Being. For leaving *Constantinople*, only honoured with the Preſence of *St. George* and his three Sons, he travelleth Day by Day, till Time and Fate ſet him happily in the Kingdom of *Scotland*; where having not been for many Years before, he received ſuch Entertainment as if he had been the greateſt Emperor of the World: For all the Streets and Paſſages as he went were furniſhed with People of the beſt Regard, to give him a gracious Welcome to his native Home; eſpecially the King himſelf, who for the Love and Honour he bore unto his Name and Knighthood, lodged him in his own Palace, and proclaimed for his noble Welcome a Princely Tournament to be holden for the Space of fifteen Days; in which Time all the Nobility and martial Knights of *Scotland* performed ſuch well-approved Atchievements, that neither *Greece*, *Constantinople*, *Rome* nor *Jeruſalem*, could equal them in the leaſt Regard. *St. Andrew* being now aged, and unapt for ſuch princely Encounters, ſat as a Beholder, cenſuring of the beſt Deſerver, and gave ſuch due Commendations as beſitted ſo gallant a Company: And for a Farewel of ſuch time-honoured Paſtimes he deſired Leave of the King to depart, and to ſpend the Remnant of his
Life

Life in private Contemplations, for the Good of his Soul, and to wash away with the Water of true Penitence, all that Blood he had spilt in his Travel about the World, in the Maintenance of Knighthood; a Request so reasonable, that the King could not refuse, but give his Consent. So taking Leave of his Majesty, and the rest of the Nobility and Knights there present, he departed up to a Mountain, far remote from the King's Court, under which by Nature was erected a Cave or hollow Vault, wherein he remained for the Space of a Year, studying Divinity and the Commands of his Redeemer: *Scotland* being then a rude and Heathenish Country, where the common Sort of People inhabited, by which Means he was much admired, and supposed to be sent from some Place unknown, as a Messenger to bring them evil Tidings: Whereupon those misbelieving People, by a common Consent (taking him for some subtle Conspirer against their Pagan Gods, which as then they worshipped) put him secretly to Death; and after cutting off his Head, in Hope of Reward, bore it to the King, deeming they had done a Deed of much deserved Commendation: Which inhuman Cruelty when the King saw, with much Grief he lamented the Loss of this good Man, and with all Speed, in Revenge of his Death, raised a Power of his best resolved Knights

of War, putting every one to the Sword, both Man, Woman and Child, that in any Manner consented to the Champion's Death; and after, in Process of Time, appointed a Monastery to be built in the same Place where he died.

C H A P. XXIV.

Of the Adventure performed by St. George; how he received his Death by the Sting of a venomous Dragon.

NOW droops my weary Muse, for she is come unto her latest Tragedy. St. George is summoned to the Bar of Death, where magnificent Honour stands ready to give his Name a noble Renown to all ensuing Ages.

This illustrious Champion (when he was left by the other six) in the Company of his three Sons, *Guy, Alexander, and David*, strange Imaginations Day by Day possessed his Mind, so that he could not rest nor sleep; sometimes supposing his Companions were in great Distress; other while how they had won the chiefest Goal of Honour, little needing his knightly Service and Assistance; sometimes one Thing, sometimes another, so molested him, that he must needs make his Adventure to follow them.

Where-

Whereupon calling his three Sons together, he went to the *Grecian* Emperor, and requested that they might all four depart, with his Leave and Liking; for knightly Adventures had challenged them all to appear in some foreign Region, where noble Atchievements were to be performed; but where and in what Country his Destiny had not yet revealed to him.

So furnishing them all four in Habili-ments of shining Steel, they left *Constantinople*, as it were guided by Fate until they came into *England*, then called *Britain*, whose chalky Cliffs St. *George* had not seen in twice twelve Years; and now coming with a sweet Embracement of his native Country, he gave his three Sons thereinto a most joyful Welcome, shewing them (to their great Comfort) the brave Situation of the Towns and Cities, and the pleasant Prospects of the Fields as they passed, until they came within the Sight of the City *Coventry*, where he was born, and received his first Being; upon whose glittering Pinnacles he no sooner casting his Eye-sight, but the Inhabitants interrupted his Delights with a doleful Report, how upon *Dunsmore-Heath*, as then remained an infectious Dragon, that so annoyed the Country, that the Inhabitants thereabouts could not pass the Heath without great Danger; and how that fifteen Knights of the
King-

Kingdom had already lost their Lives in adventuring to suppress the same.

Also giving him to Understand of a Prophecy, ' That a *Christian* Knight never born
' of a Woman, should be the Destroyer
' thereof, and his Name in After-Ages for
' accomplishing the Adventure, should be
' held for an eternal Honour to the King-
' dom.' St. *George* no sooner hearing there-
of, and what Wrongs his native Country
received by this infectious Dragon, and
knowing himself to be the Knight, grew so
encouraged, that he purposed presently to
put the Adventure in Trial, and either to
free his Country from so great Danger, or
to finish his Days in the Attempt; so taking
Leave of his Sons and the rest there present,
he rode forward with as noble a Spirit, as
he did in *Egypt*, when he there combated
with the burning Dragon.

So coming to the Middle of the Plain,
where his infectious Enemy lay couching
on the Ground, in a deep Cave, who by a
strange Instinct of Nature knowing his Death
to draw near, made such a yelling Noise,
as if the Element had burst with Thunder,
or the Earth had shook with a terrible Ex-
halation; and coming from his Den, and
'spying the Champion, he ran with such
Fury against him, as if he would have de-
voured both Man and Horse in a Moment;
but the Champion being quick and nimble,
gave

gave the Dragon such Way, that he miss'd him, and with his Sting ran full two Foot into the Earth ; but recovering, he returned again with such Rage upon St. George, that he had almost turn'd his Horse over and over ; but that the Dragon having no Stay of his Strength, fell with his Back downward upon the Ground, and his Feet upward ; whereat the Champion taking Advantage, kept him still down, with his Horse standing upon him fighting, as you see in the Picture of St. George, with his Lance goring him through in divers Parts of the Body ; and withal contrariwise, the Dragon's Sting annoyed the good Knight in such Sort, that the Dragon being no sooner slain and weltered in his venomous Gore, but St. George likewise took his Death's Wound by the deep Stroaks of the Dragon's Sting, which he received in divers Parts of his Body, and bled in such Abundance, that his Strength began to enfeeble, and grow weak ; yet retaining the true Nobleness of Mind, valiantly returned Victor to the City of Coventry, where his three Sons, with the whole Inhabitants, stood without the Gates in great Royalty, to receive him, and to give him the Honour that belonged to so worthy a Conqueror ; who no sooner arrived before the City, and presented them with the Dragon's Head which so long had annoyed the Country, but, what with the Abundance of

of Blood that issued from his deep Wounds, and the long Bleeding, without stopping the same, he was forced in his Son's Arms to yield up his Breath; for whom his three princely Sons long lamented, making the greatest Moan that ever was made in any Kingdom; and again they were so seconded with the Grief of the whole Country, that all the Land, from the King to the Shepherd, mourned for him for the Space of a Month; which heavy Time being ended, the King of this Country, being a virtuous and noble Prince, advanced St. *George's* three Sons to noble Offices: First, the eldest of them named *Guy*, to be Earl of *Warwick*, and High-Chamberlain of his Houshold: The next, named *Alexander*, according to his Name, to be Captain General of his Knights of Chivalry: And the youngest, named *David*, to be his Cup-bearer, and Comptroller of all his Revels and Delights. And likewise, in Remembrance of their noble Father, the *Christian* Champion, he ordained for ever after to be kept a solemn Procession about the King's Court, by all the Princes and chief Nobility of the Country, upon the 23d Day of *April*, naming it St. *George's* Day, upon which Day he was most solemnly interred in the City where he was born, and caused a stately Monument to be erected in Honour of him, though now by the Ruins of Time defaced and abolished.

Seven Champions of Christendom. 131

abolished. He likewise decreed, by the Consent of the whole Kingdom, that the Patron of the Land should be named St. George, our *Christian* Champion, in that he had fought so many Battles in the Honour of *Christendom*. Leaving thus the *Christian* Champions in their Graves, we proceed now to relate the surprising Adventures that befel St. George's three Sons; as also the martial Exploits of the Sons of the other Champions, in Defence of the *Christian* Religion, and Relief of distressed Knights and Ladies.

The

The Renowned
H I S T O R Y
OF THE
Seven Champions of Christendom.

P A R T III.

Shewing the valiant Acts of St. George's three Sons, Sir Guy, Sir *Alexander* and Sir *David*.

A S A L S O,

The martial Performances of Sir *Turpin*, Son to St. *Denis*; Sir *Pedro*, Son to St. *James*; Sir *Orlando*, Son to St. *Anthony*; Sir *Ewin*, Son to St. *Andrew*; Sir *Pbelim*, Son to St. *Patrick*; and Sir *Owen*, Son to St. *David*.

C H A P. I.

The great Joy of the Infidels for the Death of the Seven Champions. The Soldan of Persia's Letter for the mustering up of an Army; with the Effects thereupon.

S O O N had wide-mouth'd tatling Fame dispersed the News of the Seven Champions Death, into all the Countries and Kingdoms

Kingdoms of the Earth; which caused a universal Joy and Rejoicing among those Miscreants and Infidels, who had felt the Weight of their victorious Arms, insomuch that they publish'd a Day of Thanksgiving, to praise their Gods, *Mahomet*, *Termagant*, and *Apollo*, for the Deliverance of their Countries out of the Hands of such mortal Enemies. Next they provide for the Invasion of *Christendom*, and by a mutual Consent to muster up such an Army as should extirpate Christianity, and root out those seven Nations from off the Earth, whereof those Worthies were the heroical Champions; and to this End, the Soldan of *Persia* wrote this ensuing Letter to those Kingdoms and Nations which were therein concerned:

To all those Potentates and Followers of the Sect of Mahomet, the high and mighty Emperor the Soldan of Persia, sendeth Greeting:

‘ **K** NOW ye, that our Gods have now
‘ at last sent the Messenger of Death,
‘ which hath arrested and clapt up into
‘ Graves those Terrors of our People, the
‘ Seven Champions of *Christendom*, by whom
‘ we have sustained so many Harms and
‘ Damages; by which Means a Gap is left
‘ open, whereby we may revenge our Wrongs
‘ and Injuries. To this Purpose, we therefore
‘ desire you to meet us, with what
No. 16. M Power

‘ Power of Men ye can make, on the
 ‘ Plains of *Babylon*; there to join with the
 ‘ Forces of other Kings and Princes to be
 ‘ reveng’d on the *Christians*, by slaying their
 ‘ People, burning their Towns and Cities,
 ‘ and utterly destroy them from off the
 ‘ Face of the Earth.’

The Copy of this Letter being sent into
 several Nations and Kingdoms, the Kings
 of those Countries assembled together all
 the Forces they could make, and with the
 greatest Expedition they could use, march-
 ed into the Plains of *Babylon*: The first that
 came thither was the King of *Arabia*, at-
 tended with an Army of twenty thousand
 Men, whereof eight thousand were mounted
 on *Arabian* Coursers, being armed with
 Spears and Targets, so swift and dexterous
 in their Undertakings, that they seldom
 miss’d of achieving any Business they went
 about: His Pavilion was of a Violet Co-
 lour, fringed with Yellow, to distinguish
 what Country he was of.

The next was the Soldan of *Persia* himself,
 with an Army of ten thousand Horsemen
 and thirty thousand Foot, of which nine
 thousand were Pioneers, to level the Way
 for the Armies marching, and to dig Tren-
 ches for the assaulting of any Castle or City:
 His Pavilion was red, fring’d with Orange-
 tawny,

tawny, being mounted on a Hill to be the more conspicuous to the Beholders.

Next was the King of *Egypt*, with twenty five thousand Men, of which three hundred were Magicians or Soothsayers, to charm and bewitch the *Christian* Army, that they might not fight. His Pavilion was blue fringed with black, and was placed on the right Hand of the King of *Arabia*.

Soon after came the great Cham of *Tartary*, with an Army of thirty thousand Men, all in quilted Jackets, so thick wrought that no Arrow could pierce them: They were all armed with Steel Gauntlets, and had Swords of a Hand's Breadth, and withal so sharp, that they would cut off a Man at the Middle with a Blow: His Pavilion was of a Primrose Colour, with a white Fringe, which was placed on the left Hand of the Soldan of *Persia*.

Next came the King of *Morocco* with two thousand Horsemen, mounted all on *Barbary* Steeds, armed with the Skins of Stags, so thick and tough that no Sword could cut through them; he had also ten thousand Footmen with Iron Maces, having round Balls at the End of them, of four or five Pound Weight, therewith to dash out the *Christians* Brains. His Pavilion and the Fringe thereof was all black, to signify black and dismal Days to ensue. He was placed next to the King of *Egypt*.

The next that arrived in the fruitful Fields of *Babylon*, was the King of *Parthia*, with an Army consisting of fifteen thousand Men: He had also an hundred Elephants, carrying Towers on their Backs, in each of which ten Men might stand and fight. This King was in Stature four Feet higher than most Men, having each Limb answerable thereto; so that he wore a Sword of two Yards in Length, the Pummel whereof weighed twenty Pounds. His Pavilion was Sky-Colour, fringed with Sea-green, and was placed next to the King of *Morocco*.

Next was the Emperor or Grand Signior of the *Turks*, accompanied with ten thousand Janisaries, armed with sharp Scymiters, so keen that they would cut a Bolt of Iron asunder. He was armed in a Coat of Mail, of burnished Silver, having on his Head a white Turbant, and a Pendant on it, wherein was depicted a Half Moon, with this Motto, *Still encreasing*. His Pavilion was Green, with Silver and Gold Fringe, and was placed on the right Hand of the Soldan of *Persia*.

After him came the Prince of *Tripoly*, accompanied with four Giants, of a marvellous Size and Bigness, whose Names were *Garian*, *Caras*, *Pbidon* and *Raphsarus*; those bore on their Necks great knotty Oaks, with which they could strike two Yards deep into the Ground, and were most dreadful

ful to behold. He had also with him a deformed Creature called a *Sagittary*, being half a Man and half a Horse, who could run as swift as a Ship can sail, having Wind and Weather: His offensive Weapon was a Bow, with which he shot poisoned Arrows, and was so expert therein, that he could shoot to a Hair's Breadth. This Prince of *Tripoly* was encamped next to the King of *Partbia*, and had a Pavilion of a Pease-blossom Colour, fringed with Murrey.

After him came the Count Palatine of *Trebizond*, with fifteen hundred Cross-bowmen, all armed in Steel Croslets: He had also three thousand Men that used Slings, with which they could exactly hit whatever they aimed at, and that at a great Distance from them. On his Shield was painted a Griffin grasping of a *Christian*, with this Motto, *Seized of his Prey*. His Pavilion was of an azure Colour, fringed with red, and was placed next to the Emperor or Grand Signior of the *Turks*.

The next that appeared on the *Babylonian* Plains, for the Destruction of the Christians, was the Bassa of *Aleppo*, who brought with him a hundred Wains, laden with Balls of Wild-fire, Sulphur, and certain Engines called Calthorps, being little Things made with four Pricks of Iron, of such a Fashion, that which Way soever they be thrown, one

Point will always stick up like a Nail, and these were to be thrown into the Christians Army, to spoil the Feet of their Horses. His Pavilion was of an Iron-grey Colour, and was placed next to the Count Palatine of *Trebizond*.

Next was the Malmaluck of *Damascus*, attended with six thousand Horse, and six thousand Footmen. He had also in his Army a deformed Monster, from the Shoulders downwards shaped like a Man, but his Head and Face like to that of a Horse, being a Present sent him from the Cham of *Tartary*, and from whom descended the Horse-fac'd *Tartar*, killed by Count *Sereni*. This Malmaluck's Pavilion was of yellow intermixed with black, and fringed with red, being placed next to the *Bassa* of *Aleppo*.

Many other Kings, Princes and Emperors were engaged in this Enterprize, whose Names would be too tedious here to recite; insomuch that there was assembled such an Army, as made the Earth to shake under the Weight thereof; being more in Number than that of *Xerxes's*, which drank up whole Rivers dry as they went; or than that of the *Macedonian Alexander*, with which he conquered the greatest Part of the World. Being thus in this Manner assembled together, the Soldan of *Persia*, as one of the chiefeft of the Association, gathered the greatest Princes and Captains to his Pavilion, where he entertain'd

ertain'd them with a costly Banquet, and then he made this following Oration.

‘ Most mighty Kings, Princes and Cap-
 ‘ tains of this invincible Army, it is not
 ‘ unknown to you, what Injuries and Mis-
 ‘ chiefs we have received from the Christian
 ‘ Armies, under the Conduct of those Per-
 ‘ sons whom they called, the Seven Cham-
 ‘ pions of *Christendom*; to enumerate them
 ‘ all in particular, would make my Oration
 ‘ too tedious unto you; I shall therefore
 ‘ only give you some few Instances: What
 ‘ Injury did St. *George*, the Champion of
 ‘ *England*, unto *Ptolemy* King of *Egypt*, by
 ‘ stealing away his Daughter, as also from
 ‘ *Almidor*, King of *Morocco*, his dearest Lady
 ‘ and Mistress? Did not the King’s Daugh-
 ‘ ter of *Thessaly* run away from her Country
 ‘ by the sly Insinuations of St. *Dennis* of
 ‘ *France*; as also the King of *Jerusalem*’s
 ‘ Daughter by the like Persuasions of St.
 ‘ *James* of *Spain*? what intolerable Injury
 ‘ was it to the King of *Thracia*, to have his
 ‘ fair Daughter *Rossaline* tempted away from
 ‘ her Country by the *Italian* Champion?
 ‘ But much more from the Champion of
 ‘ *Scotland* to be depriv’d of his other six
 ‘ Daughters; did not the *Welsh* Champion
 ‘ slay the Count Palatine of *Tartary* in his
 ‘ Father’s Court? Besides infinite other Mis-
 ‘ chiefs, Losses and Disgraces we have re-
 ‘ ceived

'ceived from them; all which whilst they
 lived we were not able to revenge; but
 now, since Death hath been so kind to take
 them out of the World, let us pluck up
 our Courages, and manfully fight in Re-
 venge of our Injuries; let Pity be exiled
 our Thoughts, neither sparing old Age for
 their hoary Heads, nor the tender Infant
 for its pitiful Cry; let not the Tears of
 Matrons find Regard, nor the Wailings of
 Widows any Respect; but let all be des-
 tined by the Sword, that we may have a
 general Triumph in their utter Confusion.'

This Oration was receiv'd with a general
 Applause, each one protesting their utmost
 Endeavours for the Extirpation of Christi-
 anity, and never to sheath their Swords till
 they had laid the *European* Cities equal with
 the Dust, and their stately Monuments in
 Ruin, like to the lofty Pyramids of *Troy*.
 And now considering, by Experience, the
 fatal Effects of their former Discord in elect-
 ing a General, and how necessary it was to
 have a Commander in Chief; to avoid all
 Controversy, it was decreed amongst them,
 that six of the chiefest should be picked
 forth, and out of them one to be chosen by
 Lot to be their General: These six were the
 King of *Arabia*, the King of *Persia*, the Sol-
 dan of *Babylon*, the King of *Egypt*, the Em-
 peror of the *Turks*, and the King of *Moroc-*

ea: The Lots being cast, it fell to the Share of the Soldan of *Babylon* to be their General, the King of *Persia* Major-general, and the King of *Arabia*, by reason of the Swiftnes of his Coursers, Scout-Master-General. Other Kings and Princes had appointed unto them several other Offices, according to their Quality and Capacity they had in the Feats of War: So that all Things consider'd, they seem'd to be an Army invincible, being for Number like the Army of *Xerxes*, which drank whole Rivers dry; and for warlike Provisions, so much and plentiful, as far exceeded all Number of Arithmetick. Here will we leave this mighty Army in the Plains of *Babylon*, and come to tell you of the great Preparations the *Christians* made to resist them; but first we shall describe the valiant Acts of St. *George's* three Sons, and how they, hearing of this great Army, intended for the Ruin of *Christendom*, returned home to fight in Defence of their Country.

C A H P. II.

How St. George's three Sons left England to seek Adventures in Foreign Countries ; how they arrived in Sicily, and killed a terrible Monster, named Pango: how Urania the King of Sicily's Daughter fell in Love with Sir Guy ; with other Things which happened.

YOU may remember, in the second Part of this famous History, we left St. George's three Sons in the *English* Court, where they had not continued long after their Father's Death, but growing weary of Idleness, and being more desirous to follow the Camp of *Mars*, than to dally with Ladies in the Court of *Venus*, they resolved to betake themselves to travel, and to seek out Adventures in Foreign Countries ; and having imparted their Mind to the King, they furnished themselves with all Things necessary for such a Journey, and bidding the fruitful Soil of *England* adieu, they in a few Weeks Sailing arrived on the Coasts of *Sicily*, where marching up higher into the County, they saw many Houses, but no Inhabitants, yea, whole Towns of empty Houses, but neither Man, Woman nor Child within them ; which made them mistrust some grievous Pestilence had overspread

spread that Country, and made it desolate of Inhabitants; wherefore to avoid any Infection which might happen unto them, they took up their Lodging in the open Fields, having only the starry Firmament for their Canopy. Thus sweetly reposing on their Mother Earth, they slept as soundly as if they had laid on Beds of Down, and been surrounded with Curtains of the purest *Arabian* Silk: Thus did they sleep securely until such Time as *Aurora* began to guild the Firmament with her bright Rays, and to usher in *Phæbus's* golden Light, when suddenly they were awaked with a most horrible Noise, which seem'd to be sent from the deep Abyss; and to be able to rend the Rocks asunder; whereupon they suddenly buckled on their Armour, and stood upon their Guard; and indeed it was high Time, for at that Instant they saw coming towards them a most deformed Monster, of an excessive Bigness, and terrible Shape, having Eyes like burning Sawcers, and Claws sharper than Eagles Tallons: He seemed to move like an high Tower or Pyramid, and with his Weight to make the Earth to tremble; the Sight of this ugly Monster so startled their Horses, that they would hardly endure the Bit, but snorting, and stamping the Earth with their Feet, shewed the Dread they had of such a Sight; but these three valiant Knights, in whom was sown the
Seeds

Seeds of true Magnanimity, stood fearless to abide what Danger soever might happen. The first whom this fierce Monster made unto, was the valiant Knight Sir *Guy*, who nothing daunted at his hideous Shape, having put his Spear in his Rest, ran furiously against him; but the Monster being arm'd with Scales far harder than Brass, his Spear shiver'd in a thousand Pieces; then drawing out his trusty Falcheon, he assailed the Monster with manly strokes, who on his Part, not backward in Defence, but bolting upright with his Tail, stretched forth one of his Paws, and with the same grasped so hard on the Arm of Sir *Guy*, that he had well near seized on him, had not Sir *David* at that Instant come in, and with his Sword cut the Monster's Paw quite off, leaving the Claws so firmly fixt on Sir *Guy*'s Arm, that notwithstanding the Goodness of his Armour, it was very hard to be gotten off: In the mean Time the valiant and renowned Knight Sir *Alexander*, with great Force set upon the Monster, giving him such a Blow upon the Head as made him reel, who with his Tail striking at Sir *Alexander*, so wrapped the same about his Horse's Legs, that not able to stand he came over and over with the Knight: The Monster seeing him on the Ground, was making towards him, whom Sir *David* met with such a lusty Thrust on his Breast, that though it pierced not the
same,

same it laid the Monster flat on his Back; which was no sooner done, but Sir *Guy* nimbly leaping from off his Horse, thrust his Sword down the Monster's Throat, who lay gasping for Breath, whereby he rived his Heart in sunder; yet notwithstanding the same, the Monster's Teeth were so keen, that he bit the Knight's Sword in two, leaving the one Half in his Throat; and withal sent forth such a hideous Yell, as surpassed the Roaring of the Cataracts of *Nilus*, or the greatest Crack of the loudest Thunder; but having received his Death's Wound, with some little Struggling, he yielded his Life up to the Victors; who surveying his Body, found it to be, from the Head to the End of the Tail, full ten Yards in Length, his Bulk at least a Ton Weight, having Paws and Claws answerable unto it, and each Part so armed with Scales, as scarcely was penetrable with any Sword.

The Knights having obtained this Victory, returned Thanks to the immortal Powers, and leaving the Carcase of the hideous Monster, travell'd up higher into the Country, hoping to meet with some of the Inhabitants thereof, who now they saw had left their Houses for Dread of this Monster; having travell'd some few Miles, and desirous of Refreshment after this Encounter, they saw some Smoak ascending out of the Tunnel of a little Cell near unto them,

No. 17. N whither

whither bending their Course, they saw standing at the Door an aged Hermit, in a Gown of Freeze, reaching to the Ground, his Hair as white as the Down of Swans, or driven Snow, which in a careless Manner hung down his Shoulders; in his Face you might read the Map of Sorrow, charactered out in deep furrowed Wrinkles, whom the Knights courteously saluted, desiring to know the Reason why so fruitful a Country as they had passed was left destitute of Inhabitants: The aged Hermit, having viewed them well, and perceived by their Habit they were outlandish Knights, bent upon martial Adventures, and seeming to be Persons who dreaded no Danger, he desired them to alight from their warlike Steeds, and for a while to repose themselves in his lowly Cell, and he would endeavour to satisfy their Desires: ‘ In the mean Time, ‘ (said he) I would desire you to take such ‘ homely Refreshment as my Cell affords;’ and thereupon brought them forth such Country Viands as that Place afforded, which they courteously accepting, and having satisfied their Hunger, the Hermit began to speak to them in this Manner.

‘ Sir Knights, (said he) for so you seem
‘ by your outward Habiliments, if we may
‘ judge of the Goodness of the Apple by
‘ the Fairness of the Rind; know that this
‘ Country

Country wherein you now are, is the Land
 of *Sicily*, once so fruitful and abounding
 in all Things, that it might well be cal-
 led, the Granary of the World, and now
 still retaining its Virtue, durst the Inha-
 bitants manure the same: But now our
 Plenty is turned into Misery, our Mirth
 into Mourning, our Streets, which were
 wont to be replenished with Throngs of
 People, now destitute and empty of In-
 habitants, and all by Reason of a most
 ghastly dreadful Monster, sent, I think,
 from the infernal Regions, for the Pu-
 nishment of Mankind, whom the Coup-
 try People term by the Name of *Pongo*:
 This direful Monster, or rather Devil
 incarnate, begotten, as tis thought, be-
 tween a Land-Tyger and a Sea-Shark,
 so that it participates of both Elements,
 swimming in the Sea near our *Sicilian*
 Coasts, espied some Herdsmen near on the
 Shore, who with great Wonder beheld
 this Monster as he desported himself on
 the Waves of the Sea; but when they
 saw he made towards them, and beheld
 the Monstrousness of his Proportion, Fear
 standing at the Gates of their Eyes, ppt
 back all further Persuasions of beholding
 him, and adding Wings to their Fear,
 they flew away in the greatest Haste they
 possibly could make; but in vain was all
 their Speed, for he soon recovering the

• Shore, seized upon some of the hindmost
• of them, whom he made a Prey to his
• devouring Paunch; and having tasted the
• Sweetness of human Blood, he ever since
• hath haunted our Coasts, ranging up
• higher into the Country, devouring all
• wheresoever he came; and herein is his
• Cruelty most exemplary, that he delights
• more in the Slaughter of Men than of
• Beasts; so that it is judged he hath de-
• voured no less than five hundred Persons;
• and for twenty Miles Space left all deso-
• late and uninhabited: The Dread of him
• being so very great, that the Women, to
• terrify their Children from crying, use to
• say, the *Pongo* cometh.'

• Thus, renowned Knights, have you
• heard the Cause of our Country's Misery;
• not one of our stoutest Champions having
• the Heart to encounter with him; so that
• with Freedom he wastes and destroys all
• before him, until such Time as it shall
• please Providence to send us some more
• redoubted Knights than ours, to free us
• of him; for which our King hath pro-
• mised great Rewards, the Spur to ho-
• nourable Atchievements; besides the great
• Good (a Reward in itself) which it will
• do to Mankind, in freeing us from so
• terrible an Enemy.'

The Hermit concluding his Speech with a deep Sigh for a Period, the valiant Knight Sir *Guy*, with a smiling Countenance, thus answered him : ‘ Now then, (said he) are
‘ the Stars so benign unto *Sicily*, that your
‘ Country is freed from this direful Misery ;
‘ for the Cause being taken away, the Effects must needs cease : Know then, that
‘ by the victorious Arms of me, and my
‘ two Brothers, the Monster is dead ; and
‘ no more Dread of your affrighting dead
‘ *Pongo*, than is to be feared from a living
‘ Grasshopper or Butterfly.’

Scarcely had Sir *Guy* ended his Speech, when the Hermit, transported with an excessive Joy, fell down at his Feet, being almost in as great an Extasy for Joy, as was that Father, who having three Sons returned Victors from the *Olympick* Games ; his overjoyed Spirit could not contain itself in the Bounds of Reason, but by the Excessiveness thereof, yielded up the Ghost :
‘ And is our Land, (said he) capable of so
‘ great a Benefit ! Does so good Fortune
‘ attend our Country ! Then Thanks to
‘ the immortal Powers above, who hath
‘ sent you hither to be the Means of our
‘ future Happiness ! How is our Nation
‘ bound to your Manhood, and what Victims shall we offer for your fortunate Success ?’ As the Hermit was thus discoursing,

ing, there was passing by the Cell a Herald at Arms, well accoutered, and attended on by four Knights clad all in mourning Armour, who were sent by the King into Foreign Countries, to proclaim in every Place where they came, that if any Knight would be so hardy as to encounter with the *Pongo*, and overcome him, he should be made a Peer of the Realm, and have a golden Helmet for a Reward. This their Errand being made known to the three Knights, they declared unto them how the *Pongo* was already killed, which put a Stop to their further Journey: And sending back one of the Knights to the King, to inform him thereof, the rest went to view the dead Carcase of the *Pongo*; which having surveyed with great Admiration, the three *Sicilian* Knights invited Sir *Guy*, Sir *Alexander*, and Sir *David* to the City of *Syracusa*, where the King then kept his Court; who courteously accepting of their Proffer, taking Leave of the aged Hermit, who returned to his Cell, mounting their warlike Steeds, with an easy Pace they marched on: But when the King heard the News of the Monster's Death, he caused the Bells to be rung, and Bonfires to be made for Joy thereof; and hearing how the three Knights were coming towards him, he went forth to meet them, attended in this manner: First, went wo Trumpeters clad in the Arms of
Sicily,

Sicily, being two Plauches Argent, charged with as many Eagles Sable : Then followed a Band of Pensioners with golden Streamers, which they displayed as they marched along : After them went fourscore Knights, mounted on their barbed Steeds, and armed with bright glistering Falcheons. Next went the King's Life-guard, in Buff-coats edged with silver Fringe, and wearing on their Shoulders Coronation Scarfs, inlaid with Gold. After them the King himself in a costly Chariot studded with Pillars of Silver, and lined with Carnation Velvet, being followed with an innumerable Train of Lords and Gentlemen, and their Attendants. With this stately Train did the King go to meet these three victorious Knights, who at his coming alighted from their Steeds, whom the King courteously embraced, and after some short Discourse, had them into his Chariot, and so triumphantly returned back to *Syracusa*, all the Way the Bells ringing, the Bonfires blazing, and the People making such loud Acclamations of Joy, as the Earth rang with the Noise thereof. Being come to the King's Palace, they were met by the Queen *Berenice*, and her beautiful Daughter *Urania*, the Flower of Courtesy, and Paragon of rare Perfection, who as she excelled the other *Sicilian* Virgins in Dignity and Honour, so did she surpass them all in Beauty, and
other

other Ornaments of Nature ; to which was joined such rare Endowments of the Mind, as compleated her a Princess of admirable Parts. After they were alighted from the Chariot, they were conducted to a stately Room, where was provided for them a costly Banquet, which being ended, their Ears were saluted with most choice Musick ; after which the Ladies presented them with a stately Mask. All this while the Princess *Urania* fed her Eyes with beholding Sir *Guy*, whose Perfections she so contemplated, that Love entering in at her Eyes, so wounded her Heart, as she became wholly captivated in the Bonds of *Cupid*. Sir *Guy* on the other Side was so pierced with her transcendant Beauty, and her other rare Accomplishments, that he wholly resigned up himself to her Devotion, she being the Loadstone of his Affections, attracting all the Faculties of his Soul in Obedience to her Commands. Thus did these two princely Persons reciprocally bear true Love to each other, though neither of them knew each others Mind ; but as Fire will not be long hid under combustible Matter, so Love, where it is ardent, will shew itself through all the Disguises they can put upon it. These heroick Knights had not been many Weeks in the *Sicilian* Court, feasting and revelling in all the Delights and Pleasures which that fruitful Country afforded, but
such

such Pleasures grew too tedious unto them, especially to Sir *Guy*, whose Love to the Princess *Urania* made Sports and Company distastful unto him; so one Evening, at such Time as the golden Charioteer of Heaven had finish'd his diurnal Course, and driven his panting Steeds down the Western Hill, he intended to fetch a solitary Walk in the Garden by himself, when coming under the Princess *Urania*'s Chamber Window, he heard the Musick of a Lute, which with harmonious Airs saluted his Ears, and listening a while, a Voice deliver'd itself in these Words :

Now Woe is me, poor hapless Virgin, I
Am forc'd to yield to *Cupid*'s Deity :
All Striving is in vain,
Love the Conquest he will gain ;
And I a Vassal must to him remain.

Yet gentle *Cupid* let me thee desire,
To wound his Breast like mine with equal Fire,
That so our Loves together join'd,
May settle in a quiet Mind,
And we in them may true Contentment find.

As Sir *Guy* was listening to this harmonious Voice, there passed by him one of the Princess *Urania*'s Ladies, which put a Stop unto her Singing : But pondering well in his Mind the Substance of her Sonnet, gave him great Hopes of her Affections to him ; and as every Lover flatters himself in his
own

own Imagination, so did he imagine himself sole Monarch of the Princess's Heart. That Night the Ladies had provided a stately Mask, which at the End of every Scene, was attended with most rare Musick, and excellent Dancing, to which Mask the three Brothers were invited. The Time being come for the Mask to begin, it was performed in this Manner :

First began a most excellent Consort of Musick, then enter'd four Maskers in Cloth of Gold, most richly embroidered ; three of them personating the three Goddesses, *Juno*, *Pallas*, and *Venus*, when they strove for the golden Apple on the Mount of *Ida* ; the fourth represented the Shepherd *Paris*, who having heard their several Pleas which they made for the obtaining of the Apple, he adjudged it to *Venus*, and then having danced a Carouse about the Room they withdrew.

After a little Space the Musick playing again, according as it was appointed, the three Knights took each of them a Lady by the Hand to lead them a Dance ; and now had Sir *Guy* the Happiness to converse with his dear Lady and Mistress ; for taking the Princess *Urania* by the Hand, he with great Courtesy and Humility kissed it, and she kindly accepting his Proffer, he led her a Course about the Room in as great Majesty and State as did *Aeneas*, when he
revell'd

revell'd it in the Court of Queen *Dido*; and she following him with as much Grace, as might become the Queen of Love to have acted it; and so having shewed the Spectators that he could as well tread a Measure in a Dance, as handle the warlike Lance, he with the Princess *Urania* withdrew into a Corner of that spacious Room; whilst Sir *Alexander* having associated himself with a galliant Lady named *Alsatia*, and Daughter to the Viceroy of *Naples*, began a second Course to the Musick; which whilst they were performing, Sir *Guy* courted the Princess *Urania* in these Words:

‘ Most peerless Princess (said Sir *Guy*)
‘ if the bleeding Wounds of my Heart
‘ could speak, which you have pierced by
‘ the Beams of your matchless Beauty, then
‘ would it save my Tongue the Labour to
‘ declare the Affection which I bear to your
‘ noble Person: If I have aim’d too high,
‘ blame your matchless Beauty and Virtues
‘ that have caused it; let me therefore
‘ conjure you by all the Rites and Charms
‘ of Love, and by those fair Eyes that
‘ have enthralled mine, not to prove obdu-
‘ rate in thy Love, though I must confess
‘ myself unworthy of so high a Bliss; yet
‘ shall the Sun sooner cease to run his
‘ Course, the Stars to give Light, and eve-
‘ ry Thing alter from its wonted Course,
‘ ere

‘ ere *Guy* will prove false, or cease to
 ‘ honour the Perfections of the Princess
 ‘ *Urania*.’

Altho’ this Speech were very welcome to
 the Love-sick Princess, yet, that she might
 not seem too forward, with a maidenly
 Modesty she thus reply’d :

‘ Sir, you must pardon me, if I look be-
 ‘ fore I leap : That myself, together with
 ‘ our whole Country, is indebted to your
 ‘ Prowess, we shall for ever acknowledge.
 ‘ But to love, and so to love as to make
 ‘ you a Promise of being my Husband,
 ‘ (for I hope you mean no other Thing but
 ‘ what tends to my Honour) you must ex-
 ‘ cuse me, having no other Assurance of
 ‘ your Reality, but only your own verbal
 ‘ Expressions ; besides you being a Stran-
 ‘ ger, and I an Heir to a Crown, were
 ‘ your Estate answerable to your (I must
 ‘ confess) excellent Qualification, yet could
 ‘ I not be so at my own Disposal, to con-
 ‘ clude of what you desire, seeing not only
 ‘ my Parents, but my Country have so
 ‘ great a Share in me.’

She would have proceeded further, but
Sir Alexander and the Lady *Alfatia* having
 finish’d their Dance, the Cornets and other
 Wind-Musick sounding aloud, they were
 called

called away to behold another Scene of fresh Maskers, which in this Sort entertained the Beholders. First entered the Likeness of a stately Fabrick, made of a Pastedboard, and adorned with many golden Streamers, which represented the Temple of Honour; this being drawn to the further Side of that spacious Room, soon after enter'd another Fabrick, but lower and not so richly adorned, which represented the Temple of Virtue, and was so placed, that none could enter the Temple of Honour, but must first pass through the Temple of Virtue. After entered several Persons who attempted to get into the Temple of Honour, but were loth to go through the Temple of Virtue, therefore they missed of their Aim: Those who went through the Temple of Virtue, were richly adorned and rewarded, and greatly honoured of the People; but those who would climb up to the Temple of Honour, and not enter it by the Temple of Virtue, it was made so slippery on the Top, that with the least treading awry, they fell down and broke their Necks.

This Show being ended, and the Cornets and other loud Musick ceasing, the valiant and renowned Knight Sir *David*, taking a most beautiful Damsel by the Hand, named *Artesia*, and Niece to the King of *Sicily*, by his Sister *Rodelentia*, whose Husband was a renowned Knight at Arms, and Master of

the strong Castle of *Angelo* : This noble Lady who had not her Superiour for Beauty on the Face of the Earth, most willingly gave her Hand to Sir *David*, and so with as much portly Majesty as the God of War led the stately *Venus*, they danced a Galliard ; which whilst they were doing, Sir *Guy* having a further Opportunity to speak to the Goddess of his Affections, accosted her in this Manner :

‘ Most excellent Lady, do not entertain
‘ a Heart more hard than Flint, which the
‘ Tears of my true Love cannot mollify ;
‘ nor think my Affections to you to be like
‘ Breath on Steel, soon on and soon off :
‘ No, I protest by all the sacred Oaths of
‘ Religion, and by yourself, that is, by all
‘ that is good, my Love shall be as durable
‘ and firm, as whatsoever is most permanent.
‘ Nor do not think because some have
‘ proved treacherous and disloyal to their
‘ Loves, that once so unworthy a Thought
‘ should ever enter into my Heart. No,
‘ altho’ *Aeneas* proved false to *Dido*, yet
‘ will *Guy* be as true to his *Urania*, as ever
‘ was *Pyramus* to his beloved *Thisbe*, or
‘ *Leander* to *Hero* ; what tho’ *Jason* basely
‘ forsook his *Medea*, by whose Means he
‘ obtained the golden Fleece, yet shall my
‘ Faith always remain firm, and be as con-
‘ stant to thee as was *Ulysses* to his *Penelope*.’

The

The Princess hearing these Affeuerations, and being willing he should not be too much dejected, but that some Beams of Comfort should reflect on him, she told him, that Time, the Mother of Truth, would prove the Reality of his Affections; in the mean Time that he should not despair, since being a Soldier, he must needs know, that the strongest Castles, by continual Batteries are forced to yield.

By this Time the Night was so far spent, as summoned them all to go to their Beds, where no sooner they were laid, but *Morpheus*, the God of Sleep, closed up their Eyes in golden Slumbers. Next Morning no sooner did *Aurora* from the glowing East display her Purple Doors, and that *Hiperion* with his ruddy Rays began to gild the Horizon with his rarious Beams, when the shrill Noise of a Silver Trumpet sounding at the Court-gates, raised them from their Beds to know what was the Meaning of it; when they were quickly inform'd, that it was a Knight of *Thessaly*, attended on by a Squire and a Trumpeter, who desired to speak with the King of *Sicily*; who being admitted into his Presence, delivered himself in these Words:

‘ Most noble Prince, my coming hither
‘ to you, is to desire of you Assistance for
‘ our distressed Country of *Thessaly*, oppressed;
O 2 and

• and almost desolate by the Encroachments
• and Tyranny of the King of *Thrace*: The
• Cause of which Quarrel he pretends to be,
• for that our King having but one Daugh-
• ter named *Mariana*, the Heiress to his
• Crowns and Dominions; being a Lady
• not only endued with Excellency of Na-
• ture's Gifts, but withal so virtuous, affa-
• ble, and every Way compleat in Know-
• ledge, that she may well be said to be the
• Darling of her Sex, and Admiration of
• all that knew her. This peerless Princess,
• the King of *Thrace*, who is famed a Man
• given over to all Licentiousness, and so
• far degenerate from Royalty, that he
• commits Actions unbeseeming a Peasant,
• desired of her Father to have her in Mar-
• riage; but she loathing to link herself in
• such Marriage Bands, where Love and
• true Honour did not mutually embrace
• each other, refused so loathsome a Prof-
• fer, and that with such Indignation, that
• upon his Ambassador's Return, and ac-
• quainted with his Slighting, he resolved
• to do that by Force which he could not
• obtain by Favour; and to that End mus-
• ter'd up a most puissant Army, which
• was done in such an Instant, that he was
• marched into the Midst of our Land be-
• fore we were provided to meet him on
• our Borders: Nay, his Horse consisting
• of ten thousand well-approved Soldiers,
• excellently

‘ excellently arm’d, both with offensive and
 ‘ defensive Weapons, had by their Incur-
 ‘ sion so affrighted our People, that our
 ‘ strongest Citadels were not held sufficient
 ‘ to safeguard them from Danger, and all
 ‘ left to the Spoil of the Enemy. At last
 ‘ this News arriving to our King, who held
 ‘ himself secure by reason there was a mu-
 ‘ tual League of Peace between them, which
 ‘ at that Time was not half expired, that
 ‘ he was altogether unprovided for the pre-
 ‘ sent (a great Fault in Princes, to think
 ‘ any Estate so permanent, that it may not
 ‘ be soon over-turn’d) but upon the News
 ‘ hereof, he bestirs himself, fortifies his chief
 ‘ City *Larissa*, where he kept his Court,
 ‘ and raises as puissant an Army, as he
 ‘ could, in so short a Time, be provided
 ‘ with, which he marches against his Ene-
 ‘ mies. The King of *Thrace* had with him
 ‘ a mighty Giant named *Predo*, in whom
 ‘ he put great Confidence: This Giant had
 ‘ the Strength of ten Men, and was for
 ‘ Stature and Shape very terrible to behold.
 ‘ In the Valley of *Tempe* they joined Battle,
 ‘ where, notwithstanding our Men did what
 ‘ in them lay, as fighting for the Liberty
 ‘ of their Country, yet being over-power’d,
 ‘ and bore down by the Strength and Va-
 ‘ lour of the Giant *Predo*, they received a
 ‘ dismal Overthrow, the greatest Part of
 ‘ the Army slain, and most of the rest taken

Prisoners ; amongst whom our woful King was one, who encountering *Predo*, who had on him a Coat of Mail, and over that an Armour of two hundred Pounds Weight, being on Foot, for no Horse was able to bear him : Our King running against him with his Lance, it shiver'd in a thousand Pieces, nor could his Sword aught avail against the Giant's Armour, altho' he laid on such Strokes, that Sparkles flew from it as from a Piece of hot Iron, when a Smith is working it. But the Giant valued his Blows so little, finding him to be the *Thessalian* King, and now almost spent with long fighting, that he made no more ado, but clasping his Arms about him, he carried both Horse and Man together into his Tent ; which our Men seeing, fled, and disperfed themselves as well as they could for their own Safety. And now the *Thracians* being absolute Victors, it was agreed amongst them, that the Giant *Predo* should carry our King Prisoner with him into his Castle where he lives, being a Place strongly situated in an Island, having one associated with him, famous for his Skill in the black Art, so that what by the Strength of the one, and devilish Cunning of the other, we despair of ever having our King again. As for the King of *Thrace*, he, with the Remains of his Army, marched
up

‘ up to the City of *Larissa*, wherein our
‘ Princess *Mariana* is enclosed, and so strait-
‘ ly besieged, that without speedy Help the
‘ City is in Danger to be lost, and with it
‘ the Liberty and Welfare of our whole
‘ Country, which now lies a bleeding in a
‘ pitiful Manner, unless (most noble Prince)
‘ your Goodness will be pleased to lend us
‘ any Aid or Assistance, which now both
‘ our Nobles and Commons do most hum-
‘ bly implore at your Hands.’

This woful Tale being finished, moved great Pity and Compassion in all the Hearers thereof, especially in the three *English* Brothers, whose princely Minds being endowed with the true Seeds of Magnanimity, they vowed by the Honour of true Knight-hood, and all that was most dear unto them, to use their utmost Endeavours, were it to the spending their most precious Blood, for the relieving the Princess *Mariana*, and her captivated Father : The *Thessalian* King promising his best Assistance to join with them ; they with all Speed made what Haste they could for the mustering up of an Army ; and notwithstanding the great Strength and Terribleness of the Giant *Predo*, did strike some Dread and Terror into the Hearts of many, yet being accompanied with such invincible Knights as were these three Brothers, they dreaded no Danger, but with a
valiant

valiant Courage resolved to venture their Lives with them, whose valiant Acts and noble Atchievements deserving to be recorded in the Books of Fame, *Calliope* assisting, shall be recorded in the next Chapter.

C H A P. III.

How Sir Guy took his Leave of the Princess Urania ; the Battle betwixt the Sicilians and Thracians ; the Message of the Princess Mariana to the incanted Castle, and how Sir Alexander courted the Princess.

THE Captains and other Officers made such Expedition in mustering up an Army, that in a Fortnight's Time they had gotten together twenty thousand Men, all which the King compleatly armed out of his Royal Armory, being a Magazine sufficiently stored with all necessary Habili-ments of War. To the three Brothers he gave each of them a Silver Helmet studded with Gold, and inlaid with precious Stones, as a Reward of their victorious conquering the Monster *Pongo*, appointing to their valiant Conduct the Management of the whole Army. Whilst thus this Preparation was in Hand, the courageous Knight Sir *Guy*, altho' his Heart was full fraught with Valour, and bent to the Performance of noble Atchievements

Atchievements, yet had Love taken such deep Impression in his Thoughts, that it was Death unto him to part with his *Urania* : Whilst thus Honour on the one Hand invited him to buckle on his Armour, and Love on the other Side pleaded for his Stay ; he resolved not to desist from the Performance of honourable Atchievements, since the Attainment of Love was by hazardous Attempts in Actions which were truly honourable.

Accordingly he bestirr'd himself in mustering up of his Men, shewing them how to handle their Weapons, and to use them to the best Advantage ; also how to gain Ground in Fight, and when to retreat, with other Things belonging to martial Discipline. And now being ready for their March, he went to take his solemn Leave of the Princess *Urania*, who bestowed on him a very fair Diamond Ring, to wear for her Sake, as also a Medal of herself very curiously wrought with great Art, and exceeding costly, which he afterwards constantly wore in his Bosom, next his Heart : But now seeing he could not have the Opportunity of expressing his Mind unto her as he would have done, he wrote the Letter, which, by a waiting Gentlewoman that attended on her, was delivered unto her about the Time of his Departure.

Excellent

‘ Excellent Princess,

‘ **B**LAME me not that for a while I
 ‘ am summoned by the highest Tie of
 ‘ Honour to depart from you ; being in
 ‘ such a Cause to help the Injured, which
 ‘ all true Knights are bound to perform :
 ‘ Yet, Madam, know that no Distance of
 ‘ Place can remove the Affection I bear to
 ‘ your Virtues ; and this I swear by all that
 ‘ is sacred, and can make an Oath : Let
 ‘ me desire you therefore to cherish a good
 ‘ Opinion of me, until crowned with Vic-
 ‘ tory I return again, to evidence myself
 ‘ to be,

‘ Your most loyal Servant,

‘ *Guy.*’

This Letter was very welcome to the Princess *Urania*, who now began to set such a high Esteem on Sir *Guy*, that she judged him worthy of the Empire of the World : And now he being the sole Monarch of her Heart, she could not but breathe forth some Sighs to think upon his Absence ; but then considering upon what an honourable Account he was engaged, she could not but applaud his Undertaking ; yet to give him some more clear Demonstration of her Affection to him, upon his marching away, she went in her Chariot to speak to him,
 whom

whom she found at the Head of his Troops,
and kindly bid him farewell in these Words :

‘ Most courteous Knight, may Heaven
‘ prosper your Undertaking according to
‘ the Justice of your Cause, and that your
‘ Return may be both speedy and honoura-
‘ ble ; and for your more prosperous Pro-
‘ ceeding, assure yourself you shall have a
‘ Virgin’s Prayers Day and Night. In the
‘ mean Time, let me request you to wear
‘ this Scarf for my Sake, that by looking
‘ on the same, I may not be altogether out
‘ of your Remembrance.’

In delivering of which the Tears began
to flow into her Eyes for Grief of his De-
parture, which that they might not be
espied by Sir *Guy*, she made the more Haste
back to her Palace, where from one of the
highest Turrets, she might behold in what
goodly Array the Army passed along ; the
valiant *Guy*, like a second *Hector*, Prince
of *Troy*, conducting them in as much State
as the *Macedonian* Monarch when he re-
turned from the Conquest of the *Indian*
Empire.

The distressed Estate of the *Thessalians*
was such, as called aloud for Help and Suc-
cour, which made the *Sicilians* to make
such Haste, that in four Days Time they
were gotten into the Bounds of pleasant
Thessaly,

Thessaly, a Country formerly enriched with all the Delights that Art and Nature could afford ; but now by the Miseries of War so ruined and devastated, that it looked like to a barren Wilderness. The first Place they made to was the City of *Larissa*, wherein the Princess *Urania* was besieged ; for the Relief of which Sir *Alexander* was sent before, with a choice Part of the Army, to give them a Camisado in the Night-season, the rest of the Army marching at more Leisure to second them, if they should be over-power'd : And one of the *Thessalians*, who was well acquainted with the Country, was sent into the City to give them Notice of their coming, and that at such a Time they should make what Strength they could, and give a Salley out upon the *Thracians*. This *Thessalian*, who was thus sent in, brought great Comfort unto the Besieged, who accordingly prepared against the Time ; and so about Midnight, when Sir *Alexander* with his Army was come within Sight of the City, and holding up a blazing Torch, to give them Notice of their Approach, they issued out of their Gates and manfully set upon the *Thracians* : Sir *Alexander* on the other Side coming upon their Backs, fell on them with such Fury, as sent such Numbers of the *Thracians* Souls to the lower Regions, that *Charon's* Boat was over-burthen'd with their Numbers.

Numbers. Sir *Alexander* laid about him with such incredible Valour, that he made a Lane of slaughtered Carcasses, till he came to the *Thracian* King's Pavilion, who not dreaming of any Enemies Approach, was at that Time in his Bed; but being alarm'd by the dreadful Cry of his Soldiers, he suddenly started up, but before he could put on his Cloaths, Sir *Alexander* was entered his Pavilion, and took him Prisoner. Then fell the Hearts of the *Thracians*, nothing being heard but Cries and Lamentations of wounded Men: Here was one who would have run away, but had one Leg cut off, and the other deeply wounded; here another entangled in his Fellow's Guts, which he could not disentangle, having both his Arms cut off. Here lay the Trunk of a Body without a Head, and there a Head gasping, as if it would speed to what Body it belonged: In some Death appeared in so many Shapes, and all of them so horrid, that to any but a very unrelenting Heart indeed, the Sight would appear very pitiful.

By this Time was Sir *Guy* come up with the rest of the Forces, where he found an absolute Victory obtained to his Hand, so that all which they had to do, was only to take Prisoners, and divide the Spoil among the Soldiers. By this Time *Hiperion* with his golden Chariot had enlightened our

lower Hemisphere. Wherefore the Army marched into the City to refresh themselves; Sir *Alexander*, as he worthily deserved the Honour of the Victory, leading his royal Prisoner, to present him to the Princess *Mariana*, who was ready to receive him, with all due Acknowledgments to the three Brothers; but in an especial Manner to Sir *Alexander*, for his Magnanimity, and martial Conduct, in the rescuing of her and the Kingdom, from so implacable an Enemy.

‘ Most heroick Knight, (said the lovely Princess) altho’ my Tongue is not able to express how much I am indebted to your victorious Arm, nor set forth your due deserved Merits, whose Worth transcends all Encomium of Praise; yet shall the Remembrance of these so great Kindnesses never be out of my Heart, nor the Thoughts of them out of my Mind, without a grateful Acknowledgment.’

Then turning to the *Thracian* King, with as much a wrathful Countenance, as so lovely Beauty would admit, she thus spake:

‘ And as for you, Sir, the Caufer of all this Mischiefe, how just Reason of Hatred I may have unto you, you cannot surely but imagine; for could you think this the Way to come a wooing? I am sure
‘ if

‘ if you did, you might well think it was
‘ not the Way to come a Speeding : And
‘ now, Sir, since we have you, (and I must
‘ confess, rather as an Enemy than a Lover)
‘ you must not be angry, if we safely secure
‘ you, until we hear how our Royal father
‘ is used by those that belong unto you.’

And so committed him to the Custody of the Marshal of her Household, to be kept Prisoner in a strong Tower, near adjoining to her Palace, but with Charge that he should be accommodated as a King. This being done, she invited the three Brothers, with many of the other chief Commanders into her Palace, where having disarmed themselves, and refreshed with some Bowls of *Greekish* Wine, there was provided for them a Banquet of the choicest Fare which they had about them at that Time, the long and strait Siege which they had endured, having eaten up the most Part of their Provision : The Banquet being ended, they were entertained with most excellent Musick, intermixed with Songs in Praise of the *Sicilians* Valour, for in the Art of Poetry the *Thessalians* are very expert. The common Soldiers were highly feasted by the Citizens ; and in fine, such a universal Joy did so possess the Hearts of the People, that had I the Skill of *Homer* the *Grecian* Poet, and as many Hands to express that Skill as

Argus had Eyes, and as many Pens to write withal as *Briareus* had Hands, yet were all insufficient to express the same.

Amidst this Joy, the Princess *Mariana* was not forgetful of her Father's Safety, and therefore she presently dispatched a Messenger to the Giant *Predo* at his Castle in the enchanted Island, offering the *Thracian* King to be exchange'd for him; which if it should be denied, he was to learn in what Estate the King was in, and (if it were possible) to speak with him, and to acquaint him how Matters stood, with Resolutions of using their utmost Power for Relief.

Whilst the Messenger was gone on this Message, the Soldiers took their Repose in Safety, only each of the Days they exercised, that if the Giant *Predo* should be averse to any good Conclusion, they might be the more expert at their Arms; and indeed it was good Policy so to do, for the Messenger arriving at the Enchanted Island, could find no Access into the Castle, it being so form'd by Magick Art, that whosoever approached within twelve Yards of the Gate, was taken with such a deep Sleep, as if he had drank *Opium*, or the Juice of *Aconitum*: Before the Gate was a Pillar of Brass, supported by two Lions, and curiously engraved; on which these Verses were inscribed.

By

By Magick Spells this Castle shall remain,
Supported by infernal Fiends below,
Until three Brothers shall the same attain,
Whose Power shall be this Castle's Overthrow.
Whoe'er thou art, forbear to draw too near ;
Thy Life's at Stake, than which there's nought more dear.

Near unto this brazen Pillar, stood a Rock
of Alabaster, in which were enclosed three
Swords, richly enchased, and beset with
precious Stones in the Pummels ; on the
Handle of the first Sword where these Lines
written.

Hard closed in this Rock I firmly stand,
Until drawn out by the first Brother's Hand.

On the Pummel of the second Sword were
these Lines inscribed,

The second Brother shall by Fate's Decree,
Draw from the Rock this Sword, and none but he.

On the Pummel of the third Sword, which
was more artificially wrought than any of
the other two, having a rich Sapphire set
therein, which cast forth a most radiant
Lustre, on the Handle whereof were these
Words engraved :

When the third Brother he shall draw me forth,
Then is our Necromantick Skill not worth ;
All Magick Charms and Spells shall be in vain,
And then shall be the End of Giant *Prede's* Reign.

The Messenger, notwithstanding he had read the Writing on the brazen Pillar, yet adventured for to go forwards, but coming into the enchanted Ground, before he could come at the Castle-gate, he fell into such a sound Sleep, that had twenty Pieces of Ordnance been shot off at his Ears, they would not have awaked him : The Necromancer, who by his Skill in the Black Art, knew what had happened, fetched his Body into the Castle, laying it by the *Thessalian* King, who also as soon as he came into the enchanted Ground, had fallen into a deep Sleep. And now being there laid together, we will leave them taking their Rests, and come to speak of the Proceedings of the *Sicilian* Army, at the City of *Larissa*.

The Princess *Mariana* hearing no News of her Messenger, and doubting the Worst which might befall her Father, consulting with the three Brothers, it was agreed amongst them to march with their Army into *Thrace*, altho' at that Time Love had taken so deep an Impression in her Heart, that it was almost Death unto her to part with Sir *Alexander*. On the other Side, Sir *Alexander* upon the first Sight of the Princess, was so stricken with her admirable Perfections, her Beauty being such an attractive Loadstone, as captivated his Heart in the Allurements of Love ; so that now as the Poet hath it,

—The

—The Treasure of his Heart die lie
In the fair Casket of his Mistress' Eye.

Cupid having thus stricken him with his youthful Dart, so that he became a Stranger to Rest, he resolved yet to declare his Amours before he betook himself to Arms ; and to that Purpose finding one Day the Princess all alone, he accosted her in this Manner :

‘ Most gracious Princess, I think the
‘ Stars could have allotted me no greater
‘ Good, than to behold the surpassing Work
‘ of Nature in you : Your Excellencies
‘ having so captivated my Heart, that to
‘ live without your Good-liking, will be
‘ but a lingring Death unto me : I must
‘ confess my Presumption great, in aiming
‘ so high ; but who can look on such Per-
‘ fections without liking, and who can like
‘ without loving ? And though the small
‘ Trial you have of the real Affection
‘ wherewith I honour your Virtues, may
‘ discourage you to credit my Words, yet
‘ I hope in the trying of me how willing I
‘ shall be to merit your Favour, you will
‘ find my Deserts not altogether unworthy
‘ of your Regard, since the utmost of my
‘ Abilities is, and shall be devoted to your
‘ Service.’

To which the Princess returned this Answer ;

‘ Most courteous Knight, to whom I
 ‘ stand so much obliged for former Cour-
 ‘ tesies, that all which I can do will not
 ‘ stand in Competition of your Deserts, yet
 ‘ the natural Affection which I bear to my
 ‘ aged Father, compels me at this Time
 ‘ humbly to implore your further Assistance,
 ‘ which as I doubt not (the Gods being just
 ‘ in rightful Causes) you will perform ; so
 ‘ assure yourself your extraordinary Kind-
 ‘ ness, afforded to me in such a Time of
 ‘ Necessity, shall never be raz’d out of my
 ‘ Heart ; and therefore of this you may be
 ‘ ascertained, that no one whatsoever hath
 ‘ so large a Possession therein as yourself ;
 ‘ so that should you (as the Gods forbid)
 ‘ miscarry therein ; when I am dead (as
 ‘ Death must assuredly ensue thereon) they
 ‘ will find the Name of *Alexander* written
 ‘ in my Heart.’

Their Minds thus made known to each other, gave great Contentment to them both, especially to Sir *Alexander*, who humbly kissing the Hands of the Princess, reply’d thus unto her :

‘ Madam, There is no Danger in the
 ‘ World so great which I shall not adven-
 ‘ ture on for your Sake ; were it to perform
 ‘ the

‘ the twelve Labours of *Hercules* ; or with
‘ *Aeneas* to encounter with the Giant *Tur-*
‘ *nus* : Be pleased therefore to accept me
‘ as your Knight and Servant, and I hope
‘ to behave myself so, that hereafter you
‘ shall have no Cause to repent you thereof.’
To whom the Princess smiling, said, ‘ Sir,
‘ I do accept you for my Knight ; and
‘ hope the Gods will be so propitious to
‘ you for my Sake, that you shall have no
‘ Enemy to withstand you.’

With which Words, taking a rich Diamond from off her Finger, and giving it him, she said, ‘ Wear this for my Sake,
‘ that whensoever hereafter you look on it,
‘ it may add fresh Courage into your Breast
‘ by the Remembrance of me.’

Much other Discourse they had, but the Army being now upon the March, summon’d Sir *Alexander* to march along with them. Wherefore taking a gentle Farewel of the Princess, having vowed Constancy on both Sides, he join’d himself to the Army, whose knightly Adventures, with those of his two Brothers, we shall prosecute in the next Chapter.

C H A P. IV.

The great Battle betwixt the three English Knights and the Sicilians on the one Side, and the three Giants and Count Brandamil on the other Side; the finishing the Adventure of the Incanted Castle; with the Story of the wicked Sir Vylon.

THE Necromancer, *Soto*, who lived with the Giant *Predo*, in the incanted Castle, knowing by his magick Spells that the *Sicilian* Army had given their King a total Overthrow, and taken him Prisoner; as also how they were marching towards the Country of *Thrace*; he acquainted the Giant with his Knowledge, who thereupon bestir'd himself in all Haste to their Resistance, sending for his two Brothers, *Brandamore the Stout*, and *Pandaphilo the Cruel*, to come with all Speed unto his Assistance; who no sooner had Notice thereof, but with their Forces belonging unto them they hastened away. In like Manner he sent unto Count *Brandamil*, whom the King of *Thrace* had left his Deputy, at such Time as he made his Expedition into *Thessaly*, to raise what Power he could against the *Sicilians*; and now nothing was heard but the loud Sound of the thundering Drum, and the shrill Noise of the sounding Trumpet, Horror and Amazement seized on the stoutest Hearts,

Hearts, and the foreboding Ravens foretold the Fall of slaughtered Carcasses: Whilst these Things were acting in *Thrace*, the *Sicilian* Army, being joined with the *Thessalians*, and making in all to the Number of forty thousand Men, armed with a just Cause, marched in great Confidence of an assured Victory. And now being entered into the Territories of *Thrace*, the first that marched against them was Count *Brandamil*, with an Army of fifty thousand *Thracians*; where joining Battle together, it was fought with much eager Courage on both Sides, each of them striving to outvie the other in Valour, the one Side to defend their native Country, the other to revenge Losses sustain'd by the Enemy: Victory thus for a long while stood hovering over the Heads of both Armies, till in the End, the valiant Knight Sir *David*, who had the Honour that Day to lead the Vaunt guard, encountering with Count *Brandamil*, by main Strength overthrew him, bearing him with his Lance quite over the Crupper of his Horse, whereby his Fall was so great, that the Blood gushed forth of his Mouth; whereupon the *Sicilians* gave such a Shout, that the Earth rang with the Sound thereof, and the *Thracians* Courage was quite cast down; for the Loss of a General is a general Loss: And now the *Thracians* began to turn their Backs and flee, when in the Instant came

to their Rescue the two Giants, *Brandamore* and *Pandaphilo*, with the Forces they had, which though but few, yet gave such Proof of their Valour, that the almost routed *Thracians* rallying again, set so fiercely upon the *Sicilians*, that in great Disorder they began to give back. And now did Sir *Guy* bestir himself, encouraging those that were about to flee, to stand to it manfully, himself doing such Execution upon his Enemies, that they flew from before his conquering Sword, as a Flock of Sheep from the devouring Wolf. Whilst thus he drove the *Thracians* before him, he at last met with the Giant *Brandamore*, to whom he cried, 'Defend thyself, thou misshapen Fiend, whose Bulk is a Weight too heavy for the Earth to bear; and therefore prepare thyself, for I intend thou shalt this Night sup with thy Master, grim *Pluto*.'

The Giant making little Account of his Person, and less of his Words, thought to snap him at one Morsel, and coming up to Sir *Guy*, intended to take him up Horse and Man under his Arm, and carry him away; but e'er he could lay hold of him, Sir *Guy* sent him such a Blow on his Head, that had not his Helmet been of approved Metal, he had cleft him down unto the Middle; however it made him to stagger, and recoil two or three Steps backwards. And

And finding by this he had a stronger Foe to encounter withal than he thought for, he waxed more wary, not only to assail but defend himself. And now the Giant began to use his Club, which was of a wonderous Length, and withal so weighty, that had it lighted on Sir *Guy*, it would at one Blow have crushed him to Pieces. After long fighting, the Giant being angry to be thus repulsed, which never before in his Life he had been, he struck at Sir *Guy* with all the Strength he had, but missing his Blow, he struck his Club so deep into the Earth, that he could not readily draw it out again; which Advantage Sir *Guy* espying, spurred up his Horse, and with his Lance gave such a violent Punch upon the Giant's Breast, that he tumbled backwards over the dead Carcasses of two or three slaughter'd Soldiers: Then Sir *Guy*, nimbly alighting from his Horse, intended with his Sword to have smitten off his Head; but at that Instant *Pandaphilo*, the other Giant, came running in to his Brother's Rescue, and undoubtedly had done Sir *Guy* much Prejudice, being then almost spent with Fighting, had not Sir *David* timely succour'd him, who searching out for *Pandaphilo*, finding his Brother so hard beset, he coupled with him in Fight, which was performed with such Manhood on both Sides, that I want Art to describe the same. *Pandaphilo* trust-

ing to his Strength, laid on his Strokes with great Fury, which Blows Sir *David* nimbly avoided, and withal gave his Adversary ever and anon such lusty Knocks, that he well perceived he had a valiant Foe to encounter withal. In the mean Time the Giant *Brandamore* was scrambled up, and began a fresh Encounter with Sir *Guy*. Whilst these four were busied in fighting, the valiant Knight Sir *Alexander* had made such Havock amongst the *Tbracians*, that they began to turn their Backs and flee: The two Giants seeing their Army in this running Posture, ran also to bear them Company, whom the Brothers hotly pursued, dealing such Blows with their trusty Falcheons, that they made Arms and Legs complain to the Earth how ill their Masters had kept them. The Giant *Predo*, who was at the Time of the Battle in the enchanted Castle, hearing how hardly his Brothers fared, hasted with all the Speed he could to their Relief, whose coming put a Stop to the *Sicilians*, being almost weary with pursuing of them; so that a Retreat being sounded, the Giants had Time with the Remainder of their broken Army, to secure themselves in their Castle, cursing their Fortune, and invoking their false Gods for their future Success.

Sir *Alexander* presently dispatched a Messenger to the Princess *Mariana*, giving her
an

an Account of their Success in this following Letter.

‘ Most Gracious Princess,

‘ **G**uarded by the Almighty Power,
‘ and influenc’d by your divine Beau-
‘ ty, we have given the *Thracians* a great
‘ Overthrow ; which we do not impute so
‘ much to the Strength of our Arms, as to
‘ the Justness of our Cause, and fighting
‘ under the Banner of such a Perfection of
‘ Excellencies. As for the King your Fa-
‘ ther, of whom I know you are impatient
‘ to hear, all we can understand of him is
‘ by some Prisoners we have taken, that
‘ he is confin’d in the enchanted Castle,
‘ from which we hope e’er long to free
‘ him : Till then, most dear Princess, rest
‘ in Hope, assuring yourself, for the effect-
‘ ing thereof, there shall not be wanting
‘ the utmost Endeavours of

‘ Your most true and loyal Knight,

‘ *Alexander.*’

The Army having refreshed themselves for the Space of two Days, they then march-
ed against the enchanted Castle ; but before
they were come within a Quarter of a Mile
of it, they were encountered by the Giant
Predo and his two Brothers, with what Forces

had escaped from the Battle ; and now began a most terrible Fight, insomuch that the Earth was changed from a verdant Green to a crimson Die, and the Heaps of slaughtered Carcasses overspread the Fields. In the Heat of this Fight it was Sir *Alexander's* Fortune to meet with the Giant *Brandamore*, betwixt whom began a most fierce Combat, in which Art and Valour striv'd who should have the Mastery ; for the Giant being of an incredible Strength, was therein an Overmatch for Sir *Alexander* ; and he on the other Side so nimble and skilful, that he return'd him Blow for Blow with Advantage ; thus continued they fighting for some Space, till in the End *Brandamore*, what through the Weight of his Armour, and the Hotness of the Weather, sweat so abundantly, that it run into his Eyes, and quite blinded him : Sir *Alexander*, taking the best of the Opportunity, gave him such a Blow on the Head as made him to stagger, and redoubling his Stroke, at the next Blow fetch'd him down headlong, who in his Fall gave such hideous Yells, as made a Noise like to the Cataracts of *Nilus*. This Overthrow of the Giant, in whom they put so much Confidence, so discouraged the Soldiers, that notwithstanding *Predo* and *Pandaphilo* did what they could to persuade them, they would no longer abide by it ; so that they were forc'd to retreat unto their
Castle

Castle for Shelter, whom the *Sicilians* being over wearied with Fighting did not instantly pursue, but contented themselves at present with what they had then gotten.

Sir *Alexander* after the Fight of the *Thracians*, cut off the Giant *Brandamore's* Head, and dispoiling him of his Armour, sent it as a Trophy to the City of *Larissa*, to be presented to his Lady the Princess *Mariana*, who received the same very joyfully, wondering at the large Proportion thereof, and causing it to be hung up in one of the principal Temples of their City, as a Monument to Posterity; and having richly rewarded the Messenger, she return'd Sir *Alexander* thanks by him in this following Letter :

‘ Most Dear Knight,

‘ **T**HAT good Fortune is always attendant upon Virtue, your Actions demonstrate; and for your Valour shew'd against my Enemies, I shall ever stand oblig'd to you: For the Present you sent me, I could not but view it with Admiration, as by the same having a Prospect of the vast Bulk of that unweildy Monster, and therein your invincible Courage to encounter with him, and happy Success in his Overthrow. May the Heavens prosper your future Endeavours with good Success, and that your Actions may be

* crowned with Victory, which to effect
* shall be the hearty Prayers of,

* Your dearest Lady and Mistress,

* *Mariana.*

But to return again to speak of the Army : After they had sufficiently refreshed themselves, and taken Care of the wounded Soldiers, they marched up to the enchanted Castle, wherein now the Defendants had strongly enclosed themselves, trusting more to the Strength of the Place, than to their own supposed invincible Valour, which now they saw was overmatch'd by the three victorious Knights.

And now no Opposition was made till they came to the Castle-gate, on the Top of which were two Giants with massy Stones in their Hands, to tumble on the Heads of any who should offer to scale the Walls. The three Brothers approaching near thereunto, espied the Brazen Pillar, as also the Rock of Alabaster, and having read the several Writings inscribed on them, with a matchless Resolution resolved to try the Adventure ; and first the undaunted venturous Knight Sir *Guy* putting his Hand to the Pommel of the first Sword, he drew it out with much Ease ; notwithstanding he had no sooner laid his Hand thereon, but he

he was encountered with a terrible Griffin ; but Sir *Guy* so nimbly behaved himself, that having deeply wounded the Griffin, he flew from him, and immediately was heard a Sound out of the enchanted Castle, as if it had been the Noise of Thunder. The three Brothers were much amazed at this terrible Noise, expecting some dreadful Encounter to ensue presently thereupon ; but having waited a Time, and seeing nothing follow, they proceeded on in the Adventure : And next Sir *Alexander* attempted to draw out the second Sword, but e'er he could well fasten his Hand on the Pummel, there came flying against him a most dreadful burning Dragon, which smote him with such a Force that he could hardly stand upright on his Legs ; but having once drawn the Sword, the Dragon immediately vanish'd away ; and at that Instant proceeded a more terrible Noise from the Castle, which made the very Foundation thereof to shake, and the Walls to stagger and totter about. This terrible Noise being ended, the valiant and undaunted Knight Sir *David* went to pull out the third Sword, but in his Passage was assailed by a most furious dreadful Sagitary, betwixt whom began a cruel Combat, which lasted long ; but in the End Sir *David* cutting off one of the Sagitary's Legs, he nimbly stepped to the Sword, and as nimbly drew it out ; which was no sooner done, but presently

sently the Heavens seem'd to be rent asunder with dreadful Claps of Thunder, intermix'd with terrible Flashes of Lightning, the Earth quaked, and terrible Groans and Yells were heard of damned Spirits; then fell a horrible stinking Smoak, and all on a sudden the Castle, together with the Brazen Pillar and Alabaster Rock, were vanished away. The two Giants, which before appeared so terrible, now fell down on their Knees to the three Brothers, begging for Mercy: The Necromancer *Soto*, who knew by this that his Charms were at an End, sought to fly from his deserved Vengeance, but all in vain, for his Spells now would do him no good, but was forced to yield up his loathed Carcase to the Mercy of the Conquerors. The *Thessalian* King, who had slept for so long a Space, now awaked, wondering at what had happened, not knowing whether he were in the Hands of Friends or Foes. Also the Messenger that came from the Princess *Urania*, who (as we told you before) was sent in Embassy to the Giant *Predo*. With them also awaked many others, who by the Necromancer's Charms, coming within the Compass of the Castle, were there cast into this lasting Sleep. The first Thing the three princely Brothers did, was by the Help of some of the *Thessalians* then in the Camp, to find out their King, which being known, he was entertain'd with all Respect due

due to his princely Majesty. The two Giants were committed unto safe Custody, under a Guard of valiant Soldiers; but as for the Necromancer *Soto*, notwithstanding he pleaded with much Rhetorick to have his Life sav'd, his Practices were so notorious and diabolical, as would admit of no Pardon; whereupon by the Commandment of the three Brothers, he had his Head dissevered from his Body: At which Instant appeared a great Number of Fiends come from Hell, some of which seized upon his Body, and some upon his Head, which they carried away with them; leaving behind them such an intolerable Stink of Sulphur and Brimstone, as was able to have suffocated all that were near them, had they not ran from the Place as fast as their Legs would bear them.

All Things being thus ordered for the present, and no Enemy appearing against them, they left this accursed Place, where the Castle stood, which had for a long Space been the Habitation of Devils, and wicked Persons, and marched to the City of *Galata*, there to refresh there wearied Army; from whence they sent Letters both into *Thessaly*, and also to *Sicily*, to certify them of their good Success, and Intention to return as soon as Opportunity would permit them.

Amongst others which by finishing this Inchantment were awaked out of their long sleeping, there was only one Gentlewoman, who

who now though something overworn through Grief and Age, yet by the Remains of her Visage, shew'd she had once a Face which might have been accounted Nature's proud Master-piece, and an attractive Loadstone wherein the God of Love sat enthron'd: All the Company, especially the King of *Thessaly*, were very inquisitive to know what she was, and by what Accident she came to be enchanted in that Castle; and therefore requested she would be so courteous to them, as to give them a Relation thereof: To which, after a deep Sigh fetched, she said:

‘ Although, noble Gentlemen, the Re-
 ‘ hearful of my Misfortunes cannot but
 ‘ breed Sorrow in the Hearers, much more
 ‘ in the Relator; yet to satisfy your Curio-
 ‘ sity, and in Part of Retribution for the
 ‘ Favours I have receiv'd from you, I shall
 ‘ the more willingly impart them to you:
 ‘ Know then, that I am a Native of this
 ‘ Country, and at such Time when Fortune
 ‘ smil'd on me, Wite to a noble Knight
 ‘ nam'd *Fonteious*, a Man renowned thro' all
 ‘ *Thrace*, for his Learning and Liberality,
 ‘ two special Ornaments of a noble Mind:
 ‘ Rich he was both in Wealth and Virtue,
 ‘ which two, though they seldom go toge-
 ‘ ther, yet in him had they their Residence.
 ‘ At the Age of sixteen Years I was married
 ‘ unto him; now whether Likeness be the
 ‘ of

‘ Cause of Love, or Love the Cause of Lik-
‘ ing, I know not; but so it was, that recipro-
‘ cal Love past betwixt us; I loving him
‘ because he was kind unto me, and he be-
‘ ing kind to me, because I lov’d him; long
‘ Time thus lovingly lived we together,
‘ until *Atropos* cutting off the Thread of his
‘ Life, gave an *Ultimum Vale* to my good
‘ Fortune; for my Husband leaving me ve-
‘ ry rich, and I being withal young and
‘ beautiful, you may be sure such a Widow
‘ would not be long without Suiters: And
‘ indeed it was not long before I had Plenty
‘ of them; so that the famous *Ulysses’s*
‘ House during his ten Years Absence at the
‘ Siege of *Troy*, was not more throng’d
‘ with them to court the chaste *Penelope*,
‘ than was my House to gain my Favour.
‘ Amongst others of this gallant Crew, was
‘ one Sir *Vylon*, a Man, who had he been
‘ endued with internal Virtues, as he was
‘ adorned with a comely Outside, he might
‘ have been a Match fit for a Princess:
‘ The Multiplicity of his Vows, the Pro-
‘ testations of his Love, his Gifts, upon
‘ Gifts, were as so many Snares to entrap
‘ me. To be short, with the catching Ora-
‘ tory of his Words, and Language strow’d
‘ with Flowers, he won me, and match’d
‘ me: But long had not we been married
‘ together, (although no Cause given on my
‘ Part) but his Smiles were turn’d into
‘ Frowns;

‘ Frowns; no just Pretence could he make
 ‘ therefore, though many were pretended;
 ‘ at last he found Means to accomplish his
 ‘ Desire, which he brought to pass in this
 ‘ Manner: He hearing of the Fame of this
 ‘ enchanted Castle, with the dire Effects at-
 ‘ tending upon those which came near it,
 ‘ pretended a Letter, as come from a Bro-
 ‘ ther of mine, who had been long absent,
 ‘ and was thought (as indeed he was) dead.
 ‘ The Letter contained these Words.

‘ Dear Sister,

‘ **A**FTER many Dangers and Trou-
 ‘ bles past in my Peregrination, it
 ‘ was my Hap to come into this Country,
 ‘ with great Expectation of enjoying your
 ‘ happy Society; but hearing how crossly
 ‘ you are match’d, and how your Hus-
 ‘ band undervalues your Kindred; because
 ‘ I cannot appear so splendid before him as
 ‘ stands to your Credit, I would desire you
 ‘ to come to me as privately as you can to
 ‘ the Castle in the Island, commanded by my
 ‘ special Friend Sir *Brandamore*, where we
 ‘ may confer together in Safety: Thus de-
 ‘ siring your Presence as soon as possible you
 ‘ can, I remain,

‘ Your affectionate Brother,

‘ *Brudo.*’

‘ This

‘ This Letter was conveyed privately to
‘ my Hands, and to give me the better Op-
‘ portunity to go thither, my Husband pre-
‘ tended a Journey to *Boetia*, where he said
‘ he should stay a Fortnight. All Things
‘ did, as I then thought, conspire to my Hap-
‘ piness, when as the Fates had decreed
‘ the quite contrary ; for taking only one
‘ Servant for my Guide, in whom I could
‘ repose Confidence ; coming within Sight
‘ of the Castle, I returned him back again,
‘ with Instructions how to excuse my Ab-
‘ sence from Home, as being gone to see
‘ a near Relation. Then boldly I approach-
‘ ed the Castle-gate, but e’er I could come
‘ at it, a deep Sleep seiz’d on me, which
‘ how long it hath lasted, I am ignorant of ;
‘ but I never awaked until both Sleep and
‘ Castle were vanished away,

‘ And thus, Gentlemen, have you heard
‘ the sad Story of my Misfortunes ; what
‘ hath befallen at Home since, I am fearful
‘ to think, having left behind me two
‘ young Children, a Son and a Daughter,
‘ the dear Pledges of my first Husband,
‘ who I fear may speed the worse for my
‘ Sake ; for those who love not the Stock
‘ of the Tree, will never affect the Branches
‘ thereof.’

Whilst she was thus discoursing, there
chanced to be a *Thracian* Knight, whose

Dwelling was not far from Sir *Vylon's*, who hearing the Relation of her Misfortunes ;

‘ Madam (said he) for what you are so
‘ doubtful of, I can in the greatest Part re-
‘ solve you ; know then, that since the
‘ Time you were missing, during which
‘ Space I conceive you have slept, is now
‘ fully two Years ; but what will add most
‘ Grief to your Hearing, is, that soon after
‘ your Husband had thus subtilly disposed
‘ of you, which he thought to be for a
‘ longer Space ; he began to revel in all
‘ sensual Delights, spending his Time and
‘ Coin in such riotous Manner, as if he
‘ had had the Riches of *Cræsus*, and were
‘ to have lived the Years of *Nestor*. But
‘ had his Wickedness terminated in himself,
‘ it had been the more tolerable, but it ex-
‘ tended to others in a most barbarous Cruel-
‘ ty ; for he being conscious of his own
‘ Guilt, thinking if your Children liv’d,
‘ he might be brought to an Account for his
‘ Riotousness and Debauchery, he found a
‘ Means to make them away, and that in
‘ this Manner.

‘ He had in his House a Servant nam’d
‘ *Barco*, one as ripe for Michief as himself,
‘ and to whom he bare a special Affection,
‘ as being a Companion with him in Lewd-
‘ ness ; those two plotting together, in-
‘ tic’d the Children to the Sea-side, where
‘ they

‘ they had provided an empty Boat, into
‘ which putting the two innocent Babes, they
‘ launch’d them into the Sea, and so com-
‘ mitted them to the Mercy of the Waves;
‘ which how they dealt with them is only
‘ known to the Almighty Powers. But it
‘ was not long e’er the Children being mis-
‘ ing, caused a Suspicion amongst the Neigh-
‘ bours of hard Usage towards them, by
‘ some belonging to Sir *Vylon*; nay, there
‘ were those who stick’d not openly to ac-
‘ cuse *Barco*, as one prompt for any Villany,
‘ and would receive any Impression his Ma-
‘ ster put upon him. Now this was so
‘ openly buzzed about, that at last it came
‘ to Sir *Vylon*’s Ear, who fearing to be de-
‘ tected, thought if *Barco* were put to the
‘ Rack, he would discover all, wherefore he
‘ found Means to have him poisoned; a
‘ just Reward for all such bloody Vil-
‘ lains, had it been done by a juster Hand
‘ than did it.

‘ But see how divine Vengeance pursues
‘ wicked Actions; Sir *Vylon* now revelling
‘ in all Excess without Controul, was strick-
‘ en with a sudden Frenzy, his Limbs also
‘ being taken from him, so that he lay rav-
‘ ing and cursing in a most fearful Manner;
‘ in one of which Fits he discovered all the
‘ Circumstances I have related unto you, and
‘ soon after in a desperate Horror of Con-
‘ science yielded up the Ghost.’

This mournful Story moved all the Company to great Compassion; whereupon it was determined that the Knight who had related this Story, and who had been taken Prisoner by the *Sicilians*, should have his Freedom, and accompany the Lady to her Habitation; who in mournful Manner took her Leave of the *Theſſalian* King, and the three *English* Knights, and returned home-wards: In which Journey we will leave her for the present, to relate the further Atchievements of those renowned Sons of *Mars*, Sir Guy, Sir *Alexander*, and Sir *David*.

C H A P. V.

How Sir Guy conducted the Army of Sicilians into their own Country, and Sir Alexander that of the Theſſalians; how bearing of the great Preparation of the Infidels, they returned into Christendom, to raise Forces to withstand them.

SOON after the Departure of Sir *Vylon's* Widow, and that the Army were sufficiently refreshed, being highly satisfied for all the Pains they had taken, with the rich Booties they had gained: The *Theſſalian* King, and the three *English* Brothers, thinking themselves revenged with Advantage on the *Thracians*, they determined to march home into their own Countries; and having settled

settled their Affairs in *Thrace*, Sir *Guy* with his Brother *David* marched with the Army of the *Sicilians* back into that fruitful Country, to which Sir *Guy* longed to come, to enjoy the Company of his beloved *Urania*; in which Journey we will leave them for a Time, to accompany Sir *Alexander* home with the *Thessalian* Army, who had as great Desire to see his beloved *Mariana*; and therefore having secured the chief Forts of the Kingdom, they took their March, carrying with them the two Giants *Predo* and *Pandaphilo* Prisoners, who for their huge Stature and vast Proportion, were gazed on by the People with Admiration wheresoever they came, Multitudes from all Places flocking to see them.

Before they came to the City of *Larissa*, where the Princess *Mariana* resided, they were met by the chief Magistrates of the City in their Scarlet Gowns, Gold Chains, and their Horses trapped with Foot-cloaths of black Velvet; besides Multitudes of common People, who all with one Voice echoed forth, *Long live the King of Theffaly, and the renowned Knight Sir Alexander of England.* The Bells rung, the Bonfires blaz'd, the Conduits ran pure *Greekish* Wine, the Streets were hung with rich Suits of Tapestry; and all the Windows along as they passed fill'd with Abundance of Spectators to behold the Return of their King, and to have a Sight

the noble Champion Sir *Alexander*, whom they stiled the Deliverer of their Country, the Flower of Chivalry, the Darling of Mankind, with all the Epithets which might conduce to his Praise and Magnanimity.

At the Palace Gate they were met by the Princess *Mariana*, who in all dutiful Manner welcomed home her Royal Father, and with many Expressions of Love and Affection, entertained her noble Champion Sir *Alexander*. Here did they spend several Days in Feasting, Banquetting, and all the Delights that art and cost could invent: But in the Midst of all this Jollity, there came News to the Court of the great Preparations which were made by the Infidels against the *Christians*, as you read in the first Chapter of this most excellent History. This News struck a sudden Damp upon their Mirth; for the Love of his native Country was so dear unto Sir *Alexander*, that notwithstanding the intire Affection he bare to the Princess *Mariana*, he resolv'd to give what Succour he could unto the Place wherein his Father received his first Breath, and from whence his own Honour was derived. So making his Mind known to the *Thessalian* King, and taking his solemn Leave of his beloved *Marina*, with great Affeuerations of his Fidelity to her, and Promise of Return when those Wars were finish'd; he prepared for his Journey to *Sicilia*, to acquaint his

his two Brothers with his Resolution, being accompanied therein by divers of the prime *Thessalian* Nobility, who resolv'd to spend their Lives in the Company, and under the Conduct of so noble a Champion.

In which Journey we will leave them for a Time, and return to speak of Sir *Guy* and Sir *David*; who having conducted their Army back to *Sicily*, were entertain'd with all Demonstrations of Joy imaginable, especially of the peerless Princess *Urania*, in whose Heart the Love of Sir *Guy* was so deeply engraven, that nothing but Death was able to blot it out. But here likewise, as well as to *Thessaly*, soon came News of the Infidels great Preparations for the Invasion of *Christendom*; which when Sir *Guy* heard, he resolv'd to send to his Brother *Alexander*, to prepare to march homewards; but e'er the Messenger was fully dispatch'd, Sir *Alexander* with the *Thessalian* Lords were arriv'd at the *Sicilian* Court; to the great Joy of Sir *Guy* and Sir *David*, and other martial Spirits; only the Princess *Urania* was deeply melancholy that now she should part with her dear Knight, whose Company she priz'd far above all the Riches of the Mines of *America*; wherefore retiring to her Chamber, taking her Lute in her Hand, she warbled forth this mournful Ditty:

My

My mournful Mind doth crave some sweet Delight,
 And Fancy fain would lend me some I see ;
 But Fortune frowns, and sends me foul Despight,
 And Care doth keep all Comfort quite from me :
 Such Passions strange do still perplex my Mind,
 As I despair of any Ease to find,

But let me see, I must not yet despair,

Dame Fortune's Wheel may hap to turn again ;
 When Storms are past, the Weather may be fair,
 And Pleasure comes unlook'd for after Pain.
 Things at the worst, the Proverb faith will mend ;
 Why should not then my Sorrows have an End ?

But old Wives Tales are not yet Scripture all,

For Things at worst, are past all mending quite ;
 To pining Hearts all Pleasure seemeth small,
 What Mirth can do the pining Heart Delight ?
 When Fates do frown, and Fortune is our Foe,
 Nought can be thought to rid the Mind of Woe:

Scarcely had she ended her Song, when
 Sir Guy came to take his Leave of her, find-
 ing her sitting in such a given-over Manner,
 one would have thought Silence, Solitari-
 ness and Melancholy, were come under the
 Ensign of Mishap to conquer his Delight,
 and drive him from his natural Seat of
 Beauty. But now to describe the Grief of
 these two Lovers at their Parting, I must
 implore the Help of *Melpomene*, the mourn-
 fullest of the nine Muses, to guide my Pen ;
 the Sorrow of *Orpheus* for his beloved *Eu-
 ridice*, *Andromache* for *Hector*, *Aegeus* for his
 supposed dead *Theseus*, *Antigone* leading her
 blind Father *Oedipus*, or that of weeping
Niobe.

Niobe for the Loss of her Children compar'd to this, deserves not the Names of Grief. At last having vented their Sorrows through the Conduits of their Eyes, and that a lovely Beauty began again a little to dress herself in her Face, the peerless *Urania* brake Silence, and said :

‘ My dearest *Guy*, I must confess the
‘ Excess of my Sorrow doth scarce give
‘ Way to the Relief of Words, being anchor’d down with Cares in the Seas of
‘ Woe ; so that I am in Effect but a living
‘ Corpse, for which I can only blame your
‘ Unkindness. Hath my Prayers prevailed
‘ so far with the Divine Powers, to bring
‘ you unto me again in Safety, and now
‘ will you leave me to enter into fresh Dangers ? Did you not swear by all that’s
‘ Divine and Human, sooner should *Phabus*
‘ cease to shine by Day, or *Luna* lend us
‘ her Light by Night, than your Heart
‘ should be separated from mine, which
‘ then you pretended to be dearer unto you
‘ than Victuals to the almost-famish’d Soul,
‘ or Drink to those whose Throats are
‘ parch’d with Thirst ? If my Love was
‘ so dear to you then, what Change have
‘ you found in me, that after the Accomplishment of your *Thessalian* Journey, we
‘ should not then enjoy the Fruition of our
‘ Loves, but that you will adventure again
‘ on

‘ on new Engagements, preferring your Honour, and Desire of Fame before my unstain’d Love, which hath been as true and constant to you, as ever was that of the chaste *Penelope* to her wandering *Ulysses*.’

Sir *Guy*, after many Protestations of his constant Affection, and how nearly this imminent Danger, wherein all *Christendom* was involved, concerned his Honour, which would be for ever stain’d, should he decline such an honourable Action, at last drew her Consent, although with much Reluctancy: So giving her a sweet Kiss for a Farewel, leaving her in Tears for his Departure, he went to accompany his two Brothers, and those other martial Heroes who were now ready prepared to join with him against the Enemies of *Christendom*; and having with great Ceremony taken their Leave of the *Sicilian King*, they took Ship, and coasting along the fruitful Banks of *Italy*, befriended both by *Neptune* and *Eolus*, they in short Time arriv’d in *England*, the happy Port whereto their Desires tended. At that Time of their Arrival the whole Land was in Mourning, hearing of those vast Forces prepared against them, whom the three Brothers comforted in the best Manner they might, and with what Expedition they could make, went to the Court, where the noble King *Edgar* then resided, who entertained

tained them in a most sumptuous Manner, being over-joyed for their Arrival at such an Exigent. Then having consulted together, they sent Messengers unto all the rest of the Countries of *Christendom*, to raise what Forces they could make, and to be ready to join together in the Country of *Naples*, against the common Enemy, and this to be done within one Month at the farthest; who accordingly rais'd great Forces in each Country, and with them march'd into *Naples* at the Time appointed. But now *Calliope*, the sacred Sister of the Muses, assist my Pen in setting forth the valiant Acts of these renowned Knights, which they performed to their own eternal Fame and Honour, and the general Good and Benefit of all *Christendom*.

C H A P. VI.

How the Christians Army assembled together in Naples: The Oration of Sir Guy unto the Soldiers; and how they march'd against the Pagan Army.

YOU heard in the last Chapter how Messengers were sent into all Countries of *Christendom*, for the raising of Forces against the Inñdels; which severally arrived at the Place of Rendezvous in the fruitful Country of *Naples*; and first (as being nearest)

nearest) was an Army of thirty thousand *Italians*, conducted by the valiant Knight Sir *Orlando*, whom the renowned Champion St. *Anthony* had begotten on the Princess *Rosalinde*, Daughter to the King of *Thrace*: This martial Knight marching before his Companies in as much State as did *Hector* when he traced the Fields of *Ilium*, pitch'd up his Tent in a large Plain near unto the City of *Nicosia*. His Pavilion was of a silver Colour, adorned with a silken Streamer, waving in the Air, wherein was pourtray'd a Lion Rampant, beating his Back with his Tail, and from his Mouth proceeded these Verses :

Incensed with an Anger just
For Victory we hope and trust.

The very next Day after these *Italians* had thus encamped themselves, came marching into the Field twenty-five thousand *Spaniards*, conducted by a valiant Knight named Sir *Pedro*, Son unto St. *James* the Champion of *Spain*, whom he begat on the Princess *Celestine*, the beautiful Daughter of the King of *Jerusalem*: After courteous Embracements betwixt him and Sir *Orlando*, he pitched his Camp on the *West* Side of the *Italians*. His Pavilion was blue; and for his Device he had a Griffin, seizing on his Prey, with this Motto :

Thus Griffin-like I do oppose,
Defend myself, offend my Foes.

The

The third Nation that appeared in these warlike Preparations was twenty thousand gallant *Frenchmen*, mounted on warlike Horses, and most bravely accouter'd with offensive and defensive Weapons. They had for their Commander a most heroick Knight, named *Sir Turpin*, begotten by *St. Denis* the renowned Champion of *France*, on *Eglantine* the King's Daughter of *Thessaly*, and who for her Pride was transform'd into a Mulberry-Tree. He was with more than ordinary Compliments entertained by *Sir Orlando*, and *Sir Pedro*, and pitched his Camp on the East Side of *Sir Orlando*. His Pavilion was Orange-tawny, embroider'd with a Purple, and for his Device he had Lillies, the Arms of *France*, with this Motto :

The Lilly's Glory of the Field ;
Unto the Lilly all must yield.

The fourth Nation that engaged in this Quarrel for the Honour of *Christendom*, was the hardy *Scotchmen*, who to the Number of fifteen thousand arrived on the fruitful Banks of *Naples*, conducted by that valiant and renowned Knight *Sir Ewin*, Son to *St. Andrew* the famous Champion of *Scotland*, and by him begotten on *Artesia*, one of the six Daughters of the King of *Thrace*, who were transform'd into the Likeness of Swans, as you may read in the first Part of this
No. 18. S honourable

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honourable History. At his first Arrival
he was highly entertained, and feasted by
the other Captains, and pitch'd his Camp
next to the *Spaniards*. His Pavilion was of
a red Colour, fring'd with Blue, whereout
hung a golden Streamer, in which was pour-
tray'd the Effigies of *Mars*, looking with a
stern Countenance, and breathing forth these
Words :

Armed for Victory.

The next that arrived on the fruitful Banks
of *Naples*, were a Band of valiant *Irishmen*,
to the Number of ten thousand, attired in
quilted Jackets, and Slops of blue Cotten,
being so swift of Foot that few Horses could
out-run them. These were conducted by a
valiant Knight named Sir *Pbelim*, whom the
Irish Champion St. *Patrick* begat on another
of the Six *Thracian* Ladies, whom he had
redeemed out of the Hands of thirty bloody
Satyrs, as is declar'd in the first Part. This
courageous Knight was of Stature somewhat
more than ordinary, and withal of such
Strength that he would seize on a wild bull,
or any other Beast, though never so fierce
and strong. At his first Approach unto the
Camp, he was welcomed with a great Shout
of the Soldiers, being a goodly Person, and
having his Head adorned with a Plume of
Ostrich Feathers. He pitch'd his Camp
next to the *Scotish* Army, having a Tent of
Green,

Green, intermix'd with Scarlet, and richly adorned with Gold Fringe. In his Streamer was poutray'd a Kite, hovering with a Chicken in her Claws, with these Words.

'Tis common seen, the Weakest they,
Unto the strong become a Prey.

Scarce were the *Irish* well settled in their Tents, when there arrived the like Number of *Welshmen*, conducted by a valiant Knight named Sir Owen of the Mountains, the Son of the renowned Champion St. David of Wales, begotten on the beautiful *Estrild*, Daughter of the King of *Powisland*, who had been bred up in all warlike Affairs by the Appointment of his Grandfather, so that for marshal Prowess he was accounted as valiant a Knight as most in *Christendom*. He was likewise receiv'd with the usual Ceremonies by the other Captains, and pitched his Tent next to the *Irish*. His Pavilion was of a Blood-red Colour, fringed with White, signifying Peace to the Yielding, and Blood and Destruction to the Obstinate; the Words were these :

The Doom of either Life or Death,
Consisteth in the Conqueror's Breath.

Next came the *English* Army, consisting of fourscore thousand experienc'd Soldiers; they were divided into three Battalions, whereof Sir *Alexander* led the Van-guard, Sir *Guy* the main Battle, and Sir *David* brought up the Rear. Of these were twenty thou-

sand Horsemen, arm'd in rich Croflets of Steel, to defend themselves, and Lances and Darts to offend their Enemies: There was of the Foot thirty thousand stout Archers, having Bows of the strongest Yew, and Arrows of a full Yard long, headed with Steel; with which they would shoot a full half Mile in Length. Also twenty thousand Pikemen, with Pikes of the strongest Ash, headed with Steel, as sharp as *Spanish* Needles, to defend the Archers from the Enemies Horse, and to oppose an Army in a strait Passage. Ther east of the Army were Pioneers, Waggoners, Victuallers, and such others as are commonly attendant on an Army. At their first landing they were entertained by the other Commanders with such a Shout of Joy, as the Earth rang with the Sound thereof, and the hollow Caverns of the Hills reverberated with such an Echo, as if *Jupiter* had spent his thundering Artillery to welcome these *English* Heroes. They pitched their Camp near unto the Army of the *Italians*; Sir Guy's Pavilion being of Watchet, embroider'd with Silver, and fring'd with Gold, and to distinguish it from others, it was adorned with the Red Cross, the antient Arms of *England*. His two Brothers were not far different in their Devices, and for the Motto of them all, it was to this Effect.

Armed with a just Cause, we fear no Foe,
No Foil, nor Flight, much less an Overthrow.

Divers

Divers Captains of other Nations came also in Aid of the *Christians* Army; as Sir *Lando the Warlike*, with five thousand stout *Swedish* Soldiers; Sir *Padrasus the Dane*, having in his Company a Giant named *Wonder*, for his matchless Strength, which was such, that he would lift a Weight that twelve ordinary Men could hardly stir; besides many others, too many to enumerate, the whole Sum amounting to three hundred thousand. After they had consulted a while together, it was concluded unanimously among them all, that every Captain should have the Command of those Soldiers he brought out of his own Country; but that in difficult Matters, and wherein Diversity of Opinions might breed Confusion, it should be referred to Sir *Guy's* Ordering, who was Generalissimo of the whole Army. And now having nothing else to do, but to march against their Enemies, Sir *Guy* to encourage them the more, being all the chief of them assembled together, made unto them this following Oration:

‘ Fellow Soldiers and Brethren in Arms,
‘ I think I shall not need many Words to stir
‘ you up to Magnanimity, the Justness of
‘ our Cause being such as, righty consider’d,
‘ is enough to make a Coward valiant; I
‘ hope that you are not so forgetful, that
‘ you now go to fight for your Parents,
S 3 ‘ your

‘ your Wives, your Children, your Coun-
 ‘ try, and what should be most dear unto
 ‘ you, the *Christian* Religion ; against *Pa-*
 ‘ *gans*, Infidels, and Miscreants, Enemies
 ‘ to God and Goodness ; whose Delight is
 ‘ only in Blood and Rapine, whose Trade and
 ‘ Practice is the burning and destroying of
 ‘ Towns and Villages ; murdering of Ma-
 ‘ trons, ravishing Wives and Virgins, toss-
 ‘ ing of sprawling Infants on the Tops of
 ‘ their merciless Pikes : In sum, such Peo-
 ‘ ple as act all what Barbarism and Cruelty
 ‘ prompts them to. Therefore if you are
 ‘ not willing to see these Miseries fall upon
 ‘ ye, be valiant and courageous, and so
 ‘ let us willingly go on, armed with a just
 ‘ Cause, and doubt not in the least, but the
 ‘ just God will give us Victory.’

No sooner had he ended this Oration, but
 it was received with a general Acclamation,
 each one vowing to live and die in such a
 Cause, and under the Conduct of such a
 General. Being thus resolved, they prepar-
 ed to dislodge, and having furnish’d them-
 selves with Store of Provision, which was
 freely given them by the *Neapolitan* King ;
 besides to the Number of five hundred Wag-
 gons for Carriage of their Ammunition and
 other Necessaries ; they embarked in several
 Gallies, and cutting the briny Face of *Nep-*
tune, after about a Fortnight’s prosperous
 Sailing,

Sailing, they came upon the fruitful Coasts of *Asia*; where soon they heard Tidings of the *Pagans* Army, and how they were advanc'd as far as *Galatia*, within a hundred Leagues where the *Christians* were landed. And now having brought the Armies thus near together, we will look back again into *Europe*, and shew you by what a wonderful Miracle the *Christians* Army were supply'd with an unexpected Assistance.

C H A P. VII.

How the Seven Champions being raised from their Graves, resolved to follow the Christian Army; how by Tempest they were coast upon the Coast of Thessaly. The great Battle fought betwixt the Thessalians and Thracians; how afterwards they went to the Christian Army, and of the great Battle fought betwixt the Christians and Pagans.

NOW notwithstanding this great Preparation to withstand the *Pagan* Army, a great Fear and Consternation still continued in the Hearts of the People, for the Report of the Vastness of the *Pagans* Army, was spread abroad in each Place, so that it was deem'd so numerous as not to be encounter'd withal: The best Remedy therefore, as they thought, was by Prayers to God to
crave

crave his Assistance against such potent Enemies; so that in every Place Intercessions were sent up to Heaven for Succour in this Exigency of Time. Now, it so chanced, that at the same Time there lived in the North Country, a certain holy Hermit, nam'd *Sylvanus*: To this Man it was reveal'd in a Dream, how that the Seven famous Champions were not wholly dead, but that for the Good of *Christendom* they should again awake, and help to overcome the *Pagan Army*: And that by opening their Tombs, and laying the Herb Basil to the Roots of their Tongues, they should revive again in good Strength and Vigour. This Dream he declared unto an Abbot of an Abbey near adjoining, and he to the Governor of that Province, who all together went to the *English Court*, and declar'd the same unto the King; whereupon it was determin'd that the Experiment should soon be try'd, and accordingly Messengers were dispatched to *France, Spain, Italy, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales*, which Massage was no sooner delivered in those several Countries, but that they soon apply'd the same, and found the Effect answerable to what the Hermit had dreamed; for immediately thereupon the Champions arose as out of a sweet Sleep, and having a while discoursed of those Matters we have in the former Chapters declar'd unto you, the Messengers were returned back again with
this

this Agreement, That with all Expedition they should meet together in the Country of *Naples* aforesaid, that with the better Celerity they might overtake and join themselves with the *Christians* Army. This Determination being accordingly made known to each other, they with all Speed provided themselves of Armour and other Necessaries for their Journey, and taking the holy Hermit *Silvanus* along with them, they in a little Space met together in the Land of *Naples*. To recite the great Joy at this their so unexpected Meeting, is beyond the Skill of my Pen to express; but having congratulated one another, they agreed to hasten after the *Christian* Army, with all the Expedition they could make; so being furnish'd with a stately Ship, they put forth to Sea, but long they had not sailed, when a dreadful Tempest overtook them, so that they expected every Minute to be devour'd, and to make their Graves in that merciless Element; at last the Weather clearing, they found themselves on the Coast of fruitful *Thessaly*, where being landed, they gave Thanks to the Powers above for their safe Deliverance. Next they provided for the refreshing of their Bodies, having in two Days before taken no Sustenance, for so long had the Tempest endured.

Now whilst they were at their Collation, they thought they heard the Rattling of Armour,

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mour, Trampling of Horses, Shrieks of wounded Soldiers, with divers other Symptoms of an Army fighting not far off; wherefore to be resolv'd, they call'd to a *Thessalian*, who by his running Posture seem'd to fly from some Danger near at hand; from whom they understood that about some half a Mile from that Place, the King of *Thrace*, and the King of *Thessaly*, were engaged in a bloody Fight. For so it happen'd, that soon after the Departure of St. George's three Sons, the King of *Thessaly*, either through a generous Disposition, not willing that Kings should be too close confin'd, or through the Negligence of them that should have looked after him, the King of *Thrace* made an Escape out of Prison, and having a Band of his Soldiers in a Readiness, they surpriz'd the Place wherein the two Giants *Predo* and *Pandaphilo* were likewise kept in Hold, and set them at Liberty; and being thus at Freedom, went into *Thracia*, where they soon rais'd an Army; and being accompanied with the two Giants aforesaid, they enter'd *Thessaly*, harassing the same with Fire and Sword: to oppose whom the King of *Thessaly* had rais'd an Army, and were at that Time engaged in a fierce and bloody Battle.

The *Christian* Champions having heard in what Danger the King of *Thessaly* stood, resolv'd to succour him; and so buckling on
their

their Armour, being guided by the *Thessalian*, who had fled from the Fight, they came to the Army just as they were in a running Posture; but soon by their Valour they made it known what Difference there is between multitude and Manhood; for laying about them with their keen-edg'd Falchions, they soon made Lanes of slaughter'd Carcasses, so that the *Thracians* fled from before their Blows, as Flocks of Sheep from before the Wolf, or Chickens at the Sight of the Kite. The two Giants seeing the *Thessalians* thus make Head again, whom just before they accounted vanquish'd, they made up to the Head of their Army; whom, when the Champions had beheld, St. George singled out the Giant *Predo*, and St. Denis encounter'd with *Pandaphilo*; and now such Blows were dealt amongst them, that *Mars* himself might have been a Spectator of the Fight; Here Strength and Courage seem'd to strive for Superiority, Fury and Valour encounter'd each other, giving and receiving such mighty Strokes, as none but themselves were able to sustain: At length St. George with his Cuttlé-Ax, gave the Giant *Predo* such a Blow, as dash'd into his Brains and made Way for Death to take Possession of his Body. *Pandaphilo* seeing his Brother's Fall, upon his Knees desired Mercy, which the noble Champion St. Denis granted him. In the mean Time the other Champions had made such dreadful

ful Havock among the *Thracians*, that all the Fields lay strow'd with their slaughter'd Carcasses; the King himself being deadly wounded was taken Prisoner. The King of *Thessaly* in the mean Time was in great Admiration what these Strangers should be, who had brought Victory to his Side, which was taking her Wings to fly to his Adversaries; and therefore now the Field being clear'd of all Enemies, he went unto them, desiring to know to whose Valour he was so much indebted, as the Rescue of his Life and Kingdom. But when he understood they were the renowned Champions of *Christianity*, whose Fame was spread all the World over, and who were supposed to be dead: And how that *St. George* was the Father of those three princely Brothers, who had before so valiantly fought for him, he was transported with an Extasy of Joy, as was that Father, whose three Sons returned home Victors from the Olympick Games. And having congratulated each other, they took Order for their Prisoners, which were in a Manner the Remainder of the whole Army. Then marched they in good Array to the City of *Larissa*, being met by the Princess *Mariana*, attended with a Train of five hundred Virgins, attired all in Suits of white Sarcenet, who having done her Obeisance to her Father, she most courteously welcom'd the *Christian* Champions, especially
St.

St. George, for the intire Affection which she bore to Sir *Alexander*. Here did they spend some few Days in much Mirth and Jollity, when one Night at such a Time when the bright Charioteer of Heaven had set his fiery brass-hoofed Courses to their Meat, and that the jetty sable Night had overspread his golden glistering Locks; *Morpheus* the God of Sleep had lock'd up the Eyes of Mortals, and cast them into deep Slumbers: As St. George lay sleeping on his Bed, there appear'd to him the Likeness of a beautiful Angel, which breathed forth these Words:

Brave *English* Champions, make no Delay,
But to the *Christians* Army post away:
Fame calls aloud, and *Mars* doth beat Alarms;
Then leave off Court Delights, and fall to Arms.

Next Morning no sooner had *Phæbus* with his refulgent Beams enlightened the Hemisphere, but St. George arose from his drowsy Bed, and relating his Vision to the other Champions, they agreed with all Speed to hasten to the *Christian* Army; and having acquainted the King of *Thessaly* with their Determination, they prepared to be gone, being accompanied to the Sea-side with the chieftest of the *Thessalians*. At their entering into the Ship, the King presented each of the Champions with rich Diamond Rings, and to St. George he gave

over and above a rich Collar of Effes, having hanging thereon a Medal of Gold, beset with precious Stones, and in it the Picture of an Elephant, for his Elephant and Giant-like Valour shewed in his Defence. The Princess *Mariana* at the same Time sent unto Sir *Alexander*, a Signet made of polished Jasper, wherein was engraven a Heart wounded with a Sword, and crown'd with a Wreath, with this Word, *Amarete*. So taking their solemn Leaves of each other, the Wind standing fair, they set Sail: Where we will leave them for a while, to speak of what befel the *Christian* Army in the mean Time.

Whom (you may remember) we left upon the Coasts of *Asia*, who, hearing the *Pagans* Army was so near, provided themselves both to assail and withstand their Enemy; and so by leisurely Marches drew nearer unto them. And now did Sir *Guy* send out twenty of his nimblest Horsemen to discover what they could of the Enemy, who returning back, brought with them six *Persians* whom they had taken Prisoners, by whom they understood that the whole Army was encamped on a spacious Plain not far off, dreadless of an approaching Foe; whereupon it was determined that that very Night, somewhat before the Break of Day, they should fall upon them; which they did in this Manner: First in the Van marched the valiant Knight Sir *Alexander*, with the choicest of the

English

English Horsemen; on his right Hand the famous *French* Knight Sir *Turpin*, with the Flower of the *French* Cavalry; on the Left Hand Sir *Pedro* commanded a gallant Party of *Spaniards*, mounted on such speedy-pac'd Gennets, as for their Swiftneſs were ſaid to be engendred by the Wind: And that their Army might ſpread the further, leſt they ſhould be ſurrounded by the numerous Forces of their Enemies, they had for Outwings on the one Side five thouſand *Swedes*, conducted by Sir *Lando the Warlike*, and ſix thouſand *Germans* on the other Side, led by a valiant Knight named Count *Primaleon*. The main Battle was conducted by the matchleſs Knight Sir *Guy*, with thirty thouſand Foot of Bows and Pikemen, whoſe warlike Reſolution carried Victory in their very Looks: On his Right Hand marched the warlike *Danes*, commanded by Sir *Pandrafus*, having in his Company the Giant *Wonder*: On his Left Hand was placed the valiant *Scottiſh* Men, conducted by their valiant Leader Sir *Ewin*: The reſt was brought up by Sir *David*, with the reſt of the *English*, having on his Right-Hand the ſtout Sir *Phelim*, with his nimble *Iriſhmen*, and on his Left Sir *Owen*, with the hardy *Welſh*. Being thus marſhalled, they ſet forward, but e'er they came to the Camp, the Enemies had Notice of their Approach, who thereupon inſtantly armed themſelves, and

put themselves in as good a Posture as on the sudden they could. The first that encountered each other was the valiant Knight Sir *Pedro*, with his resolute *Spaniards* against the Bassa of *Aleppo*, betwixt whom was fought such a terrible Battle, that the Earth resounded with the Noise of their Blows. Next did the magnanimous Knight, Sir *Alexander* encounter with the Soldan of *Babylon*, sending him such a Flight of Arrows as would have darken'd the Sky in a clear Day : The *Babylonians* on the other Side laid on Load with great Courage, seeking with their Horse to trample them under Foot, but that the Pikemen kept them off with such Courage, as cast many Riders to the Ground, and put the Troops in great Disorder. On the other Side Sir *Turpin* with the *French* gave a lusty Charge on the King of *Egypt*, insomuch that he was in great Danger of a total Rout, had he not been timely succour'd by the King of *Morocco*, who stoutly interposing, drove the *French* back in great Confusion; whereupon Sir *Lando the Warlike* set upon them with an undaunted Courage, which gave a Check to their Proceedings, which with his warlike *Swedes* he so stoutly followed, that coming up to the King of *Morocco*, after a fierce Encounter betwixt them two, in which *Mars* himself might have been a Looker-on, at length the King of *Morocco*, being deeply wounded, surrendered up his Life and Body to

to the Victor's Disposal. And now the main Battle came forwards, by which Time the Sun with his Beams had gilded the Hemisphere, so that they could see to fight with more Eagerness than they had done before. The valiant Knight Sir Guy charged strongly upon the *Persians*, who with Courage and Skill defended themselves: Count *Primalcion*, with his *Germans* encountered the *Arabians*, and now generally both Armies were fully engaged, so that Death began to appear in its greatest Horror: Then was cutting, backing, and flashing on every Side: The renowned *Christian* Champions dealing such Blows with their Swords, and giving so many *Mahometans* their Deaths, as if they intended to overcharge *Charon's* Boat in ferrying them over the Stygian River; The Infidels on the other Side held out with great Obstinacy, not shrinking for any Danger, although they were ready to be carried away in Streams of their own Blood. Thus with great Obstinacy continued they fighting, until the sable Night parted their Fury, when each Side retired to their Camp.

Next Morning no sooner had *Aurora* usher'd in the Day, but both Armies met again in the Field, and as if their Stock of Valour were afresh renewed, fell to it with more Eagerness and Earnestness than before, unto their Work of Mankind's Destruction; the thundering Drums beat Alarums of Death,

and the shrill Trumpets sounded forth many thousands that Day their Knell; Horror, Death and Destruction surrounded the *Pagans* on every Side, yet still their fresh Number made more Work for the *Christians* Valour. In the Heat of this Fight it was Sir *Guy's* Chance to meet with the Horse-faced *Tartar* (whom we told of in the first Chapter of this Third Part) whom he resolved to encounter, but the Sight of him so affrighted the other Horses, that not one of them could endure to come near him; whereupon Sir *Guy* alighted from his Steed, and with his Cuttle-Ax approached the Monster, whose very Looks would have affrighted any, but such a one whose Heart was fraught with true Magnanimity: The Monster was readier to assail than to be assailed, so that betwixt them two began a most fierce and terrible Combat. The Monster was so nimble, and laid on Load so strangely, that Sir *Guy* was never so put to it all the Days of his Life; at last espying his Advantage, he gave the Monster such a Wound on his Thigh, that sending forth a hideous Yell, he ran from him with a nimble Pace to the Rear of his Army: And now the *Pagans* began to shrink, and the *Christians* to gain Ground, when the Vizards and Inchanters, which the *Egyptian* King had brought with him, began to shew their Skill, so that on a sudden there was such a Fear and Consternation throughout

out all the Host of the *Christians*, as put a Stop to their full Career of Victory; for immediately such a Darkness overspread them, that they could hardly discern one from the other; and withal they received divers Blows, yet could not perceive who it was that gave them. This continued for three Hours Space together, which much daunted the *Christians* Courage; but making their hearty Supplications to God, they were not only deliver'd from their unseen Blows, but also the Darkness turned upon the *Pagan Army*, from whence was heard such hideous Shrieks and Howlings, with such other dreadful Noise, as if Hell were broke loose, and the Devils gone to Barley-break. Upon this the *Christians*, not daring to pursue them any further, retreated to their Camp, and having set a strong Watch, they reposed themselves for that Night,

The next Morning preparing themselves again to fight, they heard behind them a Sound of Trumpets, as it were of an Army upon a March; whereupon Sir *Guy* sent out a Party to discover what they were; who found them to be the thrice renowned Champions of *Christendom*, that after their Departure from *Thessaly*, having a prosperous Wind, they arrived on the Coasts of *Asia*, where hearing by the Report of Fame's loud sounding Trumpet, where these Sons of *Mars* were assembled together, they with a
speedy

speedy March made up unto them: But now to express the great Joy, mix'd with Wonder and Amazement, betwixt these noble Heroes, at this their Meeting, it would require the Skill of *Homer*, and the Aid of *Calliope*, that sweet-tongu'd Sister of the Muses, for to expreis; to see such near and dear Relations, who were supposed to be dead, and to see them at such a Time when as their Help was so needful, it far surpass'd the Joy of that *Grecian* Father, when his three Sons returned home Victors from the Olympick Games.

Whilst they were thus congratulating the happy Sight of each other, they had an Alarm from the *Pagan* Camp, who being conducted by the three Giants, with an assured Confidence of Victory came marching up to the *Christians* Army, thinking them so shattered and dismay'd, as not able to endure another Fight, and therefore came rather as to a Spoil, than to be encountered withal; but they found the *Christians* ready to entertain them with a bloody Banquet, for coming in Disorder, they were received with such a lusty Charge, as sent many of their Souls to the infernal Regions. *St. George* perceiving the three Giants, the only Stop of the *Christians* Victory, he singled out one of the chiefeft of them; the valiant Champion *St. Denis* encountered with another, and the courteous *St. Anthony* with the

Third:

Third: Whilst they were thus engaged against each other, dealing such Blows, as if *Alcides* were again living, and fighting with the Giant *Anteus*; it was Sir *Guy's* Fortune to meet with the *Egyptian* King, accompanied with his Magicians and Soothsayers, who began afresh to use their Incantments; and first they raised up the Likeness of a mighty black Boar, which running hither and thither in the *Christians* Army, put them in great Disorder: At last she ran violently against Sir *Guy*, who laying manfully about him, he thought he had cut off one of her Legs, but when she vanishing away, it proved only a Leg of a Stool. Next came running among them a mighty wild Boar, with Tusks as large as an ordinary Cow's Horn; this Boar so frightened the Soldiers, that wheresoever he came, they tumbled over one another in Heaps; and having thus played his Wrecks among the *English*, he next ran into the Army of the *Spaniards*, snorting and tearing the Ground with his Tusks. The valiant Knight Sir *Pedro*, hearing the Shout of the Soldiers, and wondring what was the Matter, came riding in Haste to the Place, and viewing the Boar, he ran against him with all his Might, but notwithstanding his Sword was made of the purest Lydian Steel; yet made it no Impressions on the Sides of the Boar; wherefore Sir *Pedro* seeing that Way would not do, the Boar coming to-wards

wards him with open Mouth, he ran his Sword down his Throat, thinking thereby to cleave his Heart in twain ; but the Boar therewith vanished in a Flame of Fire, which singed the Main of Sir *Pedro's* Horse, and made such a Smoak that they hardly could discern one another. Whilst thus these Necromancers were practising their devilish Inchantments, in the mean Time the three renowned Champions had by their magnanimous Prowess conquered the Giants, with whose Fall fell also the Courage of the whole *Pagan* Army, so that in great Disorder they began to run. And now all Hands were bath'd in Blood, and the thirsty Soil ran with a purple Stream : In one Place lay disinherited Heads, dispossest'd of their natural Seignories, there lay Arms whose Fingers yet moved, as if they would feel for those that made them feel ; and Legs, which contrary to common Reason, were made heavier by being discharged of their Burdens. And now the *Christians*, over-wearied with killing, had, with the Day, brought many thousand *Pagans* to their Ends, when the sable Night drawing her black Curtain over the Hemisphere, put a Period to the Pursuit. The next Morning the Soldiers arose betimes to pillage the Field, which they found exceeding rich ; most of the *Pagan* Commanders were slain, and the whole Army so shattered, that scarce a hundred of them were left together

gether in one Company. The Horse-fac'd Monster with some others made their Escape, being so swift that no Horse could overtake him; amongst the rest of the Prisoners that were taken, was one of the chief *Egyptian* Magicians, who being stripped of his uppermost Robe, there was found about him a Number of Spells, Charms and other necromantick Characters, amongst others was the Picture of a Devil, this Label proceeding out of his Mouth:

Thou, by our Help, to pass shall bring,
Many a great and direful Thing.

Which Lable being by one of the Soldiers pull'd off from the Picture, underneath it there was thus witten:

When as ten Years thou com'st to tell,
Then bid thy Skill in Charms farewell,
For thou must then descend to Hell.

And now belike the Time was come when as his Charms were at an End, as also several of his Companions, whom the Devil had by that Label deluded, but by the Writing on the other Side deceiv'd, for these Sorcerers thinking, notwithstanding their Army was routed, to raise up such a Company of infernal Spirits, as should be able to deal with the whole *Christian* Army, they therefore began to use their Invocations, and to call for Help unto the Devil, as they used to do; but now instead of the Spirits obeying their

their Commands, loud Noises tormented the Air, and the Artillery of Heaven began to roar; the amazed Firmament seem'd to rend in twain, and affrighted Rafter of the Sky to shake: black pitchy Clouds obscured the Sky, and all the Light which was to be seen was only the dreadful Flashes of Lightning. This dreadful Tempest continued near the Space of an Hour, when all on a sudden it began to be clam, and the Winds to retire, and sink into their Seat; *Phæbus* sent forth his lightsome Rays, which dispelled the Darkness of the pitchy Clouds; when the *Christians* looking upon them, saw the ruefullest Spectacle that ever Mortal Eye beheld; the Field was strewed with mangled Carcasses, and those as black as Pitch, stinking of Sulphur and Brimstone; for the Term of Years being expir'd, wherein they had covenanted with the Devil, he now sent his Spirits to fetch their Souls, who had mangled their Bodies in that despicable Manner we told you of; a just Reward for all such as devote themselves to the Service of the Devil.

The *Christians* having obtained this signal Victory, gave Thanks to God throughout all the Army; and now Victuals growing scarce, by reason of the great Number of Soldiers, they resolved to break up Camp; and those that would to depart home to their own Countries: Sickneses and Diseases,
also

also increased daily among them, by Reason of the Hotness of the Climate : Whereupon Sir *Turpin* with his *Frenchmen* took their Leaves and departed homewards ; soon after Sir *Pedro* with his Army of *Spaniards* ; and quickly after most of the rest ; so that at last there was none left but the *English*, with Sir *Pandrasus* and his warlike *Danes*. The Seven Champions of *Christendom*, who for their former Acts had been eterniz'd all the World over, were resolved to depart away in a Ship by themselves ; and now being thus scattered, we shall (sweet *Clio*, the sacred Sister of the nine Muses assisting us) relate the several Adventures which happened to each of them in their several Perambulations.

C H A P. VIII.

How Sir Turpin of France, Sir Pedro of Spain, Sir Phelim of Ireland, and Sir Owen of the Mountains, arrived in Cyprus; how they put down the Tyrant Isakius, and restor'd the rightful Prince Amadeus to the Throne.

AN D now first shall our Pen attend the Actions of Sir *Turpin*, and his warlike *French*, who having march'd by Land for many Miles together, they then took Shipping, and after a tedious Passage at Sea, arrived on the Island of *Cyprus*, to whose King they sent a friendly Message, desiring Provision for their present Necessity, and wherewithal to victual their Ships, promising to pay him for the same to the uttermost Farthing. But this King, named *Isakius*, being a Tyrant, and having wrongfully attained the Crown, not only deny'd their reasonable Request, but also prepared to make War against them, and by Force to drive them out of his Country, which he was the more confident to do, having then in his Court a Giant named *Guyton*, whom with great Rewards he had hir'd to side with him in his Tyranny. This *Guyton* was a Giant of wonderful Stature, having been bred up in the Desarts of *Hyrkania*; he would eat up a fat Sheep at a Meal, and afterwards
drink

drink up four Gallons of Wine, which made him of such a vast Proportion, that he was most terrible to behold; his usual Weapon wherewith he fought, was a square Bat of Iron, having a Knob at the End of it of thirty Pounds Weight, and on his Body he wore a Coat of Mail of a wonderful Strength: This proud Giant was so conceited of his own Strength, that he thought himself able to encounter singly with an Host of Men; and therefore taking with him only the Guard which belonged to the King, he marched against the *French*, promising to bring them bound unto *Isakius*; but Promises without Performance signify nothing. In this high Resolution, with Fury he fell upon the *French*, dealing as many Wounds as Blows, and as many Deaths almost as Wounds; and now his Iron Bat was all imbru'd with Blood, and Heaps of slaughter'd Carcasses lay on each Side on him; the common Soldiers ran from his Reach with as much Fear as the Partridge from the pursuing Hawk. Sir *Turpin* seeing such Havock made amongst his Soldiers, thought it high Time to shew his Valour, and put a Stop to such Proceedings; wherefore with much Force guided by Prudence, he set upon him; but the Giant's Armour was of such Proof that nothing prevail'd; for notwithstanding Sir *Turpin* was as gallant a Knight as ever buckled on Armour, and that he us'd his utmost

Endeavour for the Honour of his Country, and Glory of his Nation to overcome him, as well as for their own Safeguard; yet maugre all his Force and Valour it nothing avail'd, but he was forced to give Way to the Fury of the Giant. Sir *Turpin* seeing himself thus overmatch by Strength, thought to use Policy, and therefore counterfeiting a Flight, retreated to a Place, where advantaged by the Ground, and his chiefeft Captains, he might the better deal with him; but Providence had ordained a better Remedy, for at that very Instant it so happened, that Sir *Pedro* with his Army of *Spaniards*, having been sorely weather-beaten at Sea, were by Strefs of Weather forced to that Island for Succour, where they were no sooner landed, but they had Information of this Battle; and therefore after a short refreshing, they made up to them; and now Slaughter and Destruction fell heavy on both Sides, the devouring Sword making many Windows in their Bodies for Death to enter in at; much Courage was shewn on both Parts, each striving to gain Honour by the other's Ruin; and now notwithstanding the Giant's Brags of bringing the *Frenchmen* bound to the King, he was forced to go without his Errand, and for Safeguard of his Men make a Retreat towards the City; but there he found but cold Entertainment, for the Citizens hearing how the *Frenchmen* were landed

ed, and that the Giant with the King's Guard were gone to fight with them, they took the Opportunity of the Time, and making a general Insurrection, seized upon the King, secured the Gates of the City, and stood upon their own Defence; and immediately dispatched a Messenger to the *French* and *Spaniards*, to inform them what they had done: Who, upon the hearing of the News, sent forth such a Shout, that the Earth rang with the Noise thereof. The Giant with his Company hearing the loud Shout of the *French* and *Spaniards*, where in a wonderful Amaze, and seeing themselves surrounded with Danger before and behind, they saw there was no other Way but to secure themselves by Flight; which proved the more advantageous to them, by Reason the *French* were so enfeebled through lack of Sustenance, and long Fighting, that they were not able to pursue them: Wherefore leaving the Chase, they marched directly into the City, being of the Citizens entertained with much Joy, who presently sent forth fresh Men after the Giant, whom Sir *Pedro* would needs head, whilst the rest refreshed themselves in the City. These fresh Men, by Intelligence of the Country People, had soon Notice whither the Giant with the greatest Part of his Men were gone; whereupon Sir *Pedro* taking along with him a choice Party of the swiftest Horsemen, pursued him so fast, that in a

short Space they had a View of him ; but the envious Destinies had so ordered it, that near thereunto there was a strong Castle, into which he was enter'd before he could be overtaken ; wherefore they resolved for to besiege it, and either force him by Famine to submit himself, or to gain his Freedom by Hazard of Battle.

Whilst they were thus busied in besieging the Giant, and the Army refreshing themselves in the City, it happened that the Captain of the Guard, with a Party of such as fled with him, being joined to some others, whose despicable Fortunes made them desperate, having Intelligence that the *French* and *Spanish* Ships were but weakly guarded, he with incredible Celerity seized on them, forcing those Seamen that were in them to weigh Anchor, hoist Sail, and proceed to Sea, intending to go into the Island of *Zeylon*, near thereunto adjoining, to raise Forces to withstand the Enemy ; or if that failed, to seek a Habitation in some other remote Country. Whilst they were thus hovering at Sea, it chanced that Sir *Owen of the Mountains*, with a Band of his valiant *Welshmen* came sailing that Way, being sever'd from Sir *Phelim* with his *Irish*, by a Storm at Sea ; Sir *Owen* seeing these Ships, imagined them to be his faithful Friends the *French* and *Spaniards*, and therefore made up to them ; but the Mistake being soon perceived,

perceived, they instantly fell to fighting pell mell; and now Death shewed himself with much Horror, and Blood filled the Wrinkles of the Sea's Visage, which the Water would not wash away, that it might be Witness it was not always his Fault when we condemn his Cruelty. Sir *Owen* with great Valour defended himself, notwithstanding he was oppressed with the Multitude of his Enemies, which were so many in Number above his Men, that he had been in some Danger of being worsted, had not in the very Nick of Opportunity Sir *Phelim* with his *Irish* come timely to his Rescue; but now being strengthened with this Recruit, they so resolutely charged on the *Cypriots*, that first they began to retreat, and afterwards sought to shift away the best they could by Flight; but these Soldiers were so unskillful in Sea Affairs, and the Seamen whom they had forced to go along with them being joyful to be relieved by the *Welsh* and *Irish*, they so ordered the Business, that the Ships were all taken, and the Soldiers in them carried back to the Port from whence they had been forced away.

Sir *Turpin* and Sir *Pedro* hearing of this gallant Enterprize of the *Welsh* and *Irish*, in all Haste went unto them; But now to recount the great Joy at their so happy a Meeting, it is beyond my Art to express; but after Congratulations passed betwixt them, they

they took Order for the better Safeguard of their Ships, and then with the Prisoners marched to the City, where they were entertained with exceeding great Joy, being magnificently feasted by the Citizens, and complimented with Shews and Representations, performed with great Cost and Art. Whilst they were thus revelling in Delights, there came to them a Messenger from the Giant *Guylon*, with a Letter directed to the Officers of the *Christians* Army, which had invaded the Island of *Cyprus*. This Letter or Challenge being open'd, contained these Words :

‘ **T**HINK not, proud *Christians*, al-
 ‘ tho’ by Stealth and Fraud you have
 ‘ invaded our Country, that you shall ever
 ‘ subdue our Hearts, although you may
 ‘ hap to subjugate our Bodies : Now if your
 ‘ Arms be answerable to your Artifices,
 ‘ and that you will maintain with your Sword
 ‘ what you have compassed by Craft : I chal-
 ‘ lenge the best of you all to fight with me,
 ‘ upon this Condition, That if you over-
 ‘ come me, we will submit ourselves and
 ‘ Country to your Disposal ; but if you be
 ‘ overcome by me, then to pass away quiet-
 ‘ ly out of our Land, and restore what un-
 ‘ justly you have taken away from us. This
 ‘ you cannot refuse, if you have any Spark
 ‘ of Valour in you. ‘ GUYLON.’

This

This bold Challenge being read before the four Heroick Captains, they each of them desired to have the Combat, and that with such Earnestness, as it almost bred a Quarrel amongst them; but to avoid all Controversies, it was agreed to cast Lots amongst them, to whose Honour it should befall; which being done accordingly, the Lot fell on the renowned Knight Sir *Owen of the Mountains*, who returned the Giant this Answer to his Challenge:

‘ *Proude Giant,*

‘ **W**HOSE Valour consisteth in
‘ Boasting, and who triumphest be-
‘ fore Conquest, Know that thy Challenge
‘ shall be answered in Justification of what
‘ we have done; prepare therefore thyself
‘ against To-morrow, when I will not fail to
‘ meet thee. Till then, Farewel.

‘ *Owen of the Mountains.*’

Accordingly the next Day, being richly mounted on a grey *Barbary Steed*, arm’d in a Coat of Mail, with a Sword by his Side, and a strong keen Falcheon in his Hand, he rode towards the Castle, accompanied with the *French, Spanish, and Irish* Captains, and a Band of lusty Soldiers, lest there should be any Treachery shewn by the other Side: Soon after came the Giant forth
of

of the Castle, attended only by a Dwarf; he was on Foot, for he was too heavy for any Horse to bear him. He was likewise armed in a Coat of Mail, and came with his great Bat of Iron in his Hand, which he flourished over his Head with great Pride and Ostentation; drawing near unto Sir Owen, with a haughty Voice stuffed with Arrogancy, he thus spake unto him:

‘ Proud Knight, Now shall thy Life pay
‘ for thy Presumption, and thy Ruin be the
‘ Effect of thy Over-daring, who thinkest to
‘ encounter with me in single Combat, from
‘ whose Presence whole Troops have run, as
‘ dreading to come within the Compals of
‘ my invincible Arms; therefore before
‘ thou urgest me too far, let me advise thee
‘ to dismount, and humble thyself at my
‘ Feet, which may be a Means to obtain the
‘ more Favour at my Hands.’

Sir Owen smiling at the Words of the Giant, returned the Bragadocia this Answer:

‘ Giant, leave thy proud Boasting, for
‘ know it will behove thee more to use thy
‘ Hands than thy Tongue. When thou
‘ hast me in thy Power, use me as thou
‘ wilt; and since thou wert so courteous
‘ as to advise me, I shall also be so kind as
‘ to warn thee to have a Care of thyself,
‘ lest

‘left with my Sword I so belabour thy
‘Jacket, as shall make thee promise less,
‘except thou couldst perform more.’

And now Sir *Owen* seeing the Giant on Foot, alighted from his Horse, that it should not be said Advantage added any Thing to his Victory; then drawing their Swords, they laid on Load with great Courage, dealing such blows, that to the Beholders Sight the least of them would leave Death behind it, and those laid on so thick, as if that every Blow would have been foremost. Thus continued they for some Time, their Swords, like Cannons, battering down the Walls of their Armour, making Breaches almost in every Place for Troops of Wounds to enter. At last the Giant began to faint, the Weightiness of his great Iron Club, together with the Heat of the Sun which then shined forth in its brightest Luitre, made him so sweat, as if he had been working at the Cyclops Forge, or hammering at the footy God *Vulcan*’s Anvil: Yet like the dying Taper, willing to give one Flash of Valour before his Fall, taking his Iron Club in both his Hands, he struck at Sir *Owen* with all his Might; but his Eyes being blinded with the Sweat, he missed his Blow, and with the Force thereof tumbled down upon his Face, giving Sir *Owen* thereby a fit Opportunity to finish his Victory, which he soon did,

240 *The Renowned History of the*
did, by cutting off his Head from his
Body.

The *Cyprians* seeing their Champion slain, presently yielded up the Castle; and the News being bruited abroad in the Country, they came from all Places, and submitted themselves unto these valiant Captains Mercy, who received their Submissions with much Gentleness and Courtesy; soon after they caused an Assembly to be made of the chiefeſt Persons of all the Realm, before whom, the Usurper *Ifakius* was brought; where the Council being ſet, one of the chiefeſt Advocates of the Land ſpoke as followeth :

‘ Right Honourable, You may pleaſe to
‘ underſtand, That this *Ifakius* here before
‘ you, the pretended King of *Cyprus*, was
‘ Brother to *Amadeus* our lawful King,
‘ and whoſe Anceſtors have for many De-
‘ ſcents enjoyed this Crown. This *Amadeus*
‘ when he died left behind him one only
‘ Son, a Child of two Years old, named
‘ alſo *Amadeus*, to whom he bequeathed
‘ his Crown; making his Brother *Ifakius*
‘ a Guardian and Protector to him during
‘ his Minority : But he inſtead of a Guar-
‘ dian to defend, proved a Wolf to deſtroy;
‘ inſtead of a Protector to flouriſh, became
‘ a Tyger to devour; for he having gotten
‘ into Authority, and ſecured the chiefeſt
‘ Strengths

‘ Strengths of the Realm in his Hands, he
‘ soon picked a Quarrel with all the No-
‘ bility, whom he thought in the leastwise
‘ favoured *Amadeus*, and by surmised Faults
‘ bereft them of their Lives, and seized on
‘ their Estates. And that he might not be
‘ brought to an Account for these lawless
‘ Actions, he gained to his Support the
‘ Assistance of the Giant *Guylon*, which by
‘ your matchless Force hath been brought
‘ to his End. And now being secured as he
‘ thought in his Tyranny, he soon disposed
‘ of young *Amadeus*, but how, or which
‘ Way is to us unknown: Our Request there-
‘ fore is, most noble Captains, that he may
‘ by Force be made to confess what he hath
‘ done with him; that if alive, he may be
‘ restored unto us; but if otherwise (which
‘ the Gods forbid) he may be punished for
‘ the same according to his Deserts.’

Then was *Isakius* called to answer for himself, who trembling for Fear, having a Load of Guilt upon his Conscience, with a pale Countenance and faltering Speech, made this Reply :

‘ If a fair Acknowledgment may mitigate
‘ my Crime, I shall hereby freely give it you,
‘ confessing the uttermost to my Knowledge,
‘ that by imparting the same I may in some
‘ measure unburden my Conscience, which
‘ No. 19. X doth

doth now grievously oppress me: Know then, that an ambitious Desire of sitting on the Throne, made me make a Ladder of Mischief to ascend thereunto; in order hereof, having levelled my Way, by destroying all those who I thought would oppose my Designs, yet thought I not myself sure, until I had so dispos'd of the Heir that he might not be heard of; knowing that People have always a great Affection to the lawful Successor; yet resolved not to murder him, that if afterwards I should be called to an Account, by preserving his Life, I might the better secure my own. Therefore by the Help of a trusty Servant, I plac'd him with a Shepherd of this Country, he not knowing him to be the Prince, but the By-blow of some Gentlewoman, who was not willing to have her Shame known, yet with this Caution, That he should bring him up as his own Son; and for so doing he was liberally rewarded with a considerable Sum of Money. Thus, Gentlemen, have I given you a true Relation of what I have done with the Prince; which if you please to send to the Shepherd, you will have the Truth confirmed by Eye sight, he being at this present in good Health; as I am informed by the same Servant which placed him there; and who (if you please) shall
conduct

‘conduct those whom you send unto the
‘Place where he now resides.’

Ifakius having ended his Speech, it was concluded the Prince should be immediately sent for; whereupon two Gentlemen of Quality were deputed to be the Messengers, who being attended with divers Servants, and guided by *Ifakius's* Confidant, in a short Space came unto the Shepherd's House, who seeing such a Company before the Door, was in a bodily Fear; but at last spying *Beno* (for so was *Ifakius's* Servant named) his Heart waxed more chearful; but when he heard them demand where the young Prince then was, mistrusting by *Beno's* Presence, that young *Ornus* (such had they named *Ama-deus*) to be the Party they enquired for, he was almost fallen into a Swoon, expecting no other but that he should be hang'd up; but being a little come to himself, he informed them, that the Prince was at that present keeping of Sheep, not past half a Mile distant from that Place; whereupon two of the Chief of them, being guided by the Shepherd, went to seek him; now as they came near him, being enter'd into a little Thicket, they heard a Voice which with great Harmony utter'd forth this Sonnet:

The little Lark that in the Ground is hatcht,
And there bred up till Feathers make her fly,
No sooner she a Flight or two hath catcht,
But up she mounts unto the lofty Sky;
Where if she see Sun-shine and Weather fair,
How then for Joy she twittles in the Air.

But if she see the Wind begin to blow,
Or pour down Rain, and Tempests do arise,
Within a Bush she keeps herself full low,
Where, pretty Wretch, close to the Ground she lies,
Until such Time as all the Storms be past,
And then again she mounteth up in Haste.

Which plainly shews the Nature in the Lark,
Is still to seek to mount the lofty Sky,
And though perhaps you now and then may mark
A Kistrel Kite to make a Flight so high;
Yet all Things weigh'd, if each Thing have his Right,
A Lark will far be lik'd above a Kite.

The Prince having ended this Sonnet,
they went up to him, doing him Reverence,
which put him into a Fear and Amazement,
wondering at what was done unto him; yet
was not his Fears so great as was the old
Shepherd's, seeing him with them, whom
he reputed to be his Father. At last the old
Shepherd acquainted him with their Message,
which could not at first enter into his Heart,
although he had always entertained noble
Thoughts under a vulgar Habit; yet this so
sudden a Message made him to doubt whe-
ther that he were awake, or that he had
seen some Vision or Apparition; at last a
little

little recollecting himself, he spake in this Manner :

‘ Think it not strange, Gentlemen, if
‘ your Words so on the sudden do surprize
‘ me ; nor blame me not if I am slow to be-
‘ lieve Wonders, for such your Speeches do
‘ import. ’Tis true, indeed, I have heard of
‘ several Persons who have left their Com-
‘ mands and Riches, to enjoy the Quiet
‘ of a retired Life ; but for the Servant of a
‘ Shepherd to be the Son of a King, and
‘ he ignorant of it, appears no less than a
‘ Miracle to me.’

But the Messengers seconding the old Shepherd’s Speeches, and with many Asseverations confirming the Truth of their Words, at last Belief entered into the Crannies of his Heart ; and committing his Sheep to the Guidance of another, he returned with them to the Shepherd’s Cottage, to refresh himself before his Journey. But when the old Shepherd’s Wife understood that their Servant was a Prince, she was herself in Conceit no less than a Queen ; saying,
‘ *Ornus*, (for so as I told you they called the
‘ Prince) when thou comest to thy Kingdom
‘ I hope thou wilt bestow on me a new
‘ Gown.’ The Gentlemen laughed heartily at her Request, promising in the Prince’s Name, she should have a good one ; this

so overjoy'd the old Woman's Heart, that she brought forth unto them the choicest Cakes she had in the House, whereon they fed very heartily : and so taking Leave of the Shepherd and his Wife, who could scarce speak for Weeping, they prepared for their Journey. The princely Shepherd comforted the aged Couple with great Promises of Love and Friendship which he should bear unto them, for the Care they had of him in his Childhood ; so taking Horse, in a short Time they came to the City, where they were very joyfully receiv'd by the four *Christian* Captains : But when the Citizens understood how their rightful Prince was returned to rule over them, it is not to be imagined the Joy they receiv'd, which they express'd by ringing of Bells, making of Bonfires, and other Demonstrations of great Shoutings and Laughter. Then by the general Consent of the States, the Prince *Amadeus* was crown'd King, and the Usurper *Isakius* committed to Prison ; which being done, the four *Christian* Captains having victualled their Ships, and having a prosperous Wind, put forth to Sea, where we will leave them to show what befall to the other *Christian* Champions, during the mean Time.

C H A P. IX.

The famous Adventures of the two Renown'd Captains, Sir Orlando of Italy and Sir Ewin of Scotland; how they redeemed the Duke of Candy's Daughter from her Inchantment, with other Things that happened.

NOW shall our Pen attend the valiant Exploits of those two famous Captains, Sir Orlando, who conducted the bold *Italians*, and Sir Ewin the Captain of the warlike *Scots*, who having taken their Leave of the Seven Champions, as also of St. George's three warlike Sons, they marched from thence with the Remainder of their Army, the greatest Part of them being consumed by the Pestilence, and for Want of Victuals; having in their March pass'd the Confines of *Asia*, and gone through the fruitful Countries of *Greece*, they at last took Shipping in a Haven Town of *Peloponnesus*, when after three Days sailing, they saw before them a goodly Island, from whence they heard most terrible Shrieks, as it were of tortured Persons, and People in great Distress; whereupon Sir Orlando and Sir Ewin commanded the Mariners to make up to it, which they endeavoured to do; but coming near to it, it moved so from them, that notwithstanding all their Endeavours
they

they could not reach it. Whilst thus they stood amazed at this strange Adventure, there appeared unto them out of the Sea, a certain Tryton or Sea-God, in the Likeness of those which they call *Mer-men*, who shaking his Locks, spake to them in the Ship in this Manner :

‘ I know you much wonder at the strange
 ‘ Moving of this Island, and at the Cries
 ‘ and Shrieks which you hear from thence :
 ‘ To satisfy you then, know that this Island
 ‘ belongeth to the famous Necromancer
 ‘ *Bandito*, and whose great Skill in the Art-
 ‘ Magick hath made his Name known
 ‘ through most of the Countries of *Africa*
 ‘ and *Asia*. This *Bandito* before such Time
 ‘ as he practis’d the Black Art, fell in Love
 ‘ with the Duke’s Daughter of *Candia*, and
 ‘ by reason of his extraordinary Riches, and
 ‘ high Parentage, was well entertained by
 ‘ the Duke her Father, but her Affections
 ‘ were wholly settled on a young Gentle-
 ‘ man named *Dyon*, one whose Virtues were
 ‘ above his Wealth, and his comely Per-
 ‘ sonage above his Patrimony, to him her
 ‘ Love was so firmly link’d, that she re-
 ‘ solved that nothing but Death should part
 ‘ their Affections ; and therefore to prevent
 ‘ her Father’s Importunity, who each Hour
 ‘ lay at her to match with *Bandito*, she
 ‘ agreed with her Love *Dyon* to forsake her
 ‘ Father’s

‘ Father’s House, and accompany him to
‘ any other Country, where they might
‘ freely enjoy each others Affections ; ac-
‘ cordingly the next Night Dame *Cynthia*
‘ favouring their Designs, she pack’d up
‘ the choicest of her Jewels, and attended
‘ only with one Servant, whom she could
‘ trust, stole out of her Father’s House,
‘ and meeting with her beloved *Dyon*, at a
‘ Place whereas they had appointed, hav-
‘ ing a Bark, they entered therein, and the
‘ next Morning before she was missed were
‘ gotten out of the Pursuit of her Father ;
‘ who having Intelligence thereof, fared
‘ like a mad Man, exclaiming against
‘ the Heavens in a prodigious Manner, and
‘ threatening severe Punishment on his
‘ Daughter. But when it came to the Ears
‘ of *Bandito*, he in great Fury to be disap-
‘ pointed, vowed Revenge on all her Re-
‘ lations ; but wanting Means to effect his
‘ Desires, because the Duke was very strong
‘ and potent, he betook himself to the As-
‘ sistance of the Devil ; and entering into a
‘ solitary Wilderness, having with him store
‘ of magical Books, he fell unto his Conju-
‘ rations, and in short Space raised up the
‘ Devil, with whom he indented, That hav-
‘ ing by his Means revenged himself upon
‘ his Enemies, and to live the Remainder
‘ of his Life in all Delight and Pleasure ;
‘ at the Expiration thereof, his Body and
Soul

‘ Soul to be at the Devil’s disposing. Having
‘ thus agreed in his devilish Contract, his
‘ Desire of Revenge was so urgent, that he
‘ rested not until, by his magical Arts, he
‘ learned where these two unfortunate Lo-
‘ vers were landed ; of which he presently
‘ informed the Duke, who hastened thither
‘ with all Speed for to surprize these deplo-
‘ rable Innocents ; but this *Bandito* having
‘ them now together, wrought so by his
‘ devilish Enchantments, that the Island
‘ wherein they were, removed from the
‘ Place of its proper Station, and waisted
‘ upon the Face of the Ocean, whither he
‘ pleased for to direct it : And having thus
‘ done, he raised up four infernal Hags,
‘ who with burning Whips do continually
‘ torment these three Persons, which by
‘ the Fates is ordered to endure until such
‘ Time two worthy *Christians* from the Con-
‘ fines of *Christendom*, shall put an End un-
‘ to the Enchantment ; which two worthy
‘ Persons ordained by the Fates to put a
‘ Period to their Torments, shall have the
‘ one of them a Cross, the other a Star
‘ depicted on their left Shoulder, by which
‘ they may know themselves ordained to
‘ be those for whom this Adventure was al-
‘ lotted.’

And having uttered these Words, the
Tryton again sunk into the Sea, leaving all
the

the People in the two Ships in great Wonder and Admiration.

The *Tryton* being thus vanished, the two noble Captains Sir *Orlando* and Sir *Ewin*, for the better Encouragement of their Soldiers, stripped off their Doublets, and shewing them their Shoulders, there was visible thereon the two Signs of the assured Conquest, which was promised unto them; whereupon the Soldiers gave such a Shout as sounded like to the Cataracts of the River *Nilus*, and seemed to rend the Clouds in sunder. The Noise being ceased, the Island which before seemed to move, now became fixed, so that with Ease they approached near unto it; but attempting to land, they were often put by, by Spirits in the Likeness of Dragons and fiery Serpents, which so frightened the Soldiers, that no Words could induce them to join with them in Battle; whereupon Sir *Orlando* and Sir *Ewin*, in whose Breasts were sown the Seeds of true Magnanimity, to shew them an Example of undaunted Resolution leaped on Shore, and with their strong Cuttle-Axes made of the purest *Lydian* Steel, they laid about them with as great Strength and Courage, as did *Alcides* when he encounter'd with the Cyclops, or the magnanimous *Hector* fighting against the *Greeks* in the Plains of *Ilium*. Whilst they were thus occupied in these martial Adventures, the Magician *Bandito* knowing

knowing by his Spells, that he must quickly render up his Body a loathed Carcase to the Disposal of the infernal Furies, was resolved in the mean Time to do what Mischief he could; and first he raised up a Spirit in the Likeness of a flaming Fire, which encompassing the two Knights, so heated their Bodies, as if they had been fighting in the scorching Desarts of *Africa*. Next appeared a terrible Monster in the Shape of a Lion, having Eyes as large as Saucers, and Teeth longer than the Tusks of a Boar bred up in the *Caledonian* Woods, who assaulted the two Knights with great Fury. In the mean Time the Soldiers landed themselves, and in a warlike Posture came to the Rescue of the two Champions, who by this Time, through the scorching Heat of the Fire, and the Strength of the Monster, began to faint. Whereupon a selected Party of the chieftest of them, being armed with Coats of Mail, and having in their Hands steeled Javelins, which would penetrate and strike through any Armour, although as strong as that which *Vulcan* by the Request of *Venus* made for *Achilles*; these with a valiant Resolution ran towards the Monster, but coming at him, he vanished away, leaving behind him such a horrible Stink, as if it had proceeded from the Lake *Avernus*, one of the poisoned Rivers of Hell: In the mean Time the loud Artillery of Thunder sent forth

forth such loud Noises, as rent the Air, and made the Ground whereon they stood to shake, attended with dreadful Flashes of Lightning, when presently followed a serene Sky, and a seeming Castle which stood before them immediately vanished; whither approaching, they found the dead Carcase of the Magician, his Joints all dislocated, and the Trunk of his Body as black as the sooty Moor, or Cimerian Darknes. The Duke and the two Lovers were eas'd from their Torments, whom they congratulated for their happy Deliverance. These three Persons, though much amazed at what had happened, yet could hardly believe themselves delivered from their persecuting Tormentors; but being made sensible of their Preservation by the two noble Captains, their Joy was inexpressible; the Duke returning them his grateful Thanks in these Words:

‘ Most magnanimous Heroes, to whom
‘ I am indebted for the Remainder of my
‘ unfortunate Life, you have so far oblig-
‘ ed me for this Favour, and that so per-
‘ fectly, that I must be your Debtor all the
‘ Days of my Life: All that I can offer
‘ unto you is, that you would employ me
‘ in your Service, that I might testify unto
‘ you in some Part a Requital of your Fa-
No. 20. Y ‘ vours;

‘vours ; which I acknowledge you have so
 ‘undeservedly conferred upon us.’

‘Most courteous Prince, (replied Sir
 ‘*Orlando*) all the Requital we shall desire at
 ‘your Hands is, that you will pardon
 ‘what is past, and freely bestow your
 ‘Daughter on this Gentleman, whose De-
 ‘serts did far transcend *Bandito’s* Wealth,
 ‘for know we have heard the Story of their
 ‘Loves, and in so doing we shall think
 ‘ourselves sufficiently requited for what we
 ‘have undertaken and performed for your
 ‘Freedom.’

‘Sir, (said the Prince) your Words,
 ‘like Musick, please me so well, that it
 ‘shall be the greatest Joy of my Heart to
 ‘have it so ;’ and thereupon embracing
 Sir *Dyon*, as also his Daughter, who hum-
 bly kneel’d at his Feet, desiring Forgiveness
 for what she had done ; ‘Dear Daughter,
 ‘said he, may thy Joys with him here after
 ‘be as comfortable, and more during, than
 ‘thy Trouble and Afflictions have been hi-
 ‘therto ; and know it repenteth me for my
 ‘Unkindness to thee, which hath forced
 ‘thee to do what thou hast done.’

After these Words spoken, with many
 other Expressions of Love and Forgetfulness
 of what was past, they all went to view the
 Body

Body of the Magician, which they found so fearfully dismembered, as cannot without Horror be expressed; here lay his Brains in one Place, in another an Eye, there a Piece of his Jaw-bone, here an Arm, there a Leg, in another Place a Piece of his Buttocks, wrapped up with some of his rotten Guts, and all stinking so obominably, as the Smell thereof was not able to be endured. And now there being no Entertainment in that Island for so many People as they had with them, they resolved upon their Departure; but before they went, they erected up a high Pillar near to the Place where the Magician was rent in Pieces, on which Pillar these Verses were inscribed:

Wicked *Bandito* bent unto all Evil,
 Who for Revenge did sell his Soul to the Devil;
 Whose whole Delight was Blood and Cruelty;
 And as he lived in Blood, in Blood did die;
 Who e'er thou be, that dost this Writing read,
 Of Magick Arts, and wicked Acts take heed;
 Left like unto *Bandito*, that same bloody Wretch,
 The Devil for thy Deeds thy Soul do fetch,

And a little underneath was this written:

Wretched *Bandito*, near unto this Place,
 Was by the Devil all in Pieces torn;
 Thou that read'st this, learn to have more Grace,
 Or better far it were thou ne'er wert born.

The Pillar being erected, the two valiant
 Captains Sir *Orlando* and Sir *Ewin*, with
 Y 2 the

the Duke of *Candy*, the Princess, and Sir *Dyon*, took Ship, and having a prosperous Wind, in a few Days arrived on the fruitful Coast of *Candy*, and with Speed marched to *Cidonia* the chief City thereof, where they were entertained most joyfully, the Bells rang, the Bonfires blaz'd, the Walls, Windows, Roofs, Towers, Steeples and Battlements, all beset with People to behold the Sight: The Windows were hung with rich Arras and curious Tapestry, and the Conduits ran with *Greekish* Wine. Thus in great Triumph did they march through the Streets until they came to the Duke's Palace, which for stately Bravery, and brave State-lines, was erected according to what the Height of Fancy could express; the Cam-fred Pillars, strange Colosses, Ascents and Statues were wonderful to behold. Here were they entertain'd by the Duke with all Delights imaginable, each Day was honoured with a Feast, where nothing was wanted to crown the Appetite with Content; the Boards were served with princely Dishes; and the Juice of the Grape flowed in Cups of burnished Gold. But these two valiant Captains, in whose Breasts were sown the Seeds of true Magnanimity, soon grew weary of these Carpet-delights, and therefore informed the Duke of their Intention to depart; who, though very loth, as Persons to whom he owed whatever he was, yet condescended

descended thereunto : But before their Departure in a grateful Acknowledgment of the great Kindness he had received from them, he presented Sir Orlando with a rich Sword the Pommel of which was enchased with Diamonds, Rubies, and other Stones of rich Price ; upon the Blade was this Motto engraven.

The Benefit received shall not
By me for ever be forgot.

To Sir Ewin he presented a rich silver Target, beset on the Sides with Emeralds, Sapphires, and other Stones of great Value, of such a refulgent Lustre, as gave a Light in the Night like unto so many Wax Candles : In the Middle thereof was portrayed *Hector* and *Achilles* in a single Tournament, the one breathing these Words out of his Mouth :

In a just Cause, who would refuse to fight?

The other answering,

But then you must be sure your Cause be right.

To the other Captains and Soldiers was also given Gifts of great Value, so that they departed away all of them very well satisfied. In their Way homewards, they met with certain Pirates, who roving upon the Coasts of *Italy*, took many of the Inhabitants Prisoners, among others was the

beautiful *Ciropa*, Sister unto Sir *Orlando*. With these Pirates they engaged with much Resolution, who made a very stout Resistance, so that the Air was made dark with their flying Darts, and the Sea colour'd with Blood issuing from the Scoop-holes; many were slain, and more wounded, before the Pirates would hearken to yielding; but at last, seeing themselves not able to hold out, they cry'd for Mercy, which the generous Captains Sir *Orlando* and Sir *Ewin* freely granted them. And so the Pirates delivering up their Weapons to the Conqueror's Hands, they entered their Ships: But when Sir *Orlando* beheld his Sister amongst the Captives, he was intranced with Wonder, and stood like a Stag at a Gaze, as if his Soul had been gone upon some serious Errand, and left the Corpse in pawn till it came back.

She on the other Side was as much surpriz'd to behold her Brother and Deliverer, whom she ran unto and kindly embraced. But if Sir *Orlando* was surprized with Admiration, Sir *Ewin* was stricken into an Extasy in beholding her divine Perfections, esteeming her to be Nature's chief Master-piece, whose rare Composure modellized forth the Height of all Beauty, so transcendently did she show in this low Estate, that he esteemed her to be the Magazine or Common-wealth of all Perfections, and the very true Elixir of all Beauty.

These

These Excellencies shot a thousand Darts of *Cupid* into the Heart of Sir *Ewin*, so that being imboldened by Love, he accosted her in this Manner :

‘ Most divine Lady, who art inspir’d
‘ with all the Excellencies that the World
‘ can bestow upon your Sex ; I shall account
‘ it an Honour to me to become your Ser-
‘ vant ; my Resolution herein being so mag-
‘ nanimous, that I suppose no ill Fortune
‘ can attend upon it : Deign then, Madam,
‘ to accept me for such, which may prove
‘ a Spur to my Courage, in fighting under
‘ so divine a Beauty.’

To whom the Lady *Ciropa* with a smiling Countenance replied in this Manner :

‘ Sir, I acknowledge myself doubly en-
‘ gag’d to you, as for your Love, so also
‘ for my Liberty, for which I cannot in
‘ the least make you a Requital ; but since
‘ you do establish your Content upon my
‘ Acceptance of your Service, your Hopes
‘ cannot deceive you much, if an Acknow-
‘ ledgment of my Affections to you may
‘ be any ways the Means of making you
‘ happy.’

These loving Passages between Sir *Ewin* and the Lady *Ciropa* were very pleasing un-

to Sir Orlando, who desired nothing more than the Alliance of so valiant and good a Knight as Sir Ewin : And now was Sir Orlando minded to have inflicted severe Punishment on the Captain of the Pirates for stealing away his Sister, but remembering his Promise, which he would not violate for all the Wealth in *Asia* ; he therefore took the chiefest Riches of their Ships from them, which he distributed amongst his Soldiers, and having releas'd all the Prisoners, he put the Pirates into one of their empty Ships, and sent them away ; whilst their own Fleet with a merry Gale of Wind set forwards for *Italy*, whither in short Space they safely arrived ; and to compleat their Joys, not long after Sir Ewin was married unto the Lady *Ciropa*, upon whom Sir Orlando bestowed many rich Gifts, and sent them away to the Country of *Scotland*, where for a while we will leave them, and return to speak of the strange Travels and Adventures of the Seven Champions of *Christendom*.

C H A P. X.

How the Seven Champions came to a Land where the Men for their Sins were chang'd into the Shape of Beasts ; and how by finishing the Adventure of the Golden Cave, they return'd to their Shapes again.

NOW come we to speak of the Seven Champions of *Christendom*, who not long after the Departure of *Sir Orlando* and *Sir Ewin*, being desirous to return to their native Countries, to repose their Bodies where they had their Births ; taking their Leaves of *St. George's* three Sons, they also took Shipping in a single Ship, and cutting the briny Face of *Neptune* for three or four Days, were favour'd with a gentle Gale of Wind, which made the Sailors Hearts full merry ; but on the fifth Day, notwithstanding that *Phæbus* sent forth his Beams with much Radiancy, until such Time as he became an equal Arbiter of the forepast and coming Part of the Day, there then fell a Mist upon the Face of the Ocean, which in an Instant grew to such Darkness, that neither Men nor Masts on the Deck were discernable, so that the Pilot was at a loss which way to steer ; yet could they perceive that their Ship moved with a swift Motion, although there was then so great a Calm, and such a gentle Air as not to stir
one

one Hair of their Heads. This continued for the Space of seven Days, so that the whole Company were given over to Silence and Sadness, when to comfort their Hearts, the renowned Champion of *England*, St. George, calling them together, made to them this following Oration :

‘ Renowned Champions, and Fellow-
 ‘ Soldiers in Arms, be not dismay’d at this
 ‘ which hath happen’d unto you, since no-
 ‘ thing comes by Chance, but what is be-
 ‘ fore pre-appointed of the Gods, and must
 ‘ inevitably come to pass ; which Things,
 ‘ though seeming to us strange and wonder-
 ‘ ful, yet many Times are the Fore-runners
 ‘ and Causes of Good both to us and others ;
 ‘ let us therefore be arm’d with Patience,
 ‘ and not think to fight against Heaven, as
 ‘ they do who murmur and repine at any
 ‘ Mischance which befalls them ; for know
 ‘ assuredly, whom the Gods love they will
 ‘ protect, and to a valiant Mind no Peril
 ‘ comes unlook’d for ; and if we perish in
 ‘ this Extremity, let it be our Comfort,
 ‘ that we die unconquer’d of our Enemies.’

This Oration of St. George much comforted the Hearts of all that heard him, but soon after greater Comfort appear’d, for on a sudden the Sky began to clear, and the Sun, whom they had not seen in many Days, began

began to appear, and to shoot forth his enlightening Rays ; their Ship now did not move of itself, nor knew the Marriners in what Coast they were, yet was their Joy exceeding great to behold the lightsome Beams of the Sun, and to converse with their Companions as well with their Eyes as with their Ears. Soon after they espied Land, unto which they made with all the Speed they could, and having landed, found it a very fruitful Country, stor'd abundantly with all Sorts of Beasts, Birds, and other living Creatures ; but neither Men, Women, nor Houses, nor any Signs of any that had ever been there. This struck them all into Wonder and Amazement ; but that which most of all amaz'd them, was to see these Beasts and Birds flock about them, and with bellowing, bleating, chirping, crying and other Signs, seem to make their Moan unto them. Whilst they were thus wondering, there appear'd unto them an antient Palmer, clad in a Ruffet Gown down to the Ground, his Hairs as white as *Venus's* Doves, or Snow upon the *Scythian* Mountains, his aged Limbs supported with an Ebony Staff tip'd with Silver ; his Looks seem'd to have formerly carried Majesty with it, though now Time's Plough had printed deep Furrows in his aged Face ; he, seeing this Company, made up to them,
and

264 *The Renowned History of the*
and addressing himself to St. George as to
the chiefest of them, spake as followeth :

‘ Renowned *English* Champion, for of
‘ your Country I am not ignorant, having
‘ in my Youth travel’d through most Parts
‘ thereof : Know that by the Destinies I
‘ was inform’d of your coming hither, and
‘ therefore came to this Place on purpose
‘ to meet you : Come then along with me,
‘ and I will shew you Things transcending
‘ the Power of a strong Belief ;’ and with
that he led them through a spacious Plain,
unto an intricate Thicket or Labyrinth,
having in the Midst thereof a most stately
Building which overlook’d all the Plain
round about. Hither through unknown
Ways, did the Palmer bring them, where
he caused his Servants (having about twenty
of them) to provide for the Champions
and their Retinue, such a costly Dinner, as
was not imagin’d to be gotten in such a desert
Place. After Dinner, having refreshed
themselves with some Bowls of *Leatick* Wine,
he led them up to the Top of his Palace,
which had a Gallery round about it to overlook
the Plains : Here, having placed the
Champions so that they might have a full
Prospect of the whole Country, sitting down
in a Chair by them he thus began :

‘ Know,

Know, worthy Knights at Arms, that this Country wherein you now are, is called *Scobellum*, of such a fruitful Soil, that it may well be stil'd the Garden of *Ceres*, and Vintage of *Bacchus*; such is the Plenty of all Things therein; nor was it less populous of Inhabitants than fruitful of Necessaries for to maintain them; but this their Plenty caus'd Pride, and Abundance of all Things caus'd Abundance of all Manner of Vices amongst them, so that as if they had ingrossed the Corruptions of all Nations to themselves, they could not have been a more defiled People than they were, exceeding the *Cannibals* for Cruelty, the *Persians* for Pride, the *Egyptians* for Luxury, the *Cretians* for Lying, the *Germans* for Drunkenness, and all Nations together for a Generality of Vices. Such a Mass of Evils call'd for a Mass of Punishments, which the Gods inflicted upon them, and that according to the Nature of their Deserts, and the Quality of their Crimes; for tho' great Plenty of Beasts and Fowls which here you view, were once Men and Women as in other Places, but now chang'd to the Likeness of what you see. Drunkards were chang'd into Swine, who still retain the same Nature, there being no Difference betwixt a Drunkard and a Swine. Lecherous Persons were chang'd into

No. 20. Z Goats;

Goats; and some of those finer Sort of
lustful People into Sparrows, whose Lives
are short through too much Copulation.
Proud People were turn'd to Peacocks;
Scolds were metamorphos'd to Magpies,
and chattering Jays. Such as lost their
Estates at Cards and Dice, were transform'd to Asses. Those whose Delight
was only in Musick and Singing, were
chang'd to Thrushes and Nightingales.
Envious Persons were metamorphos'd to
Dogs, who lying on Hay, will eat none
themselves, nor suffer the Hunger-starved
Ox to feed thereon. Those Women who
would work hard, but were troubled with
other bad Qualities, were transform'd to
Milch-Cows, who would give Pails full
of Milk, but as soon as they had done
kick it down with their Heels. Jesters,
Buffoons, and Jack-puddings, were transform'd to Monkeys, Baboons and Apes;
Dancers on the Ropes were turned to
Squirrels; Usurers, Misers, and such like
covetous Persons, were changed to Moles.
In brief, worthy Champions (for I would
not trouble your Patience too long) there
was a general Metamorphosis made of
them all, each one according to the Degree
wherein they had formerly lived;
and this their Punishment destin'd by the
Fates for to endure until such Time as
some hardy Knight should be so bold as
to

to attempt the Conquest of the *Golden Cave*, which if he overcome, then shall their Transformations cease, and they return again to their proper Shapes.

Now, worthy Knights, the Adventure of the *Golden Cave* is this: About six Miles from this Place lieth a Cave, the Entrance whereinto is through diverse Windings and Turnings, like unto a Labyrinth; in which Cave is kept a continual Fire, made by such Art, as nothing shall quench it but only the Water of a Cistern at the Entrance of the said Cave, which is guarded by two Giants, and two Centaurs, with whom they must combat before they can attain to the Cistern. Now, worthy Chieftains, if there be any amongst you so adventurous, as for the Sakes of these poor transformed People, will adventure your Lives, the Enterprize will not only be honourable to yourselves, but you will also oblige thousands in thankful Gratitude to your Memories for so inestimable a Benefit.

Now, by the Honour of my Country *England*, said *St. George*, never let me buckle on Armour, if I make not one in this Enterprize; so likewise said the other six Champions, each striving which should have the Honour to accompany *St. George*

in so noble an Enterprize ; wherefore, that Emulation might not cause any Strife, they agreed to cast Lots amongst the six, which of the three should accompany him ; so accordingly they did, and the Lots fell upon the three famous Champions, *St. Anthony of Italy*, *St. James of Spain*, and *St. Patrick of Ireland* ; who glad of their good Fortunes, prepared themselves against the next Day to try the Adventure, and in the Morning no sooner did *Aurora* usher in the Day, and from the glowing East display her purple Doors, but the four Champions mounted on their warlike Steeds, who glad of such a Burden, pranc'd under them in as great State as did the famous *Bucephalus*, when he was bestrid by the warlike *Alexander*. So taking a Guide with them from the Palmer, they traced to the *Golden Cave*, where they alighted, and gave their Guide their Horses to lead ; here they were met by a Dwarf, who spake to them in these Words :

‘ Proud Knights, presume not to come
‘ within the Compass of these Gates, lest
‘ you repent your Folly, and with the Loss
‘ of your Lives pay for your Presumption.’
To whom *St. George* answer'd, ‘ Dwarf,
‘ Go tell your Masters, we come to try our
‘ Skills with them, to prove which of our
‘ Swords cuts sharpest.’ ‘ That shall you soon
‘ see,’ said the Dwarf ; and returning to the
Cave,

Cave, told the Giants what St. George had said to him; who presently came marching out to them, with each an Oak upon his Shoulder, which when they came near unto the Champions, they brandish'd over their Heads; as if they had been Hazel-Twigs:

Audacious Villains, said the Giants, do you desire to feel the Strength of our Arms, you shall soon try to your Cost what we can do; and therewithal struck at the Champions with such Fury, as the Earth shook with the Force of their Blows. Who would have seen the Picture of *Meleto*, or with what Manner of Countenance *Medea* kill'd her own Children, needed but take their Faces for the full Satisfaction of their Knowledge in that Point. The Champions nimblely avoided their Blows, and getting within the Compass of their Oaks, made up to the Giants, whose Sides they so thwacked, and were so liberal of their Blows, that the Giants feeling the Weight of them, betook them to their Heels, and left their knotty Clubs behind them, to be view'd by the Champions with Wonder and Admiration, at the Strength of those that could wield such mighty Weapons; but minding to prosecute the Adventure, they follow'd the Giants, who were gotten out of Sight, and the Champions found themselves at a Loss in following them, the Multiplicity of Paths

Z 3

leading

leading each Way, making them doubtful which to chuse; at last they resolv'd each of them to take a several Path, and if they met not together at the Cave, then to return each to the same Place again. Now it so chanc'd that as they were going in those Paths, each of them to meet with an Opposer; and first *St. George* met with one of the Centaurs, being of a terrible Shape, and incredible Strength, betwixt whom began a most fierce Combat with great Courage and Magnanimity, insomuch as *St. George* was never so put to it in all the Battles he had ever fought before; for the Centaur was both nimble and strong, and fought with great Skill and Courage; but *St. George* having with a Side-blow given him a deep Wound on the Ribs, he sent forth such a hideous Yell, as was like the loud Rattle of the drumming Wind, or Cannons when they disgorge their fiery Vomits, and nimbly turning him about, fled amain towards the Cave.

The renowned Champion *St. Anthony* of *Italy* had not gone far in his Path, but he met with one of the Giants, who came now armed in a Coat of Mail, with a great Bar of Iron on his Shoulders, with whom *Sir Anthony* encounter'd with great Courage; nor was the Giant backward of his Endeavours in obtaining the Conquest, dealing such Blows each to the other, that who should

should have beheld them, would have thought each Blow had Death attendant on it. This Giant was twelve Feet high, so that St. *Anthony* with the Point of his Sword could hardly reach his Crown, which Advantage he supply'd with Nimbleness, so that the Giant spent his Blows in vain, and being now wearied with the Weight of his Armour, the Sun also shining in his greatest Glory; he sweat so exceedingly, that it entering into his Eyes, he was almost blinded therewith, and endeavouring to wipe it off with his Hand, St. *Anthony* taking the Advantage with a sudden Blow cut his Hand off by the Wrist, whereupon the Giant yielded himself, and craved Mercy.

In like Manner St. *James* the noble *Spanish* Champion, as he walked along in his Path, met with the other Giant, betwixt whom was fought a most terrible Battle, striking so thick and fast at each other, as if every Blow would strive to be foremost; the noble Champion behaving himself so gallantly with his *Bilbo* Blade, made of the purest *Spanish* Steel, that he cut deep Furrows in the Giant's Flesh, from whence issued such Abundance of Blood, as chang'd the Grass from a verdent Green to a crimson Red; so that the Giant, through the Loss of such Abundance of Blood, began to faint, which St. *James* perceiving, insorced himself with all his Strength, gave him such a Blow

Blow as brought him headlong to the Ground, when smiting off his Head, he left his dismembered Carcase, and proceeded further in his Path towards the *Golden Cave*.

Lastly, the renowned Champion *St. Patrick* of *Ireland*, whose Breast Rill thrived after honourable Adventures, he also proceeding forwards in his Path, met with the other Centaur, betwixt whom began so fierce a Combat, that to describe the same to the Life, would wear my Pen to the Stumps, although it were made of refined Brass, or the purest *Lydian* Steel. Here on each Side was Strength matched with Skill, Fury with Fortitude, and true Valour with matchless Magnanimity: The Centaur being nimble, and armed with a Pole-Ax, struck at *St. Patrick* with great Fury, which he avoided with the greatest Skill he could, and with his keen Falchion returned the Centaur his Blows with Interest; the Fight as it was sharp, so it endured long, when being both willing to take Breath, they paus'd from fighting for some Time, when *St. Patrick* spake to the Centaur in these Words:

Monster of Nature, let me advise thee
 • to yield thyself, and not to oppose us any
 • further in the Conquest of the *Golden Cave*,
 • since it is resolved by the Destinies, that
 • I and my Fellows should be the Persons
 • that

‘ that, by finishing the Adventure, should
‘ restore the People to their human Shapes.’

The Centaur finding himself deeply wounded, was ready to yield, whom *St. Patrick* commanded to deliver up his Pole-ax, which the Centaur accordingly did ; so they both marched towards the *Golden Cave*, where they met *St. George*, *St. Anthony*, and *St. James*, and relating to each other their several Successes, they presently fell in hand to the finishing the Adventure, and approaching the Cistern, they each of them filled their Helmets with Water, and being guided by the Dwarf, who now was obedient to the Champions, they came to the Fire, into which they threw the Water, and never left until such Time as they had quench’d it ; which being done, the Cave and all about it vanish’d out of Sight, and the thick Grove or Wilderness about it was all level and even. So returning to the Messenger, whom they left walking their Horses, they mounted on them to return back to the aged Palmer’s, meeting by the Way with Multitudes of People, who by the finishing the Adventure, were now restored to their former Shapes.

In this Manner they marched along to the aged Palmer’s, who entertain’d them with great Joy, as also they were by the three other Champions, *St. Denis*, *St. Andrew*,

draw, and St. David; and after they had refreshed themselves with some Victuals, they were conducted to a spacious Room, where they had their Wounds bathed with Wine, Milk, and other precious Ointments. The next Morning the People were assembled together, to whom St. George made a pithy Oration, exhorting them hereafter to lead a better Life, and not to have their Natures addicted to such beastly Vices, as made them, though not in Shape, yet to differ not from Beasts in their Actions, with many other Words to the like Effect; all which they promised to perform. And afterwards taking Leave of their Host, the aged Palmer, they returned to their Ship, and having a gentle Gale of Wind, set Sail towards Constantin.

P. A. H. C. In this manner they travelled along to the Mountains, who entertained them with great Joy, as also they were by the three other Champions, St. David, St. Andrew, and St. Peter.

C H A P. XI.

How St. George's three Sons were separated by a Tempest; and how Sir Alexander lighted on the Ship wherein the Seven Champions were: How he was married to the Princess Mariana, and crowned King of Thessaly: The tragical Story of the Duke Urfini, and Death of the Seven Champions.

NOT long after the Departure of the Seven Champions, St. George's three Sons resolving also to see their Native Country, in order thereunto, embarked themselves with their Companies in three several Ships, and for the Space of eight or ten Days, sailed with a prosperous Gale of Wind, the courteous Sea all that Time smoothing his wrinkled Brow, and the Winds only whisper'd Musick to the Deep; but about the eleventh Day the Wind and Sea contended in a robustious Rage, the beaten Ships tost like a forceless Feather; now riding up on the Mountain Waves, as if their Top-masts tilted at the Moon, anon falling again with such a precipitate low Descent, as if they were sinking into Hell's low Abyss. In this furious Storm they were separated one from the other, where we will leave two of them, and speak only of Sir *Alexander*, who after the Storm was over, directed their Course as near as they could

could towards the Coasts of *Christendom*, and having sailed the Space of three Days, they saw before them a Ship in Fight with two Gallies, or Men of War, to whom they made up with all the Speed they could, and coming near to them, they perceived by the Streamers, (wherein was woven the Red Cross of *England*) that it was the same Ship wherein the Seven Champions were embarked, which when they knew, they sent forth such a loud and lengthened Shout and Hollow, as reverberated upon the Waves, or as the Sea makes when it trembles underneath his Banks, to hear the Replication of his Sounds. They in the other Ship answer'd them with the like Hollow, and then jointly setting upon the two Gallies, they with Pikes, Bills and Darts, plied Death's fatal Task; sending many hundreds of the *Turks* Souls to be transported in *Charon's* Ferry; so that the two Gallies, which at first were Assailants, could no longer hold out Defendants, but yielding themselves, craved for Mercy, which the *Christian* Champions were the more willing to grant them, in Regard that many of their Company had been fore wounded before Sir *Alexander* came to their Rescue.

So entering the two Gallies, they took from them such Things as they needed, amongst which they found some Hogsheds of *Greckish* Wines, which very much refreshed

fresh'd the fainting Soldiers; they also took from them their Armour, that they might not be able to offend others; and setting free those few Prisoners they had taken, they let them go; and having stay'd a while in mending the tatter'd Cordage of their Ships, which was much shatter'd in the Fight, with a prosperous Wind they set Sail, and in a few Days arriv'd on the pleasant Banks of *Thessaly*; and sending a Messenger to the Court, to give Notice of their Arrival, the Message was so welcome to the Princess *Mariana*, (who now was become Queen of that Country, her Father being lately dead) that she caus'd the Bells to be rung, and Bonfires to be made, as at a publick Rejoicing. And sending some of the chiefest of her Nobles, to invite them to the Court, with such Accommodations as she judg'd most needful for them at present, in the mean Time she prepar'd to entertain them in the best Manner she could, which at their coming they found to be so costly and splendid, as it rais'd great Wonder in them to behold it; the Streets all the Way they pass'd to her Palace being rais'd in, and guarded on both Sides with Companies of Foot Soldiers. The Conduits ran with Wine, and from the Balconies, was heard all manner of Musick that could be imagined: And first before them march'd a compleat Troop of Horse, having between each four Ranks

a Trumpeter, founding with a Silver Trumpet; the Troops were all in their Buff-Coats, with Silver Belts, and the Pummels of their Swords inlaid with glittering Stones, which sparkled like Diamonds. Next followed four Heralds, in four distinct Coats of Arms: After them, the Nobility of the Land, in rich Robes, with Coronets on their Heads: Then came the seven Champions, and St. *George's* three Sons, in five rich Chariots, lined with Cloth of Gold, and studded with Studs of massy Silver: After them followed the Colonels, Majors, and Captains, with silken Streamers waving before them, being ranged two by two; each *English* Officer with a *Thessalian*, and mounted on prancing *Barbary* Steeds. And lastly, the under Officers, with the Army in goodly Arms, and accouter'd most richly. In this Order they march'd to the Palace, where they were met by the Queen, attir'd in a rich Robe of Ermine, with the Crown Imperial upon her Head, who with a smiling Countenance, entertain'd them in these Words.

‘ Thrice Welcome hither, most renowned
 ‘ Champions, whom the Gods have appointed for the Relief of the Distressed,
 ‘ and Chastisement of the Vicious. Fame’s
 ‘ golden Trumpet hath sounded the Renown of your honourable Actions; and
 ‘ by

‘ by quelling the Force of the Pagan Armies, given us great Hopes hereafter for to enjoy *Halcyon Days* of Peace.’ And applying herself more particularly to the princely Knight Sir *Alexander*, ‘ Sir, (said she) how much I am bound to the immortal Powers, for your Preservation, my Heart is not able to conceive, much less my Tongue for to express: Now as Heaven has been kind to me, in hearing my Prayers for your safe Return, so shall I account it my further Happiness, that leaving off Arms, you now come to enjoy the Fruits of our Amours, and instead of following the Camp of *Mars*, we solace ourselves in the Tents of *Cupid*. Mistake me not, (dear Sir) I mean not by spending our Time in wanton Dalliance, but in the honourable State of Matrimony, that being join’d in *Hymen’s* Bands, we may have our Joys crown’d with the Issues of an unfeigned Love.’

‘ Most gracious Princess, (replied Sir *Alexander*) your Speeches are the sole Effects of my Thoughts, and your Desires to me absolute Commands, being such as tend only to my Profit and Welfare; wonder not then, most peerless Madam, if I willingly embrace, what I so earnestly covet:’ And so sealing his Love on the red Wax of her Lips, they Hand in Hand

paced it into her Palace, accompanied with the seven Champions, as also with many of the Chief Lords and Ladies of the Land; where was provided for them a sumptuous Dinner of such costly Viands, as might teach the satiate Palate how to eat; and those plac'd so thick and plentiful, as if the Table would crack with the Pile of such weighty Dishes. All the while they were at Dinner, melodious Harps and Songs saluted their Ears, which was breath'd forth in such a curious Harmony, as charm'd their very Souls to an Extasy. After Dinner, they fell to dancing, tripping it so nimbly, as if they had been all Air, or some lighter Element. In these Delights they wasted about eight or nine Days; but the seven Champions soon grew weary of such Pastimes, and desirous to go home to their native Countries, was minded to take their Leaves of the Queen *Mariana*; but Sir *Alexander* and she having concluded their Nuptials should be celebrated very suddenly, they were with much Entreaty perswaded to stay until they were over.

The prefixed Day being come, early that Morning, by such Time as *Aurora*, the blushing Goddess, which doth sway the downy Confines of the Day and Night, began to appear, but both Bridegroom and Bride, were saluted with most sweet sounding Musick, which being ended,
their

their Ears were accosted with this Epithalamium :

Soll, thy Beams no longer hide,
Call the Bridegroom to the Bride;
Let each one rejoice and sing,
Make the Air with Hymen ring.
May all Pleasure and Delight,
Crown your Day, and bless your Night;
And the warm Embrace of Love,
Be soft as Down, or Venus Dove:
May your oft repeated Kisses,
Bring with them as many Blissies;
And these Joys remain in State,
Till your End, and that come late.

These Solemnities being over, and the Bridegroom and Bride risen from their Beds, they prepared themselves to go to Church; the Bridegroom was apparell'd in a Suit of Flame-colour'd Tabby, to signify how he burnt in the Flames of a chaste Love; the Bride was attir'd all in White, to denote her unspotted Virginity, and maidenly Modesty. Sir *Alexander* was led by two Dukes Daughters, and the Princess *Mariana* by two of the chiefest Barons of the Realm; having her Train borne up by four Ladies of Honour: Thus did they walk in great State unto the Temple, where the Priest join'd them together in *Hymen's* Rites; which being done, they return'd again in the same Order to the Palace, all the Way the People shewing such great Demonstra-

tions of Joy, as was wonderful to behold.

To rehearse the great Chear, prepar'd for this royal Dinner, the Maskings, Revelings, and other costly Shows, which were solemniz'd by the Lords and Ladies, and other Courtiers, would tire the Pen of an industrious Writer. The next Day was appointed for the Coronation of the Prince *Alexander* and the Princess *Mariana*, which was performed in great Splendor; the Multitude of Spectators that came to behold it being so many, that notwithstanding great Store of Money was thrown about in other Streets, to divert the People, from thronging so thick at the Coronation; yet the People regarded not the Money at all, for the great Desire they had to behold their new King.

After the usual Ceremonies were ended, which appertain to such Solemnities, the Trumpets sounded, and the People with a very loud Shout, cried, 'Long live *Alexander* and *Mariana*, King and Queen of *Thessaly*.' The Knights and Barons, to honour the Solemnity the more, appointed the whole Afternoon to be spent in Justing and Tourneying, wherein was shewn very much Skill and Valour; but above them all, Duke *Orsin*, a near Kinsman to the Queen *Mariana*, carried the chief Credit, having unhorsed fifteen Knights that Day,
for

for which, King *Alexander*, presented him with a rich Chain of Gold, and St. *George*, in Reward of his Valour, gave him a costly Diamond Ring. And now King *Alexander* being thus solemnly crown'd, was fulfilled that Prophecy, which was by the Fairy Queen predicted of him, as you may read in the fourteenth Chapter of the first Part of this Honourable History, which contain'd these Words :

This Child shall likewise live to be a King,
Time's Wonder for Device and courtly Sport :
His Tilts and Turnaments, abroad shall ring,
To every Coast where Nobles do resort.
Queens shall attend, and humble at his Feet :
Thus Love and Beauty shall together meet.

After some few Days passed in Royal Triumph, the seven Champions resolv'd to stay no longer, but to hasten to their own Countries. In Pursuance of which their Resolution, they acquainted King *Alexander* and Queen *Mariana* of their Intentions, who were very loth to have parted from their Companies ; but the seven Champions were so resolute in their Determinations, that no Persuasions could induce them to stay any longer. The King and Queen, seeing them so fully bent to be gone, with a great Train of Lords and Ladies, attend them to their Ships, where they had caused a stately Banquet to be provided for them ;
and

and so, after many rich Presents and mutual Embracements pass'd betwixt them, the seven Champions took Ship, and having a gentle Gale of Wind, had soon lost the Sight of the *Thessalian* Shore; so sailing along on *Neptune's* watry Front, the wanton Mermaids sporting by the Sides of their Ship, and not scarce a Wrinkle seen on *Thetis's* Face, but the Sea as calm as when the *Halcyon* hatched on the Sand, they saw before them a Ship, all whose Sails and Streamers were Black, having Black Flags and Pennants stuck round the Sides of the Ship. The Sight of this Ship, so strangely thus attir'd in Black, made them have a longing Desire to know what it should mean; so making up to it, they halled them, according to the Sea Phrase, when a Gentleman appearing on the Deck, gave them to understand, that they were of *Italy*, and were come from *Scandia*, bringing with them the dead Body of the Duke *Ursini*, Lord of the fruitful Land of *Campania*; which when *St. Anthony* understood, (the Duke *Ursini* having formerly been his loving Friend) he declar'd unto them who he was, and what were his Companions, and also how they were bound for *Italy*; whereupon there was great Rejoicing on both Sides, and the Gentleman, and Captain, and Master of the *Italian* Ship, were invited into the other, where after some Compliments pass'd on both Sides, and
a short

a short Collation, the Sea being calm, and like a standing Pool, no Waves nor Billows to arise, they intreated the Gentleman, now that their Ships lay thus at Hull, to declare unto them the Manner of the Duke *Ursini's* Death, and how he came to die in so remote a Country: To which the Gentleman willingly condescended, and spake as followeth:

‘ It is not now full two Years since that
‘ the renowned Prince *Oswy*, Duke of *Fer-*
‘ *rara*, at the Celebration of his Marriage
‘ with the famous Lady *Lucinda* of *Man-*
‘ *tua*, kept solemn Jufts and Turnaments,
‘ with royal Entertainments for all Comers;
‘ which invited thither not only the prime
‘ Nobility and Gallants of the *Italians*, but
‘ also the News being spread abroad into
‘ foreign Countries, several Persons of great
‘ Quality resorted thither; amongst others
‘ was *Jilian*, the Daughter of *Lampasco*,
‘ Prince of *Scandia*, a Lady of such glori-
‘ ous Eye-surprising Rays, that in her Face
‘ Love seem’d to sit enthron’d in full Ma-
‘ jesty; nor wanted she therewith the Helps
‘ of Art, to set forth her natural Perfecti-
‘ ons; so that she seem’d rather a divine
‘ Goddess, than a human Creature. These,
‘ her admirable Endowments, was look’d
‘ on by Duke *Ursini*, through a multiplying
‘ Glass, which render’d her to him the most
‘ admirable

‘ admirable of all Creatures, captivating
‘ his Heart; such a thrall to her Beauty,
‘ that he vow’d himself a Servant to her
‘ Virtues; and to endear himself the more
‘ in her Respects, by some Atchievements
‘ of Honour, he entered the Lists, as chief
‘ Challenger against all Comers, being
‘ mounted on a Milk-white *Barbary* Courser,
‘ trapped with Caparisons of Silver, and on
‘ his Burgonet, a Plume of goodly Fea-
‘ thers: His Armour was Blue, resembling
‘ the Azure Firmament, spangled with
‘ Stars of Gold, with these Words for his
‘ Device, *Virtue, like the clear Heaven, is*
‘ *without Clouds.* He encounter’d with sun-
‘ dry Knights of great Worth, against all
‘ which he had much the better, which
‘ gain’d him both great Applause and En-
‘ vy. Nor was he less skilful in the In-
‘ trigues of Love, than in the Management
‘ of Arms, and could court a Lady, as well
‘ as encounter with an Enemy; which he,
‘ with much artificial Eloquence, demon-
‘ strated in an Address to the Lady *Jilian*,
‘ who seemed much affected with his Per-
‘ son; and so far the Matter went, that
‘ there seemed nothing wanting to the Con-
‘ summation of their Marriage, but only
‘ the Consent of her Parents; which to ob-
‘ tain, he sail’d with her unto *Scandia*,
‘ where he was most nobly entertain’d, and
‘ his Suit very well lik’d on. Now it was
‘ so,

‘ so, that a young Baron of that Country,
‘ named *Lamprido*, had formerly borne a
‘ great Affection unto the Princess *Jilian*,
‘ and had so far prevail’d with her, that he
‘ was in great Hopes of obtaining her Love;
‘ but his Means not being answerable to
‘ her high Dignity, it was kept very close
‘ from Prince *Lampasco*’s Ear, yet hoped he
‘ in Time, that either by the Death of
‘ *Lampasco*, or some secret Stratagem, he
‘ should compass his Ends; but now seeing
‘ Prince *Ursini* in so great Favour, he be-
‘ gan utterly to despair in his Suit, unless
‘ by some Means, he could find a Way to
‘ deprive him of his Life. It happen’d not
‘ long after, that Prince *Lampasco* proclaim-
‘ ed a general Hunting of the wild Boar,
‘ to which princely Exercise resorted all
‘ the Flower of the Nobility, and every one
‘ whose Breast was fir’d with Desire of Glory
‘ and Renown; amongst others, none was
‘ more forward to this royal Sport than
‘ Prince *Ursini*, who at the appointed Time
‘ came into the Field, arm’d with his Boar-
‘ spear, and mounted on a *Spanish* Gennet,
‘ who for their Swiftnefs are said to be in-
‘ gendred of the Wind. Being come within
‘ View of the Place where they were to
‘ hunt, each Man was order’d according to
‘ his Stand, when a Brace of lusty Beagles
‘ were let loose to rouze the Boar; in the
‘ mean Time every Man prepared himself
‘ for

‘ for the handling of his Weapons, and
‘ with a nimble Eye to watch all Advan-
‘ tages that might be taken. It was not
‘ long before the Beagles had rouz’d the
‘ Boar out of his Den, who seeming to re-
‘ gard no Danger, nimbly turning round
‘ about, with a Kind of a wallowing run-
‘ ning Pace, ran where he could see any
‘ Company. The first that struck at him
‘ was an *Italian Knight*, who accompanied
‘ Prince *Urfini* in his Voyage to *Scandia*,
‘ who broke his Spear, but wounded him
‘ not, for his Skin was scarcely penetrable,
‘ being as hard as a Bull’s Hide when it
‘ was tann’d. Leaving this *Italian*, he ran
‘ against a valiant Knight, named *Piafter*,
‘ who encounter’d with him very couragi-
‘ ously ; yet could not his Courage, Strength
‘ nor Skill, (all which he was in a full
‘ Measure Master of) prevail any Thing ;
‘ yet was his Performance so much, that
‘ giving him a small Wound on the Leg,
‘ feeling the Smart, he ran towards Baron
‘ *Lamprido*, who used his utmost Strength
‘ and Skill to withstand him, but the Smart
‘ of his Wound in his Leg so exasperated
‘ him, that he ran with such Fury against
‘ *Lamprido*, as turn’d him Horse and Man
‘ to the Ground, and undoubtedly had slain
‘ him, had not Duke *Urfini* come to his
‘ Rescue, who with undaunted Courage set
‘ upon the Boar, and with great Strength,
‘ guided

‘ guided by Skill, so follow’d his Blows, that
‘ he made the Boar begin to stagger; who
‘ yet with open Mouth came towards him;
‘ which Advantage Duke *Ursini* spying,
‘ thrust his Boar-Spear down his Throat,
‘ and therewith rest his Heart in sunder,
‘ yielding unto him the absolute Victory.
‘ By this Time, divers Knights were come
‘ in to him, amongst others *Lamprido*, hav-
‘ ing recover’d his Fall, came in with the
‘ thickest; but when he saw that the Boar
‘ was kill’d, and by the Hands of *Ursini*,
‘ his Blood boil’d within him for Anger;
‘ out of Envy that he had done it, which
‘ he knew would more endear him in the
‘ Love and Affections of the Lady *Jilian*, as
‘ also that his own overthrow, would much
‘ lessen her Opinion of him. Hereupon a
‘ Desire of Revenge entering into his Heart,
‘ his Study was how to effect it with Priva-
‘ cy; not only for Danger of the Law, but
‘ Dread of Duke *Ursini*’s Valour, whom he
‘ knew he could not match in single Com-
‘ bat; he therefore concluded to do it by
‘ Treachery, which not long after he brought
‘ to pass in this Manner:

‘ Amongst other Exercises which Duke
‘ *Ursini* much delighted in, one was the Art
‘ of Angling, in which he would oftentimes
‘ spend many Hours, and that with as much
‘ Privacy as he could; because a Multitude of
‘ Persons was a Hindrance to his Sport: It

‘ so chanced one Day, that he, accompanied
‘ only with one Servant, and having no
‘ other Armour but his Sword, went in a
‘ Boat unto a spacious River a Fishing, and
‘ being known unto *Lamprido*, he thought
‘ it now a convenient Time for him to ac-
‘ complish his purposed Ends; and having
‘ engaged seven or eight other stout Per-
‘ sons to his Side, they armed themselves,
‘ and in two Boats, to prevent Suspicion,
‘ betook themselves also to the Water, tak-
‘ ing two different Ways, the better to sur-
‘ round him in the Middle. Duke *Ursini*
‘ was all this while so busy at his Exercise,
‘ that he took no Notice of their Intentions;
‘ yet at last, not perceiving they had any
‘ Armour, being hid under Linnen Frocks,
‘ he permitted them to come so near his
‘ Boat, that one or two of them leaping in,
‘ began to lay hold of him; when snatch-
‘ ing up his Sword, he defended himself so
‘ gallantly, that he had well near sent their
‘ Souls to attend at *Charon’s* Ferry, the
‘ biting Steel being pursued by such Streams
‘ of Blood, that his Boat was all bestain’d
‘ with a Crimson Dye. In the mean Time
‘ the other Villains leap’d in, and sur-
‘ rounded him so on every Side, that he
‘ had no room to wield his Weapon; how-
‘ ever, as if he had been a Man made all
‘ of Fire, having a Courage that knew not
‘ how to fear, he resisted them all, and in
‘ a while,

‘ a while, though over-match’d, had sent
‘ four of their Souls to the *Stygian Bay*,
‘ whereof *Lamprido* was the third : Thus
‘ for a short Space did the Goddess *Victoria*
‘ seem favourable to him ; and now his
‘ Man, who all this while had done his ut-
‘ most in Defence of his Master, having
‘ grasped one of the Villains, they chanc’d
‘ both to fall overboard into the Water,
‘ when Duke *Ursini* endeavouring to help
‘ his Man, the other Villain gave him a
‘ mortal Wound on the Head ; yet before
‘ he fell, he tumbled that Villain also into
‘ the Water, to accompany his Fellow,
‘ which was no sooner done, but through
‘ the Loss of so much Blood which issued
‘ from his Wounds, he fell down in a
‘ Swoon, when at the very Instant there
‘ came thither a Boat with some Citizens
‘ in it, intending also to have fish’d there ;
‘ but seeing the latter Part of this Skirmish,
‘ they made up to them, where they found
‘ in Duke *Ursini* Death’s pale Flags advanc’d
‘ in his Cheeks, and he ready to take his
‘ Oath to be Death’s true Liegeman. The
‘ Citizens did what they could in staying
‘ his Soul, which was now making a Sepa-
‘ ration from his Body ; but all their En-
‘ deavours were in vain, for Death, Nature’s
‘ bold Pursuivant, had taken an absolute
‘ Possession of him : Whilst they were thus
‘ busied in seeking to recal Life unto him

* again, they heard one of the two Parties,
 * with which he had encounter'd withal at
 * first, to give a great Groan ; whereupon
 * using their helping Hands for to revive
 * him, they at last brought him to his
 * Speech, of whom they ask'd who were the
 * Persons, and what was their Difference ;
 * which he declared unto them in Manner
 * as we have before described, and having
 * made an End of his Relation, he present-
 * ly therewith expir'd.

* Hereupon the Citizens taking along
 * with them the Boat wherein were the dead
 * Bodies, return'd to the City, and declar-
 * ing the News, there was great Sorrow and
 * Lamentation for Duke *Ursini*, especially
 * by the Lady *Jilian*, who from her drown'd
 * Eyes shed many vain Offerings to the
 * Dead : Nor can you think, most noble
 * Champions, but that the Grief which then
 * seiz'd upon us who accompanied him in
 * this his Voyage, was any Thing less than
 * what possess'd the Hearts of the Chiefest,
 * for hearing the News, we sat in such a
 * given-over Posture, as who had beheld
 * us would have thought Silence, Solitari-
 * ness, and Melancholy, were come under
 * the Ensign of Mishap, to conquer Delight,
 * and plunge us into the deep Abyss of
 * Misery. After some little Time, being
 * raised as it were out of this Trance of
 * Sorrow, we crav'd Leave to depart home,
 * with

‘ with the Corpse of our dead Master; which
‘ the Prince *Lampasco* freely granted, and
‘ furnish’d us with all Things fitting, as
‘ here you see.’

At which Words Grief so stopped the Passage of his Speech, that he could proceed no further.

The Seven Champions heartily condol’d this Mishap, that so worthy a Knight should fall so treacherously; and now with all the Speed they could they sail’d to *Italy*, where having arriv’d, Duke *Ursini* was inter’d with all the Funeral Pomp that could be devis’d; where the other six Champions leaving *St. Anthony* behind them, they each one posted to their own Country, where they had not long remained, but that they dy’d, and were buried in their former Sepulchres.

C H A P. XII.

What happen'd to St. George's eldest Son, Sir Guy, after he was parted from his two Brothers; the woful Story of Selindus, how he was depriv'd of his Barony by Euphemius, and restor'd again by the Valour of Sir Guy and Capt. Bolus.

NOW shall our Pen endeavour to describe the valiant Acts of St. George's eldest Son, Sir Guy, whose ~~honourable~~ Achievements were so many and great, that to declare them in full, I might as well attempt to empty the Sea with a Spoon, or to scale *Olympus* with a Ladder of Sand. This valiant Knight being with his Ship separated from his two Brothers, as you heard in the former Chapter, they sailed through many dangerous Straits and Passages; and as they sail'd thus along, they came to a broad Sea, in the Middle of which they thought they saw a small Island, to which they made up, and landed some of their Men, who made a Fire thereon to dress some Meat: Now when the Fire grew hot, and that the Meat was nigh sodden, the Island began to move, which made them all fore afraid, and they ran with all the Speed they could again to their Ship. Now this which they thought to be an Island, was only a great Fish nam'd *Lupus*, which laboureth

boureth Day and Night to put his Tail in his Mouth, but by reason of his Greatness could not ; which when they understood, they fetch'd their Kettle and Meat from off the Fish's Back, and so sail'd forwards till they came to a very fair Island, nam'd *Miconicum*, in which liv'd the famous Enchantress, the wise *Medea*, who gave out Prophecies concerning future Events, which being understood by Sir *Guy*, he with his chief Captain nam'd *Bolus*, went to her Habitation, being in a dark Valley, beset all with Myrtle Trees, the Building was fair and sumptuous, having a brazen Gate for Entrance thereunto, on which was dependil'd these Verses :

You, who would with the wise *Medea* speak,
Blow with the Trumpet which doth hang hereby ;
And e'er you can a Question to her break,
She will your Doubts resolve assuredly.
Such Power the Fates did unto her bestow,
For Benefit of those which live below.

Whereupon Sir *Guy* set the Trumpet to his Mouth, and with a strong Breath blew such a Blast, as ecchoed in the Air like a Peal of Ordnance, when immediately the Gate of its own accord flew open, where stood a Dwarf ready to entertain them, who conducted them into a spacious Hall, which was adorn'd with many Statues of antique Work, and wherein in a huge Frame hung
the

the Picture of *Medea*, how she by letting out *Æson's* old Blood, and by infusing new into the room, made him young again. In another Table was pourtray'd King *Midas*, who for preferring *Pan's* Pipe before *Apollo's* Harp, was for his pains rewarded with a pair of *Ass's* Ears. Whilst they were viewing these pictures with Delight, the Enchantress *Medea* came down from her Chamber, who beholding Sir *Guy*, with a fix'd Look, thus said unto him :

Sir Knight, return unto thy Ship,
 Let not Advantage from thee slip ;
 For now the Time is nigh at hand,
 Thou must be join'd in *Hymen's* Band ;
 Thy Constancy to her is known,
 Who seeks to have thee for her own :
 But e'er these Things to thee betide,
 Thou many Troubles must abide.

Having thus said, she vanish'd out of their Sight, leaving them much wondering at what they had heard : Then taking their Leave of the Dwarf, they return'd again towards their Ship ; but in their Way, as they pass'd along by a River's Side, which gently running made sweet Musick with the enamel'd Stones, and seem'd to give a gentle Kiss to every Serge he overtook in his watry Pilgrimage ; there came crossing a Meadow towards them, an antient Shepherd, who by the Downfal of mellow Years, seemed
 as

as if Nature had brought him near to the Door of Death ; yet were not his Hairs so grey by Years as made by Sorrow, which his blubber'd Countenance gave a doleful Copy of his Thoughts, what he was about to speak :

‘ Sir Knights, (said he) if ever Compassion harbour’d in noble Breasts, let my
‘ aged Years and extreme Misfortunes crave
‘ your Pity ; who from a contented, and
‘ not despicable Estate, am now become
‘ Fortune’s Tennis-Ball, by the Uncon-
‘ stancy of that blind Goddess.’

Know then, worthy Knights, my Name is *Selindus*, once possessed of the wealthy Barony of *Monpelior*, situate in this Island of *Miconicum*, a place which for the Richness of the Soil, and Pleasantness of the Situation, is scarcely parallel’d in all the Country. These fair Possessions of mine, left unto me when I was young, soon procur’d me a Wife, of which yet I had no Cause to repent, being a Lady replenish’d with all the Ornaments and Endowments of Nature, which might make her in every wise complete. Happily we liv’d together for some short Space of Time, when the Fruits of her Womb gave us great Hopes of more future Joys ; but the Fates had decreed otherwise, for upon her Delivery, the Birth of
the

the Infant prov'd the Death of the Parent, and she, to bestow a Gem on the Earth, became herself a Pearl in the starry Firmament. What shall I say more? I lost a Wife, and gained a Daughter; and indeed a Daughter of such super-excellent Parts, as might put a Cessation of Sorrow for the Mother. This Daughter, whose Name was *Praxida*, did I bring up in all virtuous Education, who in short Time became the Wonder of her Sex, having in her such Perfections as did yield Subject to Admiration, and as she grew more in Years, so did she add more to her Perfections, which admirable Endowments attracted to her many Adorers, who sued for her Favour, amongst whom was one whom she most fancied, whose Name was *Euphemius*, a Knight of *Placida*, being an Island not far off, under the Queen *Artemia*, who had made him sole Governor thereof.

Betwixt this *Euphemius* and my Daughter, unknown to me, had pass'd a solemn Contract, she belike fearing to disclose it to me, as doubting my Consent, his Estate not being answerable to my Revenues, wherefore they got privately married together. Now it happened not long after, upon some Offence against the Queen, *Euphemius* was committed to Prison, and having lain there some few Days, was brought before the Queen to be examined, who beheld him
with

with great Wonder and Astonishment, for indeed he was a Person of a lovely Countenance, and in whom Dame Nature had done her utmost to the making of him in all Parts compleat ; which so wounded her Heart with an Affection towards him, that instead of his being her Captive, she became his ; and in part to manifest the same unto him, she frankly gave him his Freedom, and with many kind Words entertained him very graciously into her Favour ; yet could not all this Kindness endear her unto him ; but the more she shew'd Love to him on the one Side, the more was his Hatred to her on the other ; and that not so much in Respect of my Daughter, as the mortal Spite he bare to her for his Imprisonment ; so that having a fit Opportunity offer'd him, he fled from the Court, and confederating with some Friends, intended to levy War against the Queen.

The Queen understanding of his Departure, fared like unto a distracted Woman, wringing her Hands, and beating on her Ivory Breasts, she cast herself upon the Ground, tearing the lovely Tresses from her Head. Her Ladies comforted her the best wise they could, but that cherisht Fire which blindly crept through every Vein of her fluent Blood, would suffer her to take no Rest ; but being at last inform'd in what
Place

300 *The Renowned History of the*
Place he was, she sent him this following
Letter.

‘ **C**OULD I in the least imagine what
‘ should cause your so sudden Depar-
‘ ture, if it lay in my Power, the Cause
‘ thereof should be remov’d ; but the Sore
‘ not being known, how can the Remedy
‘ be administer’d ! If you think upon your
‘ Restraint, think also upon free-given Li-
‘ berty, and not write the one in Marble,
‘ the other in Sand. That I seek for Love
‘ to you, impute it not to Lightness, but
‘ to a real Affection ; and let your Return
‘ again to me demonstrate that your Heart
‘ is not inexorable, when perhaps my Pre-
‘ sence may plead more in my Excuse than
‘ can this Paper-messenger ; so wishing you,
‘ what she wants herself, Health, she re-
‘ mains ever yours,

‘ ARTEMIA.’

This Letter she sent by a trusty Messen-
ger ; but his Mind was so fully bent against
her, that instead of Liking, it caus’d Loath-
ing. Wherefore taking his Pen in Hand,
he sent her again this bitter Return :

‘ **W**HAT should cause you to dote
‘ where you are hated ? I cannot
‘ imagine Love but Lust ; therefore I shall
‘ not esteem of your Syren’s Tongue, know-
‘ ing

‘ ing that Bees have Stings as well as Ho-
‘ ney : Nor think not to entrap me any
‘ more by your sugar’d Baits ; but know,
‘ that none so much hates the Memory of
‘ you, as doth your sworn Enemy.

‘ EUPHEMIUS.’

This Answer was to *Artemia* as a Dagger
piercing her Heart, so that she immediately
fell into such a deadly Swoon, that her La-
dies about her could hardly recover her :

‘ Unhappy *Artemia*, (then said the Queen)
‘ and must I live to be despised, and he
‘ triumph in my Overthrow ! Ungrateful
‘ Man, can all my Courtesies reap no other
‘ Profit but only Disdain ? Is it possible
‘ that I can continue to love thee, that de-
‘ servest rather to live in my Hatred ! But
‘ why do I thus exclaim against him, who
‘ perhaps doth this only to try me : No,
‘ no, *Artemia*, he slights thy Love : Then
‘ die, fond Queen, defer not to live any
‘ longer ; yet, dear *Euphemius*, in my Death
‘ shall I make it known how near thy Love
‘ was to my Heart, and how highly thou
‘ wer’t priz’d in my Affections.’

In this Manner did the woful Queen spend
her Days until Sickness coming on, put
the Harmony of Nature out of Tune in her
Body, which by little and little languished
away in such sort, that she became a meer
Skeleton or Anatomy ; and now finding

that Death by Degrees began to seize on her vital Parts, she called her Nobles unto her, and spake to them these Words :

‘ My Lords, I am now taking my last
‘ Leave of you, the spent Hour-glass of
‘ my Life is near at Hand, and now at my
‘ parting Ghost I do adjure ye, as you will
‘ answer it before the Higher Powers, whi-
‘ ther I am now going to appear, That ye
‘ invest *Euphemius* King when I am dead
‘ and gone : And though I doubt not of
‘ your Performance herein, yet for my more
‘ Assurance, and that my Ghost may quiet-
‘ ly rest hereafter, I shall desire you to take
‘ an Oath to do it ; which if you should
‘ fail in the Performance, know assuredly
‘ you will both wrong yourselves and him,
‘ in depriving him of his Crown, and
‘ yourselves of a good King, he being a
‘ Prince kind, wise, just and merciful, and
‘ only unkind unto me.’

The Nobles, to satisfy her Request, freely took their Oaths to be true to *Euphemius* ; and now the Queen being fully satisfied with what was done, willingly yielded up the Ghost, whom the Nobles buried in a most sumptuous Manner ; which being done, they sent an honourable Messenger to *Euphemius*, to certify him of the Queen’s Death, and how she had bequeath’d her Crown to him ; which Messenger set forth *Artemia*’s Love in such pathetical Words, as wrought in him
a strange

a strange Alteration; for when he thought upon her unalterable Affection towards him, the Constancy of her Love, her matchless Beauty, rare Endowments, and super-excellent Parts, he began to reflect upon himself, his Unkindness to her, his vile Ingratitude, that could wrong her which died for Love of him. These Considerations made him to like, where before he loathed, and to loath where before he lov'd; for whereas before he us'd to give many private Visits to my Daughter, protesting all Constancy and Loyalty towards her, now the Poison of Hatred entered into his Heart against her, as taking her to be the chief Obstacle which hindered him from the Enjoyment of the Queen, and might be also the same of the Kingdom, if it should be known he were married unto her; wherefore he departed along with the Messenger, never so much as bidding her Farewel, or sending any Messenger unto her.

The Nobles entertain'd him very splendidly, and with great Solemnity crown'd him King; in the mean Time the poor *Praxeda* was well near distracted with Discontent, finding herself to be with Child fearing to discover it to me, and finding such an Alteration of Love from him; her Case being thus desperate, knowing it impossible to be long concealed, she sent to him this following Letter:

‘ My dear *Euphemius*,

‘ **M**EN do tax our Sex for being un-
 ‘ constant, but now I must apply
 ‘ that Fault to you, I say to you, whose
 ‘ Oaths did give so great a Testimony of
 ‘ your Fidelity, that I durst not doubt them
 ‘ for fear of injuring myself. Ah, *Auphe-*
 ‘ *mius*, doth Honours change Manners?
 ‘ Can you so soon forget *Praxeda*, whom
 ‘ you swore so firmly to love? Now if thou
 ‘ hast no Pity for me, take some Compas-
 ‘ sion on the Fruit of my Womb, the Seal
 ‘ of our Loves, wherein thy lively Image
 ‘ is implanted; and if thou hast any Thing
 ‘ of Nature in thee, thou canst not but de-
 ‘ plore its Condition, and provide a Reme-
 ‘ dy for the same; we still hoping thou wilt
 ‘ remain constant, I rest thine own,

‘ *PRAXEDA.*’

Euphemius receiv’d this Letter with great Indignation, vowing Revenge; the *Rhamnusian Nemesis* possessing his vengeful Breast in all her blackest Forms, and now his enrag’d Blood being tickled with the Thoughts of pleasing himself, for as he thought it his Disgrace in her claiming him to her Husband, he intended the Destruction not only of she, but of all her Kindred, and that to be perform’d as soon as he could find any pretended Cause of a Quarrel with her. In the mean Time to deter her from any further

ther Prosecution of her Claim, he return'd to her this invective Answer.

‘ **H** Ath your Impudence no other Person to Father your Bastard Brat upon but me, whose known Reputation is such, as will free me in the Consciences of all honest Persons, from the known Calamities of such a vile Strumpet? Was it not my Virtue preferred me by a general Consent to a Kingdom; and do you think by Detraction to bespatter my good Name? Cease then, perverse Monster of Womankind, to prosecute any further Claim unto me, lest it prove the deserved Destruction of thee and thine.

‘ *Thy deserv'd Enemy,*

‘ EUPHEMIUS.’

But before she receiv'd this Letter, feeling the Burden of her Womb to grow great, she desired Leave to go visit an Aunt of hers, named *Milefia*, pretending Indisposition of Health, to which I readily granted, knowing my Sister very careful over her for her Good. To this her Aunt she discover'd all what had passed betwixt *Euphemius* and she, desiring her Aid and Secresy therein; and indeed it was but high Time, for within three Days after her coming thither, she was delivered of a goodly Boy, whom her Aunt named *Infortunio*, and put him out to Nurse to one of her Tenants.

Soon after she received the Letter from *Euphemius*, which when she had read, her Grief and Sorrow were so great, that she deemed herself the very Map of Misery ; and falling into a Swoon, it was long e'er her Aunt and the other Attendants could recover her to Life ; but coming a little to herself, she thus began for to exclaim.

‘ And is it possible such Perjury can remain in Man ! Do they think Oaths are not binding, or that divine Vengeance doth not follow upon Breach of Promise ? Ah, *Euphemius*, can thy Heart prove so disloyal ; were all the Protestations thou so often didst reiterate unto me, only feigned Baits to entrap me to my Destruction ? then glory in thy Triumph ;’ and saying these Words, she stabbed herself to the Heart with a Bodkin, which she had hid within the Trammels of her Hair.

Praxeda having acted this woful Tragedy on herself, put all the Household in a great Uproar, especially my Sister *Milefia*. At last the Extremity of her Passion being over, she sent me Word of what had happen'd ; which into what a distracted Grief it put me, let them be judge who are the Parents of an only Child : My greatest Comfort in this distressed Condition was, to study Revenge against *Euphemius*, but how to accomplish it, there was the Difficulty, as knowing myself too weak to oppose him by open Force :
Whereupon

Whereupon I sent a Letter to the chiefest of the Nobles, declaring how unworthily he had done by my Daughter, and imploring their Aid to revenge his Disloyalty; who greatly pitying my Misfortune, and remembering how he had been the Death of their good Queen *Artemia*, they by a joint Consent banish'd him their Kingdom; who by this Means being implacably incens'd against me, accompanied with a Crew of Fellows of as desperate Fortunes as himself, he warred against me, and quickly outed me of my Barony. Wherefore being destitute of Friends, and hopeless of ever attaining my pristine Glory, I betook myself to a Shepherd's Life, the better to be shrouded in Obscurity; yet being assured by the wise *Medea*, that there should one Day come a Knight out of a far Country, who should again restore me again to my Barony.

Sir *Guy* having heard the Shepherd's Discourse, it wrought in him great Pity and Compassion; and turning himself to Captain *Bolus*, he thus said, 'Now by the Honour of my Knighthood, and by the Love I bear to my Country *England*, I will not enter into my Ship until I have defeated him again in his Barony;' and to make good his Promise, he took with him a hundred of his choicest Soldiers, and being guided by the Shepherd *Selindus*, they marched to *Mompelior*, where they heard how *Euphemius*

phemius was lodg'd in a strong Castle, and guarded with five hundred Soldiers, having also in Pay a certain *Marisco*, of a wonderful Stature and Strength, armed in a Coat of Mail, and using a bar of Iron of forty Pound Weight for his Club. Having approached within half a Mile of the Castle, Sir *Guy* sent a Messenger to *Euphemius*, demanding to restore the Castle, with all that belong'd to it, to *Selindus*, or else to expect the Worst that should happen upon such Refusal; but *Euphemius* was so far from granting his Request, that he bid the Messenger to charge his Master forthwith to depart his Territories, or else his Life would pay for his Presumption, in seeking to meddle with what he had nothing to do withal. Hereupon both Sides prepared themselves for fighting: *Euphemius* himself, with the Giant *Marisco*, accompanied with three hundred of his choicest Soldiers, setting upon Sir *Guy* with such Fury, that had he not been of undaunted Courage, and always watchful against such desperate Onsets, he had undoubtedly overthrown him; but Sir *Guy* having with great Valour stood the Shock of their Fury, fell upon *Euphemius* and his Men with such undaunted Resolution, that notwithstanding he made a notable Resistance, yet his Soldiers began to give back; which the *Marisco* perceiving, he singly set upon Sir *Guy*, and with manly Courage dealt
about

about such blows, that who so should have beheld him, would have thought the great *Alcides* had descended again upon the Earth, to teach Mortals the Way of Mankind's Destruction; but Sir *Guy* so nimbly avoided his blows, and with such dexterous Skill set upon the Giant with his never-failing Sword, that he made many Wounds in his Flesh, whereby Death might enter in at; which *Euphemius* perceiving, he made up to Sir *Guy* to succour the *Morisco*, but before he could get up to him he was set upon by Captain *Bolus*, with so great Courage, that he found he had enough to do to defend himself. At last Sir *Guy* enforcing himself with all his Might, gave such a blow on the Giant's Helmet as piercing the same, it came forth all embued with his Brains, who without speaking any Word, fell down dead to the Ground.

Euphemius seeing his Friend the *Marisco* fall, would have fled away, but he was so environ'd by Soldiers, that all Means were taken from him to escape; whereupon he was forced to yield himself a Prisoner, and was both by Sir *Guy*, and Captain *Bolus*, entertain'd with great Civility. In the mean Time Sir *Guy's* Soldiers had pursued their Enemies with such Vigour, that those who were in the Castle, opening their Gates to entertain their flying Friends, before they could shut them again, Sir *Guy's* Soldiers
also

also enter'd with them : And now within the Castle began a most desperate Conflict, neither Defendants nor Assailants expecting any Mercy if overcome ; wherefore each one were busy in plying Death's fatal Task, their Swords making such sad Work, that every Place was over-fill'd with Slaughter, and their mingled Blood made a Purple Flood that overflowed in each Place they fought. Whilst thus Death was inning his plenteous Harvest, and the Soldiers to throng'd as they could scarcely wield their killing Hands, Sir *Guy* and Captain *Bolus* coming amongst them, soon turn'd the Scales on the Assailants Side ; so that the Defendants being more overcome by Valour than Number, yield themselves and the Castle to the Mercy of the Conquerors, the Possession whereof Sir *Guy* freely surrender'd into the Hands of *Selindus*, together with the Disposal of all the Prisoners : But *Euphemius*, remembring how discourteously he had dealt by *Selindus*, falling on his-Knees, desired of Sir *Guy* that he might remain still with him, promising him faithfully to be his true Prisoner ; but his Crimes were so notorious, that Sir *Guy* would in no wise consent thereunto ; whereupon Captain *Bolus* begg'd him of him, which was granted, he having before presented the Captain with a Jewel of an inestimable Price. And now did the Friends of *Selindus* come flocking unto him, whereby

whereby he was in a Capacity to maintain his Barony against all Opposers: Whereupon Sir Guy took his Leave of him, and return'd to his Ship, his Soldiers according to their Merits, having been before richly rewarded by *Selindus*.

C H A P. XIII.

How Sir Guy arrived in Sicily, where he overcame the Rebels, which after the King of Sicily's Death, had rebelled against the Queen Urania; how he was married to her, and afterwards crowned King of Sicily.

SIR Guy after having restored *Selindus* to his Barony, took Ship, together with Captain *Bolus* and his Prisoner *Euphemius*, and having a prosperous Wind, they in a few Days arrived on the Coasts of fruitful *Sicily*, to the great Joy of Sir Guy, it being the happy Port whereto his Desires were directed; but it happened clean contrary to his Expectations, the Scene of Actions was quite alter'd there; for soon after his Departure from thence, to his Expedition against the Infidels, the King of *Sicily* died, whereby the Crown came to the Princess *Urania*; but one *Nefario*, a potent Nobleman of that Country, and who had many Dependents belonging to him, of great Worth and Quality, raised a strong Rebellion against her,

her, pretending the ill Management of the Affairs of the Kingdom, and so well had Fortune hitherto favoured his Endeavours, that he had gained from the Queen several strong Places, insomuch that many of her Captains, seeing his Success, revolted from her, and sided with him. Sir *Guy* understanding the Badness of her Affairs, prepared all he could for her speedy Relief; and taking with him three hundred of his stoutest Soldiers, he marched with them towards the City of *Syracusa*, wherein he was inform'd she was besieg'd by a great Army of her Enemies. Willingly he would have given her Notice of his Arrival, but all Places were so stopp'd that he could not possibly do it; whereupon dividing his Men into two Companies, he gave the one of them to the Command of Captain *Bolus*, and the other he led himself; and so in the Dead of the Night set upon the Enemies; who not in the least dreaded any Danger; and now was nothing but Cutting, Hacking, and Slashing throughout the Camp, so that in every Place you might see a Throng of Carcases, whose liveless Eyes were closed with Dust and Death. Sir *Guy*, remembering that he was now rescuing his dear Lady out of the Hands of Rebels, did Wonders: And now had the Cries and Skrieks of the Soldiers alarm'd *Nesario*, who put himself forward to withstand this Inundation, which
he

he perceiv'd was ready to overwhelm all his former Successes. In the mean Time Captain *Bolus* had taken an eminent Commander Prisoner, by whom he understood the State of the Army; whereupon joining with Sir *Guy*, they with united Courage set upon *Nefario*, with such Fury, that he, not able to withstand them, was forced to give Ground, whom Sir *Guy* did not eagerly pursue, but sent a Messenger to the City to inform them of what was done; who thereupon presently issued out, killing many, and bringing in more Prisoners. But when the Queen *Urania* understood how Sir *Guy* was come to her Aid, she sent the chief of her Nobles presently unto him, for to conduct him to her Presence, to whom she said, 'Thrice welcome to me, most honoured Knight, who wer't born for the Good of our Country: O how are we bound to the immortal Powers for thy Preservation, and sending thee to do us Good. Most gracious Princess, (reply'd Sir *Guy*) I did account it my greatest Happiness that I can in any wise serve you, tho' I wish it had not been upon this Occasion; but since it is so, let not this Opportunity be slipp'd, but whilst the Enemy is in a Maze, let us fall upon him with a Resolution worthy the Justness of our Cause.'

This Proposition being with great Reason applauded, the Soldiers were order'd to have

a sudden Refreshment, having been wearied in the late Fight. But whilst they were thus at their Repast, they heard from a far the sound of Trumpets, at which much marvelling, they sent a Messenger to know what was the Matter; who returned with this Answer, 'That there were six thousand *Thessalians* come to the Queen's Aid:' For King *Alexander*, soon after his Coronation, hearing how the Queen *Urania* was oppressed by her rebellious Subjects, sent these six thousand Soldiers, resolving if they would not do, to follow himself with a sufficient Army. Sir *Guy* hearing this welcome News, sent Word to them instantly to refresh themselves, and he would join his Forces with them, and set upon the Rebels; whilst this general Fear and Consternation was upon them, and having joined to him four thousand of the choicest *Sicilians*, he was marching to them; but behold a sudden Change put a stop to his Proceedings, for in their Way they met with about a hundred of the adverse Party, who hearing that Sir *Guy* was come to the Queen's Rescue, knowing his Manhood, not only by former Exploits, but also by dear-bought Experience in the last Battle, to secure their Lives and Fortunes at the Queen's Hands, they seized on *Nefario*, and as a Peace-Offering intending to present him a Prisoner to the Queen: Sir *Guy* understanding what they had done, sent
a Herald

a Herald to the Residue, promising them the Queen's Pardon if they would lay down their Arms and submit to her ; which undoubtedly they had done, but that at the very Instant of Time, *Grimaldo*, Brother to *Nefario*, was come to enforce his Army with ten thousand Soldiers more, which he had gotten up out of the adjoining Countries thereabout ; but when he heard how his Brother was carried away by his own Party, and of the Defeat they had received the last Night, he was very much troubled in Mind ; but that his Army might not take any Notice of it, he encouraged them in the best wise he could, telling them such Defeats were but the Chance of War, and for his Brother's Imprisonment, it might be made good by taking some of the choicest of the other Side Prisoners : That now they had so far drawn their Swords, there was no other Course to take but to throw away their Scabbards ; all of Reconcilement with the Queen being clean taken away, and therefore no other Means but to use their utmost Manhood, either to conquer or die honourably : With these and the like Speeches did he so encourage the Rebels, that when the Messenger came to them with the Queen's Pardon, it was rejected with Scorn ; which being made known unto Sir *Guy*, he presently joined with the *Thessalians*, and having complimented the chief Commanders, he

D d 2

encouraged

encouraged the Soldiers in such a pithy Oration, that throwing up their Caps, they gave such a Hollow, as the Earth reverberated with the Sound of the same.

And now both Armies faced each other, when presently began a terrible Fight, that *Mars* himself might have been a Spectator thereof. In one Place stood a well-ordered Body of erected Pikes, like a young leafless Wood, to oppose the invading Horse: In another Place were Bands of Arches, whose feather'd Arrows out-run the piercing Eye, and cut a Passage throw the fleeting Air, repelling the Brains of the insulting Foe. Here stood Horses prancing with their Feet, raising such Clouds of Dust, as covered the Face of the darkned Sky; when presently Pikes, Bills and Darts, like a moving Wood rushed aganſt each other. Their Horses angry in their Master's Anger, with Love and Obedience brought forth the Effects of Hate and Resistance, and with Winds of Servitude did as if they affected Glory. And now all Hands were buſied in killing, the poor Soldiers ſtood with Fear of Death, as if dead ſtruck; the thirſty Earth drank up whole Streams of Blood, and Mounts were made of ſlaughtered Carcaſes. Sir *Guy* did Wonders that Day with his Sword, ſending thouſands of Souls to the Infernal Regions. As thus he made Lanes of his Enemies dead Bodies, he came at laſt to meet with *Grimaldo*,

maldo, with whom he enter'd into Combat, and notwithstanding his Body was enclosed about with glittering Walls of Steel, yet made he such Breaches therein, as Death had many Ways to enter, and Life as many Holes whereby to creep out ; and now *Grimaldo* craved for Mercy, which Sir *Guy* refused, saying, ' No, Varlet, thou mightest ' have taken it when it was proffer'd thee ; ' but now nothing but Death can satisfy for ' thy Disloyalty : ' And therewithal reacht him such a Blow, as brought him headlong to the Ground.

Grimaldo being killed, the whole Army betook themselves to Flight, whom Sir *Guy* and his Company pursu'd in eager wise, killing and destroying whomsoever they overtook, without any Remorse or Pity. Having obtained this signal Victory, Sir *Guy* ordered a Part of the Army to pursue the Residue of the Rebels, whilst he with the rest march'd back unto the City : And now was such a universal Joy amongst the Citizens as was not to be credited ; all the Way as Sir *Guy* pass'd along the Streets, the People sending forth such loud Acclamations, as the vast Air was deafened therewith. When they came to the Palace Gate, they were met by the Queen, accompanied with a great Train of Ladies and Nobles that attended on her ; before all whom the Queen, taking Sir *Guy* about the Neck, gave him a Kiss :

‘ My dearest Love, (said she) what Recompence can our Country afford in Retribution of such inestimable Benefits as the Divine Powers, by thy victorious Arms, have bestowed upon us !’ And so Hand in Hand they marched up to her Palace, where he was entertained with a stately Banquet : Sir *Guy* behaving himself so affably and courteously to the Nobles and Ladies that he won their Applause.

And now all Things being thus quieted, and the two princely Lovers assured of each others real Affection towards one another, their Hearts and Minds were very well satisfied : The *Thessalian* Army being richly rewarded, went home, and with them an honourable Messenger to King *Alexander*, to return him Thanks for his Aid, as also to invite him to the Wedding of Sir *Guy*, and the Queen *Urania*, the perfix'd Day whereof was suddenly to be.

The appointed Day being now near at Hand, the Nobles and Knights prepared a solemn Just to be holden against all Comers, and many costly Pageants and delightful Shews were prepared by the Citizens ; the Ladies got them many costly Jewels, and other rich Ornaments to adorn themselves against that Day ! And to compleat the Solemnity, King *Alexander* with a splendid Train of Followers came to *Sicily*, who were most magnificently entertained by Sir *Guy* and

and the Queen *Urania*. On the marriage Morning, the Bride and Bridegroom were saluted up with most sweet sounding Musick; the Palace was hung round about with Garlands, and rich Perfumes cast into Fires; which gave a most odoriferous Smell; melodious Harps and Songs tickled the Ears with Delight. In brief, every Thing was so well ordered as befitted such a royal Solemnity. All the Way as they went to the Temple, the Ways were strowed with Flowers of *Flora's* chiefest Pride, and the Priest having joined them in *Hymen's* nuptial Bands, as they returned, there was great Store of Money thrown amongst the poorest Sort of People, that they also might participate the Gladness of the Day; the Bells rang, Trumpets sounded, Cornets flourish'd, and the Acclamations of the People were so great, as would have silenced the Fall of *Nilus*, or Thunder-shot from a divided Cloud. The Afternoon was spent in Dancing, Masking, Revelling, and other delightful Sports, until such Time as *Morpheus*, the drowsy Serjeant of the Night, summoned them to Bed, there to take their Repose.

Next Morning, the Knights and Nobles prepared themselves to just; Sir *Guy*, King *Alexander*, and the Queen *Urania*, with divers Ladies and Peers, seating themselves on Scaffolds to behold the same: The first that entered the Lists was a *Sicilian* Knight
named

named Sir *Albert*, mounted on a Horse of a fiery sorrel Colour, with black Feet, and black Lift on his Back. His Armour was green, like to the Earth, when it begins to put on its Summer Livery : In his Shield was portrayed the Resemblance of a Garden, with divers springing Flowers, and this Motto, *Still encreasing*. Against him entered a *Corinthian* Knight named *Agelastus*, mounted on a Milk-white Horse, but that upon his Shoulders and Withers he was freckled with red Stains, as when a few Strawberries are scattered into a Dish of Cream. His Armour was Blood-red, denoting Terror to his Enemies; and on his Shield was dependil'd a Hawk seiz'd on a Pigeon, yet hurting it not, the Word was, *True Glory the only Prize*. They ran fiercely against each other, breaking their Staves with much Gallantry, but at the second Course *Agelastus* was driven quite from out of the Saddle, which Disgrace he would have revenged with his Sword, but that the Judges forbid it, it being quite contrary to the Order set down.

To revenge this Disgrace, there entered the List a *Laconian* Knight named *Lyfander*, riding on a *Barbary* Horse of a Cole-black, his Armour answerable to the same. On his Shield was portrayed the Goddess *Fortune*, who, *Janus* like, looked two Ways, to denote that nothing in this World is so certain,

certain, but that if Good went before, Ill might come behind; the Word was, *The End crowns all*. These two encounter'd each other with equal Courage a long Space, Sir *Albert's* Horse leaning hard upon the other, and winning Ground; the other Horse feeling himself prest, began to rise a little before, as he wont to do in his Corvet; which Advantage Sir *Albert* taking, set forward his own Horse with the further Spur, so as *Lyfander's* Horse came over with his Master under him, giving to Sir *Albert* the Honour of the Victory.

Many other Knights and great Personages were by him worsted, as Sir *Egre* of *Sparta*, Don *Zaras* of *Argos*, *Wildamore* of *Creet*, and many others; but as we have seen the Sun in a serene Day disperse his Beams with great Splendor, enlightening the World, to the Content of all the Beholders, and towards the Evening his radiant Lustre set in a darkned Cloud; even so the Glories gained by Sir *Albert* were darkned by his last Enterprize, with an Encounter against an *Arcadian* Knight named Sir *Selvador*, who at such Time as was the Ebb of Day, when *Phæbus's* bright Chariot had run past the proud Pillars of *Alcmena's* Son, and with his Earth-born Shades began to cloath the Earth with Night, enter'd the Lists, in an Armour representing only Confusion, no Piece answerable to the other, yet all so well compacted,

compacted, as if Art had made Order in Confusion. At the Signal of the Trumpets sounding, they set Spurs to their Horses, encountering each other with such well-guided Courage and Valour, as showed them each to be a Master of Martial Prowess; but at the third Course it was Sir *Albert's* ill Fortune to miss his Rest, which he could not recover, before Sir *Selvador* had met him, and by main Strength cast him to the Ground.

The Honour of the Day remaining thus to Sir *Selvador*, the Approach of Night put a Period to those martial Exercises for that Day, which yet were continued with manly Courage and Resolution for several Days after. And now before King *Alexander's* Return home to *Thessaly*, the Coronation of *Guy* with his Queen *Urania* was appointed, which was performed with all the Art and Splendor imaginable, which also made good the Prophecy that the Fairy Queen had predicted of him, as we mentioned before in the fourteenth Chapter of the First Part of this History.

A Soldier bold, a Man of wonderous Might,
 A King likewise this Royal Babe shall die :
 Three Golden Diadems in bloody Fight,
 By this brave Prince shall also conquered be.
 The Towers of fair *Jerusalem* and *Rome*,
 Shall yield to him in happy Time to come.

The Coronation being thus over, King *Alexander* with his Retinue returned to *Thessaly*.

saly, being accompanied Part of the Way with King *Guy*, and his Queen *Urania*; Captain *Bolus* also with the *Englisb* Soldiers departed to their own Country, being highly rewarded by the King and Queen. And now here must we leave these worthy Captains to relate what befel to the heroick Knight Sir *David*, after he was separated from his two Brothers in the Storm, as you heard before.

C H A P. XIV.

How Sir David and his Company were almost famish'd with Hunger: How they came to the Isle Fortuna, where Sir David slew a Dragon, and deliver'd the Island Ancona from Enchantment.

AFTER the angry Seas had by the Fury of the Tempest separated the three Brothers, as you heard before, the magnanimous Knight Sir *David* was with his Ship by the Force of the Storm driven upon unknown Seas, where they sailed for several Days in great Want, both for Victuals and fresh Water, having nothing to quench their Thirst, and ready to eat one another to satisfy their Hunger. The Sailors were growing, so feeble they were not able to handle their Sails, and the Soldiers, instead of encountering

countering their Enemies, ready to imbrue their Hands in their Fellows Bloods, and like Cannibals to devour those whom they slew : The disconsolate Sir *David*, seeing his Soldiers thus with weakened Limbs, and barking Stomachs, thus complained to himself :

‘ O you immortal Powers, why did you
‘ preserve us thus from the Hands of our
‘ Enemies, to perish by a more lingering
‘ and ignoble Death ! Oh why was I born
‘ to see this Day ! Far better it had been
‘ for us to have been slain by the Swords of
‘ the Infidels ; then had we dy’d in the Bed
‘ of Honour, and not thus miserably to
‘ end our Lives, by that which Valour cannot encounter, nor the stoutest Courage
‘ able to resist.’

In this Manner did the noble Knight Sir *David* make his inward Grief, he comforted them in the best wise he could, although his own hopeless Misery could present no Comfort to himself : But now at last, when all Hope seem’d desperate ; and every Woe that could by Despair be brought, presented itself to the troubled Thought, it chanc’d that one of the Company, as he thought, spied Land, which he imparting to his Fellows, they upon View imagined the same ; whereupon some Sparks of Comfort began to enter in at the Crannies of their Hearts, and making towards it, as well as their weak
Bodies

Bodies was able to guide the ship, with much ado they got on Land; which to their great Comfort they found plentifully stored with Sheep, Conies, and divers sorts of Fowls, with which they refreshed their almost famish'd Bodies. Then searching up further into the Country, they found divers Trees laden with Fruit, very delightful to the Eye, and seemed as delicious to the Taste; but no sooner had they eaten of it, but they presently fell down into a dead Swoon or Trance, bereaved both of Sense and Motion, which put Sir *David* and the rest, who had not tasted of it, into great Grief, thinking themselves only reserved from Famine, to die by this strange and unknown Operation of the said poisonous Fruit.

As they were thus deploring their miserable Condition, there presented himself to them an aged Hermit, cloathed in a long Gown of grey, his Head cover'd with an hoary Fleece, and his silver Hairs speaking Experience: In his Hand he led two pretty Children, a Boy and a Girl, whose tender Looks pleaded Innocence. The old Gentleman, without any Fear, came boldly up to them, demanding what Chance had brought them thither; whither not any Mankind had come before in threescore Years, save only that Boy he led in his Hand, together with the Girl, who were brought thither by

The Renowned History of the
the working of the Sea in a little Boat, and
by him miraculously preserved.

Sir *David*, with Tears standing in his
Eyes, thus answer'd the Hermit :

‘ Most Reverend Father,

‘ We may well be said to come from the
‘ Land of Sorrow, our Excess of Grief
‘ scarce giving way to the Relief of Words,
‘ such has been our so pinching Want of
‘ Victuals at Sea, and Death here on Land
‘ has deprived me of most of my Followers;
‘ for coming for Succour unto this Island,
‘ the greatest part of my Men, by eating
‘ of some deadly Fruit unknown unto them,
‘ were soon arrested by Nature’s bold Pur-
‘ servant, grim gasty Death, under whose
‘ Dominion they lie, if no other Remedy
‘ can be procured than what we have know-
‘ ledge of.’

‘ Most courteous Knight, (replied the
‘ Hermit) both Cause and Cure are well
‘ known unto me, and which I shall ex-
‘ perience to you presently :’ So desiring
some part of them for to accompany him,
he went unto a little Grove hard by, where
grew great Store of an Herb, whose Leaves
were much like our *English* Sassafras ; this
Herb he stamp’d betwixt two Stones, and
straining the Juice of it into their Mouths,
who thus lay for dead, they presently re-
vived, to the great Joy and admirable Won-
der

der of *Sir David*, and the rest of his Followers. After Congratulations for their happy Revival, the aged Hermit conducted them to his Cell, which was pleasantly seated by a River's Side, that ran upon so fine and delicate Ground, as one could not easily judge whether the River did more wash the Gravel, or the Gravel purify the River; the Banks on either Side were fringed with most beautiful Trees, that resisted the Sun's Darts from over-much piercing the natural Coldness of the River, which ran not forth right, but continually winding, as if it had a Delight to play with itself.

Here did the old Hermit fetch out what Victuals he had, but that not sufficing, they kill'd some Sheep, Goats, and other Beasts, which they dressed in the old Man's Cell. After they had sufficiently refreshed themselves, *Sir David* requested the old Man to inform them where they were, and of the Condition of the Place; to which he readily condescended, and began after this Manner:

• Know, worthy Gentlemen, that this
• Island, wherein you now are, is called
• *Fortuna*, not large for Circuit, but plentiful
• for sustenance, supplying with her
• Abundance the Country of *Ancona*, not
• far distant from this Island, and of which
• once I was the unhappy Governor; being
• blessed with a beautiful Wife, and more
• beautiful Daughter, whom we named

‘ *Esttrilda* : Living for a long Time together in great Love, and Abundance of all
‘ earthly Blessings, until the Fates, envying our Happiness, sent thither a famous
‘ Necromancer, named *Orpino*, who rode
‘ in a burning Chariot, drawn by flying
‘ Dragons, and who was so expert in his
‘ devilish Art, that all the infernal Furies
‘ were at his Command, and the subterranean
‘ Spirits obeyed his Charms and Spells.
‘ This wicked Magician, tempted by the
‘ evil Spirit *Asmodeus*, burned in Lust towards my Wife, and the better to accomplish his Desires, having ingratiated
‘ himself in great Favour at my Court (for
‘ such then it was) he thought nothing possible to hinder his Designs; but my Wife
‘ being as virtuous as she was beautiful,
‘ not only resisted his Temptations, but also
‘ acquainted me with his lustful Intentions;
‘ whereupon I was resolved to seize on him,
‘ and by severe Justice to bring him to condign Punishment; but knowing the great
‘ Power he had in the Black Art, I was
‘ fearful in what manner to accomplish my
‘ Design: At last I resolved to invite him
‘ to a Banquet, and after he had been fully
‘ inebriated with the Juice of *Bacchus*, to
‘ have an armed Guard to set upon him;
‘ but in vain were all the Attempts which
‘ I devised against him; for no sooner did
‘ they lay Hands on him, but he was rescued
‘ by

• by Spirits, which presently appeared in a
• full Army, overspreading the Places there-
• abouts, and sending forth such Horror and
• Amazement amongst all my People, as
• happy were they who could get farthest
• off from their Sight; in these hellish
• Shapes did they pursue my Men all the
• Island over, not leaving till such Time as
• there was not one Man left but only my
• wretched self, whom they detained Prison-
• er: Then did these infernal Spirits con-
• vey all the Male Children away, but all
• the Females, guarded by divine Protection,
• they had not the least Power to hurt or
• touch. Next did he, by his magical Arts,
• upon a Rock adjoining to the Island, erect
• a Citadel or small Castle, which is kept
• by a Dragon, that each Morning out of
• his Mouth sendeth forth such a poisonous
• Breath, as killeth all the Males which are
• upon the Island, but over the Females his
• Breath hath no Power. Just over-against
• the Castle standeth a Pillar, whereon are
• inscribed these Verses:

What Man so'er sets Foot within this Ile,

He by our Charms immediately shall die;

Which shall remain in Force until the while

A Knight shall overcome the Enemy.

For then great *Orpin's* Charms and Spells shall cease,
And then the Land shall peopled be in Peace.

• Having proceeded thus far in his devilish
• Arts, he next by his Spirits brought me
E e 3 • into

' into this Island, where I have now re-
 ' mained the Space of ten Years, not hav-
 ' ing the Company of any, either Man,
 ' Woman or Child, save only of these two,
 ' which were sent me in a most miraculous
 ' Manner.

' For walking by the Sea-side one Morn-
 ' ing, at such Time when the heavenly Team
 ' begins his golden Progress from the East,
 ' and gilds the Horizon with his Radiance,
 ' as I cast my Eye upon the briny Face of
 ' *Neptune*, I beheld something floating on
 ' that glassy Deep; and staying to take bet-
 ' ter Notice of it, I perceived it to be a Boat,
 ' which without the Help of either Man or
 ' Oars made towards the Shore, and being
 ' come near, I drew it to Land, wherein were
 ' laid these two Children fast asleep, and be-
 ' twixt them a Table written in Letters of
 ' Gold, which contained these Words.

Left to *Queen Chance*, two Babes of knightly birth
 Are to the Rage of Wind and Seas exposed;
 If that they gain a habitable Earth,
 By this their Parents dear may be disclosed;
Fantious' Children, whom Death Prisoner keeps,
 Their Mother in the enchanted Castle sleeps.

Their Step-Father, *Sir Vylon*, who did owe
 A Grudge unto them for their Mother's Sake,
 To end their Lives his Malice did bestow,
 On whom the Queen of *Chance* did Pity take:
 Declaring they shall by an *English Knight*
 Restored be unto their Father's Right.

Thus

Thus Fate decreed, and those do strive in vain,
Whoe'er they be, to alter Fate's Decree,
By unknown Means our Ends we oft attain,
And furthest Ways to Thought may nearest be.
Learn then for to be just, without Offence,
Heavens punish Evil, protect Innocence.

‘ Now from what Place these Children
came, I am as ignorant as they themselves,
whose tender Age was such as made them
incapable of any Knowledge, either of Pa-
rents or Country : yet was I much revived
by the Writing, which promised their Re-
stitution by an *English* Knight, in which I
also hoped my own was included ; where-
fore ever since I have carefully brought
them up, and fostered them in the best
Manner I could ; and now I hope is the
Time to come about, wherein what was
promised by the Queen of *Chance* will be
performed ; not doubting but that such
magnanimous Resolutions as I see seated
in your noble Breast, joined with a just
Cause, will make you courageous to per-
form the Adventure, and to free me from
this tedious Trouble and Thralldom.’

Sir *David* hearing the Story with much
Admiration, remembered how he and his
Brothers had freed their Mother from the
Enchanted Castle, as also of the Knight,
which told how Sir *Kuylon* had exposed these
two Children to the Mercy of the Sea ; all
which

which he related to the ancient Gentleman, and withal promised him his utmost Endeavour for finishing the Enchantment, and restoring him again to the Island of *Ancona*.

And now was much Mirth and Joy on all Sides: Sir *David* was entertained in the Hermit's Cell, together with as many of the prime Commanders as it would conveniently sustain; the rest of the Soldiers cut down Boughs from Trees, and therewith made them Huts to shelter them from the Heat of the Sun, when his hot Steeds from their Nostrils vomit Flame on the parched Earth: Sheep and Goats they killed abundance, so that there was Store of boiling, broiling, frying, roasting, stewing, and other Ways of dressing Dishes, to refresh their Bodies, after their sore and bitter Hunger sustained at Sea. This continued for a Week's Space together; but then Sir *David* remembering his Promise made to the aged Hermit, he buckled on his Armour, and putting himself into his Ship-board, row'd with two Mariners, and guided by the old Hermit, he undauntedly landed before the Enchanted Castle, and marched directly towards the Gate thereof, whither no sooner he was come, but the Dragon most fiercely issued out, when presently began betwixt them the most fierce Encounter that ever was heard of, so that to describe it to the full I want the Skill of *Orpheus*, that sweet *Thracian* Singer, or the Invention

Invention of *Homer*, in describing the Battles of the *Greeks* and *Trojans*. The Dragon most furiously assailed Sir *David*, seeking to catch him in her Paws, which he nimbly avoided, and lent the Dragon many Blows, who lifting up her Head, sought to throw the whole Weight of her Body upon Sir *David*; which he perceiving, slipping aside, gave her a wound on the Belly, wherein she was only penetrable, and made her give forth a hideous Yell; which Advantage Sir *David* espying, he thrust his Sword into her Mouth, which she so strongly bit with her Teeth, that had it not been made of the purest *Lydian* Steel, it would have been in great Danger of being bitten in two, so that Sir *David* to draw it out was forced to use great Strength, but withal it so cut her Tongue, that the poisonous Blood came pouring forth of her Mouth, which so enraged the Dragon, that turning her about she gave him such a blow with her Tail, as made him to stagger, as if stunned, the Sword was ready to drop out of his Hand; so that the aged Hermit and the two Mariners, who all this while sat in the Boat to behold the Combat, began to doubt of the Success thereof: But Sir *David* recovering himself, against she came to assail him again with her Tail, taking his Sword with both his Hands, he struck such a Stroke as cut off two Yards in Length of her Tail: And now the Dragon being thus wounded,

wounded, began to use her first Play, and sought to seize upon Sir David with her Paws, but her Strength was so enfeebled through the Loss of so much Blood, that her Force availed her not: On the other Side Sir David gathering Strength at the Sight of her Weakness, ran against her with all his Might, and by main Force tumbled her all along, and ere she could recover, thrust his Sword into divers Parts of her Belly, which was as big as any Tun, and in Colour like to the burnisht Gold, whereout issued such Abundance of poisoned Filth, and withal stunk so abominably, as not able to endure it, he retreated to the Boat, who were ready to receive him, where they beheld how the ugly Monster rolled about, and beating the Earth with the Remainder of her Tail, until at last she died, when was heard a mighty Clap of Thunder, and immediately the Castle vanished away.

No sooner had they beheld the Castle vanished, but they put forth to Land, where Sir David on his Knees gave Thanks to the immortal Powers for this Victory; and then going up higher into the Land, they came to a little Village, the Inhabitants whereof were greatly astonished, some of the younger Sort thereof having never seen a Man before in their Lives, and those that were elder, in many Years before. By them they understood that the Queen, Wife to the aged Hermit,



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Hermit, was dead, and that her Daughter, the beautiful *Rosetta*, did govern the Island; whereupon they determining to go to the young Queen, sent the two Mariners back for the chiefeft of their Company to go along with them. Now whilst they ftaid there, many of the Country came to fee them, fome of the eldeft of which remembering their King, fell down at the aged Hermit's Feet, rejoicing to have feen that Day they might behold again their Sovereign: Then was great Enquiry made for the reft of the Men, fome for their Hufbands, fome for their Brothers, and other Relations, to whom the aged King *Antenor*, for fuch was his Name, and by which Title we fhall now call him, could give no Intelligence, for he could give no Account of them at all. In the mean Time fome of them had pofted to the Court, and acquainted the young Queen where her Father was; who at firft could not believe their Reports, fuch an unlikelihoood did the Truth of the Story carry with it; but being confirmed by fo many, at laft ſhe believ'd what ſhe moſt deſired to be true; and taking with her ſome of the choiceſt of her Maids, ſhe haſted to him with all the Speed ſhe could; but it was a moſt rare Sight to behold into what Wonder and Admiration they were both ſtricken at the firſt Sight of each other; for ſhe having never ſeen a Man before, that ſhe could remember,

member, thought his long Beard and other Attire most strange to behold ; and he on the other Side having not seen her in so many Years, the Remembrance of her was quite out of his Memory. However, she having been instructed in the Honour that Children should do to their Parents, humbled herself to him on her Knees, whom he most lovingly embraced.

Much Talk had they concerning the Death of the Queen, and what Occurrences had passed in the mean Space ; all which Time Sir *David* beheld the Princess *Rosetta* with Admiration ; so that Love through his Eyes stole into his Heart, and there took a full Possession, but having not an Opportunity now to disclose it, and the Queen inviting them to her Palace, whilst they were preparing to set forwards, the rest of the Ship's Company came up to them, together with the two *Tbracian* Children, destined to Destruction by Sir *Vuylon*, and who were preserved by *Antenor*, as you heard before.

All the Way as they went to the Palace, they were entertained with great Joy, a Troop of Maidens, cloathed all in White, going before them with Timbrels in their Hands, with which they play'd very melodiously, singing of Songs, and answering one another in pleasant Roundelays : The People, all the Way as they passed, came flocking about them, the younger Sort wondering at the
Men,

Men, as if they were Monsters; and the Men wondring as much to behold in every Place nothing but Women. The Queen *Rosetta* entertained Sir *David* with very high Respects, who returned her Kindness with obliging Civility. The chiefeft Commanders were accommodated with Tents peculiar to themselves, and stored with delicious Viands and Wines. Nay, the very meanest Soldiers were so well gratified and entertained, that they thought themselves very much obliged both to the Queen and the rest of her Subjects. In this Condition we will leave them for a while, to tell you what happened soon after in the Island.

C H A P. XV.

Sir David is married to Queen Rosetta; and overcomes the Remains of the Pagan Army; Sir Pandrasus, with his Men, lands in Ancona.

COnquering Love had so possessed the Heart of Sir *David*, that all Sports and Pastimes seemed tedious to him, and gave himself over to Melancholy, till such Time as finding a fit Opportunity, when *Rosetta* was alone, he brake his Mind to her in this Maner:

‘ Madam, I see so many Perfections residing in you, that not to love you would

argue a Stupidity of Knowledge, and obliges me to honour your excellent Endowments to the utmost of my Power; for, believe me, Madam, my Desires flow from a sincere Affection towards you, that if you please to yield me your Love, you shall find me both constant in Affection towards you, and loyal, not to do any Thing disagreeable to your Will.'

'Most courteous Knight, (replied the Queen) to whose Valour we are so much indebted, for your suit in Love, I cannot promise you any Thing in it, as not being at my own Disposal, my Father and Country claiming a Knowledge thereof, before I give Consent to a Thing of such Consequence; yet as I would not have you hope too much, so I would not have you despair, since you shall not find me, who am most concerned in it, displeased at your Suit: Account me not, dear Sir, over fond in my Expressions, since such high Deservings cannot but attract a willing Acceptance of that which is so virtuously offered.'

Whilst they were thus discoursing, there came towards them a Woman on Horseback, who, by the Haste she made, proclaimed that her Errand was of great Importance; and so it proved; for coming near to them, she cried out, *Arm, arm, with all the Speed you can; for Enemies are upon*

our Coast, who have already done much Mischief, and if not prevented, are like to do much more. These Enemies which thus molested this Island, were the Residue of the Pagan Army, which had escaped from the Battle fought against them by the Christians, and were conducted by the Horse-faced Tartar, who had escaped from the Sword of Sir Guy, as we told you before in the seventh Chapter: These vagabond Fugitives being headed by this Monster, as also by a Sagittary, who came with the Prince of Tripoly, having gotten some Ships, intended to escape to Persia, but by a Storm at Sea were driven they knew not whither, amongst several Islands, where they maintained themselves by robbing, killing, and other inhuman Ways towards the Inhabitants, who joining together, set upon them, and by the Slaughter of some of them, forced the rest to put forth to Sea again. After several Turmoiling, they chanced to land on this Island, upon which they no sooner had set Foot, but they fell to their old Trade of robbing and killing, so that the affrighted Inhabitants ran from their Presence, as the fearful Sheep from before the devouring Wolves. Sir David understanding of what had passed, commanded his Men presently to arm, and taking a gentle Farewel of Rosetta and Antenor, he marched directly against the Pagans, being guided by the Woman which brought the

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News.

News. As he marched along, he was met by divers Women, who all fled from the merciless Hands of their Enemies, praying for the good Success of the *English*, on whose victorious Arms depended all the Hopes of their Safety.

The *Pagans* seeing none but Women to oppose them, thought themselves secure, and therefore never minded their Arms, but fell to eating, drinking, ravishing of Women, and all manner of Outrages that a barbarous Nation could act; when Sir *David* with his Men set upon them, killing and destroying them at their Pleasures: The Horse-faced *Tartar* and the Sagittary seeing this, betook them to their swift-paced heels, thinking to get away in their Ship; but there was none to help them put forth to Sea; so that, being pursued by a Party of Soldiers, they were both taken Prisoners, and carried in Triumph back to Sir *David*, who with the rest of the Soldiers had by that Time wearied their Arms, and blunted their Swords, with the Slaughter of those Infidels, so that few or none of them were left remaining.

But now all the Amazement of each Person was, to behold the strange Shapes of these Monsters, resembling as much Beasts as Men; and therefore, the better to secure them, and that they might freely be beheld of the people, the Soldiers made them a great wooden cage, which, running on
Wheels,

Wheels, they drew about with them whither-soever they went; and in this Manner they led them along until they came to the Queen's Court, where Sir *David* and his Men were entertained with unspeakable Joy: And now did the Queen *Rosetta* manifest her Love by the kind Reception she made Sir *David*, which she expressed so openly, that not only her Father, but many of the Ladies that attended on her, took Notice of it; Love being of the Nature of Fire, which cannot be hid, unless it be deeply covered over with Ashes of Dissimulation; yet this was the Comfort of it, there was not any that thought but wish'd it so, which they outwardly declared by the great Content they received at the meer Report thereof; but when it was made known to King *Antenor*, he was overjoyed at the News, desiring it might be consummated as soon as possible.

And now all Hands were preparing to do something worthy such a Solemnity; some in making Tents to feast in, some preparing choice Viands to feast withal, others tuning their Instruments against the Day came; and because there was no Men for the Exercise of Arms, either for Justs or Tournaments, as upon such Occasions commonly used to be, it was concluded, for the Diversisement of the Spectators, that there should be a Battle fought between the Horse-faced *Tartar* and the Sagittary; in order to which,

a square Place was railed in with Ropes, with Seats of curious Workmanship for the Gentlemen and Ladies to sit and behold it.

All Things being thus prepared, upon the prefixed Day the Bridegroom and Bride were led in great State unto the Temple, he attended with a choice Band of *English* Soldiers, and she waited on by a Troop of beautiful Ladies; after the Priest had joined their Hands in holy Wedlock, they were conducted back in the same State as they went, all the People sending forth loud Acclamations of Joy: At their Return to the Palace, they feasted in most sumptuous Manner, all the Afternoon being spent in Dancing, Masking, and such like Revellings.

Next Morning was design'd for the Combat betwixt the *Tartar* and *Sagittary*; to behold which, *Antenor*, *Rosetta*, *Sir David*, and all the chief of the *English* Commanders, and the *Ancone* Ladies took their Places on the Stages provided for them: About Nine o'Clock the two Combatants were brought forth; the *Tartar* had on a quilted Jacket, wrought full of Eyelet-holes, at each of which hung a Needle, fastened by Thread; on his Head for a Helmet he wore a Cap made of Tortoiseshells, and so interwoven with Steel Wire, that it was not penetrable; he was armed with an Ebon Javelin, headed with Steel, yet something blunted, as designed more for Sport than Hurt. The *Sagittary*

gittary had on a Garment made of a Panther's Skin, so hard and tough, as no Sword could pierce it; his Javelin was of *Laconian* Ash, studded with Ivory, with a Head of burnish'd Silver. Great was the Expectations of the Spectators concerning this Combat; but they knowing that their own Ruin was only intended for the Mirth of others, resolved rather to spend their Lives to the Destruction of their Enemies; and therefore nimbly leaping over the Rails, in Despight of all Opposition that could be made, they hasted away as swift as if their Veins run with Quick-silver, turning about as doth a Swallow, being here and there, and here and yonden, and all at once.

Sir David and the other Men of War, seeing the Agility of the Monsters, thought it high Time to bestir themselves; and there-upon getting on Horse-back, made what Speed they could after them; but their Flight was as swift as if they had been freed from the Dregs of the Earth, and were as nimble as Fairy Elves, so that in an instant they had lost the Sight of them. And now being at Liberty, and armed, they made each Place they came at a Place of Slaughter; so that they might be followed by the Tracks of Mischiefe, which every where they did; and though Sir David and the other Pursuers were oftentimes very near them, yet could they not fasten on them, nor hinder

der them from doing an extraordinary deal of Mischief. It happened at that very same Time that Sir *Pandrasus*, with his warlike *Danes*, having been a long Time tossed about on the Sea, and relieved at some of the Islands where those *Pagans* had been plundering before, they, in Requital of such Courtesies, promised to pursue after the Infidels, and to revenge the Outrages they had done them; and hearing they made towards this Island, they followed after; not knowing that Sir *David*, or any *Englisbman*, was upon the Coast. Great was the Wonder both of the *Englisb* and *Danes* to see one another so unexpectedly; but the *Englisb* informing the *Danes* of their Chase after the two Monsters, they resolved to join with them in the Pursuit. The *Danes* had at that Time in their Ship a *Scythian* Dog, much stouter of Courage than an *Englisb* Mastiff, and far swifter than an *Irish* Greyhound: This Dog being fetch'd from the Ship, they led in a String until they came within View of the Monsters, who were still practising their old Trade of Mischief. The Dog being let loose, ran with as nimble Speed as the Shafts fly from a *Parthian* Bow, or as if his Flight were supplied by Wings; and now the Monsters were to seek in their Shifts, for the Dog soon overtaking them, seized on the Sagittary, who roared like a Bull, striving (but in vain) to disentangle himself of the Dog.

In the mean Time the Horse-fac'd *Tartar* scudded away as swiftly as a well-driven Javelin flies, or as a Hawk pursues the fearful Dove: *Sir David* with some others seizing on the Sagittary, he commanded him to be hanged upon the next Tree; and then with *Sir Pandrasus*, and those others who were nimblest mounted, they pursued after the *Tartar*, who now more weary by his Fellow's Harms, staid not in any Place, that they should not suddenly overtake him, never ceasing till he came to a Rock near to the Sea-side, in which espying a hollow Vault or Cave, he crope therein, and so shelter'd himself for a Time.

Escaping thus their Hands, after much Search made in vain for him, *Sir David* taking Order for a Watch to be laid all about the Island, that he might do no further Mischief, he invited *Pandrasus* to the Court, who went along with him, accompanied with several Dames of great Rank and Quality, and were most courteously received by Queen *Rosetta*, who thought herself the happiest Woman, and most favoured of Lady *Fortune*, who had sent her such a noble Hero to her Husband, and had doubly rescued her Country from Destruction. After two or three Days spent in Feasting, and no News heard of the *Tartar*, it was judged by all, that he drowned himself in the Sea, and therefore they began to cease watching more
after

after him: And as Sir *Pandrasus* with the Flower of the *Danish* Commanders were there, it was concluded to crown Sir *David* King of *Ancona*, and all those Islands which belonged to it; which *Antenor* was the most forward to do, seeing in Sir *David* such excellent Accomplishments.

The Day prefixed for the Solemnity being come, before the Palace Gate a stately Shew was presented, perform'd by three *English* Knights, three *Danish*, and six *Ancona* Ladies; who in a Kind of warlike Dance seemed to contend; the Knights amongst themselves, which of their Ladies was most beautiful; and the Ladies, which of their Knights was most valourous: This was done in a kind of a double Matachin Dance, for every single one had two Enemies; at last there issued to them a Shepherd and a Nymph, who were to decide all the Controversy, which they did in a Dialogue Song, of which this was the Conclusion of every Verse:

Valour doth Beauty honour and regard,
And Beauty is to Valour a Reward.

Many other Devices they had, with other stately Pageants and Shews as they went to be crowned, where, ascending a Scaffold prepared for that Purpose, and Sir *David* and *Rosetta* placed on two rich Thrones, after some set Speeches and Ceremonies used, two Boys in the Shape of Angels descended from

from the Battlement, with each a Crown in his Hand, which they placed on the Heads of Sir *David* and *Rosetta*, which was no sooner done, but the People gave a Shout, crying, *Long live David and Rosetta, King and Queen of Ancona, with all the Islands belonging thereto.* Then did the Trumpets sound, and several Sorts of Instruments play; which being finish'd, they marched back again in great State unto the Palace, where was provided a most sumptuous Banquet, in which neither Art nor Cost was wanting to please the Appetite of each several Guest. In the Afternoon was a Just held betwixt an *English* Knight and a *Dane*, which was performed with such Valour and Resolution, as gave great Satisfaction to the Beholders, and gained great Honour to themselves.

And thus Sir *David* being crown'd King, was fulfilled the third Prophecy which the Fairy Queen had predicted on him, being this which follows :

The Muses Darling for true Sapience,
In Princes Courts this Rabe shall spend his Days,
Kings shall admire his learned Eloquence,
And write in brazen Books his endless Praise:
By *Pallas*' Gift he shall atchieve a Crown,
Advance his Fame, and lift him to Renown.

The rest of the Afternoon of this Coronation Day was spent in Variety of Pastimes, each one studying some quaint Device to set forth the Glory of so magnificent a Triumph.

CHAP.

C H A P. XVI.

The taking of the Horse-faced Tartar, as also of the Necromancer Orpine; the Relation of Sir Pandrasus, concerning his strange Adventures after his Departure from the Seven Champions of Christendom.

NEXT Morning they were alarm'd with the dreadful Outcries and Shriekings of several Women, who in great Multitudes came running towards the Palace; for the Tartar, constrained by Hunger to come out of his Hole, rang'd up and down for Sustenance; and finding none to resist him but feeble Women, he fell again to his Occupation of Rapine and Mischief: This being made known to those noble Commanders, they presently armed themselves for the Encounter, but only with defensive Weapons, as knowing their Enterprize to consist more in Pursuing than Fighting. They took also with them the Sybian Dog, to whose Swiftness they trusted more than any Thing else, knowing that catching of him was half the Victory. Marching in this Equipage, more like Hunters than Soldiers, they spread themselves, but the chiefeft of them kept together, going into that Road they were directed by the affrighted Women; when at last they espy'd him upon a Hillock, whose barking Stomach was gormandizing upon



J. J. Sculp.

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upon a Sheep which he had newly seiz'd on; but having a Sight of his Pursuers, he left his Prey, and run away as swift as a Stag, who scorning the Earth with his Heels, runs from the shrill Cries of the full-mouth'd Hound; but the *Scythian* Dog having gotten a Sight of him, scowered after as swift as the Flight of Lightning through the Air, so that in an Instant he had nigh overtaken him; which the *Tartar* perceiving, turn'd about, and seeing he must die, resolv'd yet to give one Breath of Valour before his Expiring; and with his Ebon Javelin ran against the Dog with all his Might, and gave him a Wound upon the Shoulder, whereupon the Dog nimbly turning about, flew upon his Face, and catching hold of his Ear, made him bellow most hideously; and rising upon their hind Feet, tumbled over one another, in which Fall the *Tartar* got his Ear loose from the Dog, and withal gave him a Wound on the Flank; but then the Dog catch'd him by the Leg, and there held him till the Company came up to him, who seiz'd on him; and sending for the wooden Cage wherein he was before, put him into the same again, and carrying him back to the Palace, hung it upon one of the Arms of a stately Oak, where he remained a Spectacle for the People to gaze on.

Whilst they were thus busied about the *Tartar*, another Party who had been out in

Search of him, return'd, bringing with them the Necromancer *Orpine*, whose Charms and Spells upon Sir *David's* conquering his enchanted Castle, became of no Effect; so that now instead of riding in his burning Chariot drawn by Dragons, he, Vagabond like, wander'd about upon his Feet, being almost starv'd for want of Sustenance, dreading to come near any Habitation, his wicked Life being so notorious as deserv'd no Pity nor Compassion. *Antenor* seeing him, could hardly forbear running him through with his Sword, such a deep Impression had the Wrongs he had receiv'd imprinted on him: Nor could the Necromancer have been unwilling to die, had not the Fear of going to a worse Place made him willing to enjoy the Privilege of Breath a little longer; but that they might make his Life as uncomfortable to him as he had made others to them, they clogg'd him with Irons, and cast him into a Dungeon, there sustaining him with Bran and Water.

And now that the Monster and Necromancer were both secured, for Joy thereof *Antenor* prepared a costly Banquet, to which were invited King *David* and Queen *Rosetta*, with Sir *Pandrasus*, and the *English* and *Danish* Captains: After the Banquet was ended, King *David* desired Sir *Pandrasus* to give him a Relation of his Travels after they had parted from the *Christian* Army; to which

he readily condescended, and began as followeth :

“ Know then most worthy Audience, that after we had taken our Leave of those magnanimous Heroes, the seven Champions of *Christendom*, whose Names shall live for ever inrolled in the Books of Fame, we intended to steer our Course directly for *Denmark*, whose fruitful Banks we greatly long'd to behold ; but Fate had otherwise decreed, for our Pilot being unskilful in those Seas, after much Wandrings to and fro, we at last arrived in an Island nam'd *Barcona the Warlike*, for that both King and People of the same, inure themselves continually to the Exercise of Arms, and whither People from all Places resort, as unto a School of War. Here were we courteously entertained ; the next Day was held a solemn Just, wherein the King and twelve others were Challengers against a Prince of a bordering Island, and twelve of his Partners ; in these Conflicts were broken betwixt the Parties five hundred and eight Spears : On the next Day was kept a Tournament for all Persons to try their Valour, which was done with great Courage and Magnanimity on both Sides ; this being done, they fought with much Eagerness and Courage at the Barriers, and in these Exercises they did commonly spend their Time. After some Communication had with the King, of our Travels and Adventures, he

knowing us to be Soldiers, and that I was Commander in Chief, challeng'd me to just with him, and to that Purpose furnish'd me with Horse and Arms : At these Justs it chanc'd by shivering of a Spear, that one of the Splinters entering the King's Helmet, pierc'd his Brain, so that he fell down presently dead : The Nobles seeing their King thus killed, were in a marvellous Rage, and vowing Revenge, fought to lay Hands upon me ; but I perceiving their Intentions, defended myself as well as I could ; so that some Blows began to be dealt amongst us, when my Men seeing what Danger I was in, arm'd themselves, and stoutly stood in my Defence : And now much Mischief might have ensu'd, had not one of the antient Noblemen stept in betwixt them and us, and desiring us to forbear until such Time as he had spoken a few Words, he then delivered himself in this Manner :

‘ Let not, dear Friends, sudden Passion
 ‘ so prevail over Reason, as without Causes
 ‘ thoroughly weigh'd, and mature Deliberation taken, to engage in such a Quarrel
 ‘ wherein the Victor must needs suffer : Here
 ‘ is nothing of premeditated Malice ; and
 ‘ shall we go about to murder these for
 ‘ doing that which they themselves wish had
 ‘ never been done ? Therefore in seeking to
 ‘ do Justice to the Dead, let us not go about
 ‘ to do Injury to the Living ; but that
 ‘ without

‘ without any more Mischiefe, we may argue
‘ the Case by Argument, rather than Arms,
‘ since it is a well known approved Maxim,
*That where the Sword bears Sway, Justice for
that Time hath no Place.*

This Proposition was well receiv’d on both Parts, and the next Day was the Time appointed wherein all Controversy should be decided ; which being come, and the Matter argued, I was acquitted by the most of those who were then present, as a Thing only accidental to the Exercise of Arms ; but whilst these Things were arguing, in a large Plain before the King’s Palace Gate ; which was the Place where the accustomed Justs used to be held, there came a Trumpeter, attended with two other Persons clad in Armour, one of them being of a Gigantick Stature, who declared, that hearing of the martial Prowess of this King *Belphegor*, (for so was he named) they came on Purpose to try their Manhood with him. The Nobles with a sad Countenance declared unto them the Mischance which had befallen their King ; however, they told them their Challenge should be answer’d ; and I requested I might have the Honour to Just with him in the biggest Armour, and one of the Nobles, who was most eager in prosecuting me, undertook the other, and so we prepar’d for the Encounter.

I was mounted on the same Horse, and in the same Armour, wherewith I had justed against the King, with which I enter'd the Lifts, wherein I had not been long, but my Antagonist came, riding on an Iron-grey Horse, of a marvellous great Strength and Bigness, his Furniture was made into the Fashions of the Branches of a Tree, from which the Leaves were falling, and so artificially were the Leaves made, that as the Horse mov'd, it seem'd indeed that the Leaves wagg'd, as you may behold, when *Zephyrus* with a gentle Breath plays with them: His Armour was black, and in his Shield he had for his Device a *Phanix* rising out of her spicy Nest, with these Words; *Virtue ever lives.*

At some little Distance from us, did the Nobleman and other Champion also enter the Lifts, well prepared to encounter each other: At the Trumpet's sounding we set Spurs to our Horses, and with eager Fury each one assail'd his Adversary; and here I must confess did I use my best Endeavour for obtaining the Victory, not only out of Desire of Glory to encounter with so potent an Adversary, as also to regain the good Opinion of the Natives, which now I seem'd to have lost: Whilst each of us striv'd for the Palm of Victory, and to purchase Fame by our Well-deservings, we more wearied ourselves than got any Advantage of each other;

other; and in this equal Fight did we continue until such Time as the parted Day held an equal Ballance betwixt the foregoing and ensuing Light, and that bright *Phabus* had half way mounted to the highest Story of his *Olympick* Palace. And in this equal Condition of Fight we both parted, when I greatly desiring to know who it was that had so valiantly encounter'd with me, he pulling off his Helmet, to my great Wonder, I found him to be the Giant *Wonder*, who came with us out of the Land of *Denmark*; and that his Second, a Captain who came likewise along with us: Hereupon we most lovingly embrac'd each other. Now you must understand, that when we parted from the Seven Champions, as I told you before, we embark'd in two Ships, but it chanc'd that that Ship wherein he was, in the Night Time, running upon a Rock, was split in Pieces, most of them perishing in the Sea, only he with some few others getting astride upon the main Mast, by the favourable working of the Sea, were driven on Shore in a small Island near adjoining, the Inhabitants thereof receiv'd them kindly, and furnish'd them with such Necessaries as they wanted. Long had he not been there, but hearing of the Renown of King *Belphegor* afore said, he sold some Jewels which he had reserv'd from the Wreck of the Sea, and with his Champion putting themselves into
Armour,

Armour, came to try their Fortunes at the Island of *Barcona*, and where it was my Chance to encounter with him, as I have declar'd unto you.

Here did we stay until the Obsequies of the King was over, whose Funeral was solemniz'd with all the Rites that belong to martial Discipline. Afterwards we were feasted by several of the Nobles : At one of which Feasts a Gentleman there present, was declaring that in an Island not far off, was a Fountain of pure Wine, both delicious to the Taste, and extraordinary wholesome to the Body ; about whose Banks grew Trees that bear Fruit which healed all manner of Sores and Diseases whatsoever : This Fountain was guarded by a Giant, and a Lion of a monstrous Proportion, and for the more Defence thereof, surrounded with a Wall of such stupendious Height, that it was impossible to climb over it : Having no Entrance but only a narrow Wicket, which was so ordered by Necromancy, that only two at a Time should enter therein, for so it was declared by a Tablet, which hung over the Wicket, to this Effect :

Two for to try their Valour here may venture,
But a third Person is forbid to enter.

Sir *Wonder* and I having heard this Relation, resolv'd to undertake this Enterprize; and declaring our Minds unto the Company, they

they applauded us for our heroical Resolutions: So the next Day, being furnish'd with Armour according to what we desired, guided by the Gentleman who had given us the Relation, we came before the Inchant'd Fountain, and having read the Writing, we 'spy'd by the Side of the Wicket a Silver Horn, for them to blow which would have Entrance, which Sir *Wonder* putting to his Mouth, it gave forth a Sound as loud as when Cannons disgorge their fiery Vomits, or that which *Nilus* maketh when the Water falls from the precipitated Cataracts, when immediately the Wicket open'd of itself; and no sooner were we enter'd, but it shut again of its own accord; being thus enter'd, we heard the Lion send forth such a hedious Yell, as for the Noise thereof might be heard to *Antipodes*: Whereupon we prepar'd ourselves for the Encounter, and high Time it was, for immediately we perceiv'd both the Giant and Lion come marching against us. The Giant had on a Coat of Mail of wonderful Strength and Goodness, with an Oak-tree in his Hand for a Club: The Lion had on his Neck a Collar of Brass, wherein the Necromancer had written these Lines:

Who me doth overcome, he for his Pain,
The Conquest of the Fountain shall obtain.

The Lion came directly towards me, and the Giant march'd against Sir *Wonder*, and then

then began a most terrible Conflict on both Sides, for knowing our Lives depended on the Success we obtain'd, there needed no Spur to whet on our Courage: The Lion being most nimble, came first up to me, thinking with his Paws to have fasten'd upon me, but I nimbly avoiding his Grasps, stepping aside, gave a Side Blow against his Ribs, which being as hard as Brasses, wrought no Effect upon him, only made him a little to stagger. The Giant on the other Side came flourishing with his Oak against Sir *Wonder*, intending with one Stroke to have made a Separation betwixt his Soul and Body; but e'er he could strike, Sir *Wonder* gave him such a Blow on the Elbow, as he had well near drop'd the Club out of his Hand. The Lion having miss'd his Aim at me, with a short Turn whisking his Tail about, gave me such a Blow on my Waist, that I was almost half perswaded I was cut in two by the Middle; but recovering myself, I thrust at him with my Javelin, which notwithstanding it were made of the strongest Ash, yet shiver'd into a thousand Splinters; whereupon drawing my Sword, and the Lion coming fiercely at me, I gave him such a Blow on the Fore-leg, as cut it well near half way off; but in the mean Time the Giant had so wounded Sir *Wonder*, that he began to faint, which I perceiving, thought it high Time to use my utmost Endeavour,
and

and striking at the Lion with all my Might, it was my Chance to cut him a deep Gash on the Eye, whereupon he roared most horribly, and retreating back, gave me Opportunity to succour Sir *Wonder*, who now was upon the Point of falling, being deeply wounded, and having lost Abundance of Blood. The Giant seeing the Lion retreating towards the Fountain, desired a Parley; but I would hear no Conditions, but only an absolute Submission of himself to my Mercy, which at first he refused to do; whereupon he entered into a fresh Combat, giving and receiving many Blows on each Side, so that being almost wearied, I resolv'd to make quick Dispatch, and getting within Compass of his Club, closing with him, we both tumbled down together, I falling uppermost, for should he have tumbled down upon me, he would have well near crush'd me to Pieces.

The great Weight of the Giant bruised him much in his Fall, so that he was scarce able to rise, when I getting upon my Feet presented my Sword unto his Throat; but then did he bellow out to spare his Life, and he would reveal all the Secrets of the Fountain unto me, and deliver me the Possession thereof; which I was the willinger to do, because I saw the Giant *Wonder* lying at that Time upon the Ground like a lifeless Coarse; yet doubting of his Truth, I could hardly believe him, whereupon he swore by *Ma-*
homet.

bonnet, Termagant, and Apollo, that he would be true to me; upon which I promised him his Life, which easily I might have taken away, he being scarce able to stand on his Feet; but my Care for Sir *Wonder* made me apply myself wholly to him, who was now ready to cast off the Robes of Clay, and to be rak'd up in Death's cold Embers; but I now to try the Faithfulness of my new Servant, commanded him to fetch me some Wine from the Fountain, which immediately he did, together with some of the Fruit which was growing on the Banks thereof, which he had no sooner pour'd down his Throat, but he presently revived, such was the sovereign Virtue thereof, and in a little Space got upon his Feet, and by the Direction of the Giant we went towards the Fountain, where by the Way we met with the *Lion*, who seeing the Giant without Harm in our Company, he also fawn'd upon us: Now when we were come to the Fountain, and had tasted of the Fruit, it seem'd unto us that we were as whole and sound as ever we were before the Fight.

All this while did the Giant with great seeming Submission wait upon us, showing us all the Varieties that belong to the Place; but under these Ashes of Dissimulation lay harbour'd a canker'd Heart, which burn'd with the Fire of Revenge. It now began to be the Ebb of Day, wherefore we resolved

to repose that Night ; and were conducted by the Giant to a spacious Chamber, wherein stood a stately Bed : But dreading the Giant's Perfidiousness, we slept not both of us together, but one always stood upon his Guard, which no doubt prevented him from further Mischief at that Time, and therefore what he could not do one Way, he sought to act another ; and knowing of a poisonous Fruit which grew within six Miles of the Fountain, the Nature of which was, that being no sooner eaten but it cast them into a deadly Sleep for the Space of eight Hours after ; he therefore, to accomplish his devilish Design, travell'd thither at Night, and early the next Morning, he came unto us with a smiling Look, and presented to us some of the Fruit to eat ; but at the same Time from my Nose there fell three Drops of Blood, and a Diamond Ring, which I had on my Finger, sweat, and look'd as pale as Ashes ; whereupon foreboding some Treason, I commanded him to taste first thereof himself ; which with an obstinate Denial he refused to do ; and perceiving his Treachery was discover'd, he thought now no Way but to conquer by Arms or die, and thereupon struck at me with all his Might, which I awared as well as I could ; however he gave me a slight Wound on my Arm ; hereupon snatching up my Sword, ' False Villain, ' said I, now shall thy Life pay for thy
No. 23. H h ' Treachery ;

‘ Treachery ; not all the Wealth of the *Indies* shall redeem thee out of my Hands.’ And now he being out of his Coat of Mail, I could the better deal with him, laying on Load upon him with all the Strength and Skill I had, making such deep Furrows in his Flesh, that the Blood sluic’d from him as from a Crack in a strait Pipe of Lead.

Whilst we were thus fighting, the Lion with like Fierceness assailed Sir *Wonder*, who was newly awak’d from his Sleep, hearing the Clattering which the Giant and I made with fighting ; but the Giant did not long endure my Blows, but made towards the Fountain, to have tasted some of the Fruit, the Virtue whereof he knew to be such, that it would have cur’d him of all his Wounds in an Instant ; but e’er he had gotten half way thither, I run him in at the Back with my Sword, whereupon turning him towards me he gave me such a Blow on my Wrist, which so numbed my Hand, as my Sword was ready to drop out of it ; but I having the Use of one Hand as well as the other, quickly recovering my Sword, gave him such a deep Gash on the Ham, as he came tumbling down like to a great Timber-log, enough to shake the Ground and make an Earthquake ; when running my Sword into his Bowels, I left him, as I thought, for dead, and returned to the Succour of Sir *Wonder*, who by this Time had overcome
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the Lion, and laid him for dead, and was coming towards me ; at our Meeting we kindly embraced each other, thanking the Divine Powers for this so notable a Victory.

Returning back towards the Giant, we found he was not quite dead, who before his expiring confessed unto us his Treason, that if we had eaten of the poisonous Fruit, as soon as we had fallen asleep, he would have digged a deep Pit, and therein have buried us alive, so near we were to the Jaws of Destruction. By this Time the Gentleman that conducted us to the Island, attended with some few resolute Soldiers, came (but not without much doubting) to see what was become of us, intending with their best Aid in helping us to the obtaining of the Victory, but finding the Work done to their Hands, they rejoyc'd exceedingly at our good Fortune.

And now being thus happily met together, we resolv'd to try an Experiment of the poisonous Fruit upon three Dogs which our Gentleman Conductor had brought with him; and in Order thereunto, we gave one Dog two Apples, to the second three Apples, and to the third four ; when in an Instant they all presently fell asleep ; but we resolving to find whether the Effects were answerable to what the Giant had told us, staid to see what would be the Event : Now it so happen'd, that the first Dog which had eaten two Ap-

ples, in fix Hours Time awak'd, and as if suddenly rais'd from a Trance, like to one frantick, ran away from us, and we could never see him after. The second Dog, having lain about the Space of seven Hours, giving great Groans, began to stir and tumble about, but came not to himself till about an Hour after, still continuing very sick, but we giving him one of the precious Apples, he presently reviv'd and became well; but the third Dog, who had taken four Apples, never came to himself again, by which we experimented the Nature of that poisonous Fruit, thanking the immortal Powers for our escaping so imminent a Danger.

This being done, we went all of us to the Fountain, where we carous'd of the Wine very freely; and soon after came to us divers of the Nobles and Knights from *Barcona*, who beholding the Bodies of the Giant and Lion, highly applauded our Courage in the Attempt, and with a general Consent proffer'd us the Government of the Fountain, with all the Island thereunto; which Sir *Wonder* freely accepted of: But I being desirous to return home, as I had faithfully promis'd to those of my Followers which remain'd; having furnish'd myself with what Necessaries I wanted, took Ship, and after many Difficulties, arriv'd in this Island.

C H A P. XVII.

How Sir Pandrasus in his Return homewards came to an Island where Sir Phelim and Sir Owen had kill'd a great Giant, and taken his Castle, and what Torments the Giant inflicted on his Prisoners.

SIR *Pandrasus* having finish'd his Story, they all very much marvel'd at the Virtues of that rare Fountain, King *David* resolving after some Time to go and see it, with a Desire also to visit his old Friend Sir *Wonder*: But Sir *Pandrasus* being desirous to return home, furnish'd himself with all Necessaries thereunto, which were freely given him by King *David* and his Queen *Rosetta*; and so taking his solemn Leave of them both, he with the rest of the *Danes* took Ship, and with a prosperous Gale cut the briny Face of *Neptune*, and not meeting with any Adventures remarkable, they came to an Island call'd *Micomicon*, where they landed, and leaving some of the Company to guard the Ship, Sir *Pandrasus* with the rest march'd up into the Country, and came to a high Hill, which was beautified with many stately Trees, whose curl'd Tops seem'd to brave the Skies; at the Foot of this Mountain lay the Body of a Giant newly kill'd, of a marvellous Size, his Eyes being as big as Foot-balls, his Mouth six Feet

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wide,

wide, his Scull so large, that being empty'd it would hold five Pecks of Wheat, his Shin-bones six Feet in Length, his whole Body full eight and twenty Feet long : They very much marvel'd at the vast Proportion of this Giant, but much more at the unmatched Strength of him that kill'd him ; and being desirous to be further inform'd, they saw a plain beaten Path leading up to the Top of the Hill, by which they ascended, and found on the Top thereof a Castle of a curious Building, beautify'd with all the Cost and Cunning that the Height of Fancy could express, and upon the Front whereof was a large Table of Brass, wherein these Lines were written :

Within this Castle lives the Scourge of Kings,
The Giant *Briemart* of wondrous Might ;
That to his Power he doth subdue all Things,
Whoever dares encounter him in Fight :
As hundreds by their Deaths have plain made known,
Who by his martial Might have been o'erthrown.
Let none then dare to enter in this Gate,
Lest for his Folly he repent too late.

Pandrasus having read the Writing, notwithstanding he saw the Giant slain, yet not knowing what Danger might ensue, commanded all his Company to arm themselves before they entered into the Castle, which being done, himself went foremost with his Sword drawn, when from the Battlements a Knight call'd to him to know what he was, and

and for what Business he came thither ; to whom *Pandrasus* made this Answer, That he was of the Country of *Denmark*, and being necessitated for Provisions at Sea, was come thither for Succour. *And that shall you have freely*, said the Knight, *please you to stay, whilst we come down to you* ; when presently they were met by several Persons unarmed, who with a smiling Countenance came unto them ; two of which Company chanc'd to be *Sir Phelim* of *Ireland*, Son to *St. Patrick*, and the valiant *Welch* Knight, *Sir Owen* of *the Mountains*, Son to *St. David* ; who after their Return from *Cyprus*, being separated from *Sir Turpin* of *France*, and *Sir Pedro* of *Spain*, chanc'd to arrive in this Island ; and coming to the Castle, having read the Writing aforesaid, they resolv'd to encounter the Giant, where after a long and tedious Fight, valiantly performed on both Sides, he was at last overcome and slain by them.

This Giant was of Nature as cruel as those Tygers who are nourish'd in the *Hircanian* Wood, to whose Heart Nature had set a Lock to shut out all Pity, delighting to bathe and paddle in the Blood of Men ; so that the Dread of him ran all the Country round about, for whomsoever he took, he so tormented, that Death was to them the least Punishment. He kept only one old Woman for his Domestick Servant, as cruel as deform'd, and so deform'd, that I want
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Art to describe the same. This deform'd Trot, whose Face was enough to proclaim her a Witch, all the Time the Fight was betwixt the Giant, Sir Owen, and Sir *Pbelim*, was mumbling the Devil's *Pater Noster*, for the good Success of her Master; but when she saw that he was slain, she exclaim'd against Heaven, and curs'd all the Infernal Powers, wishing the Ground might open and swallow them up, although she herself were invelliped in their Destruction; nay, her Desperation was so much, that she would have cast herself from the Walls, and given her Soul a loath'd Sacrifice to the Devil, had she not been prevented by Sir *Pbelim*; who, as soon as he saw the Giant fall, ran in at the Gates, for fear they should have been shut against them; and ascending the Castle, found this old Witch ready to have executed Vengeance upon herself; but he seizing upon her, found in her Custody a great Bunch of Keys. And now Sir Owen seeing the Giant quite dead, was also come up to the Castle, where partly by Threats, and partly by Force, they compell'd her to shew them the several Rooms, that they might release such as were Prisoners therein; but to see what Variety of Tortures this Tyrant inflicted on those poor Creatures, it would make a Man to bless himself to behold it: In the first Room she open'd, there lay four Knights bound Neck and Heels together;

together ; these were four Brothers, Sons to a certain Baron named *Clemander*, who coming to revenge themselves upon the Giant who had ravish'd their Sister, were by him taken Prisoners ; we having unbound them, and told them how the Giant was kill'd, they were transported with an Extasy of Joy. In the next Room they enter'd, there lay a young Man loaden with Irons of so vast a Weight, that he was not able to stand upright, and seem'd to be only a living Corpse ; with much ado they knock'd the Irons off his Legs, who, whilst they were doing it, oftentimes fswounded away, but being revived by some Cordial Spirits of rare Waters which they had brought with them, they at last brought him to himself ; and demanding what he was, and what Misfortunes brought him thither, after two or three deep-fetch'd Sighs, he thus said :

‘ I am, said he, one born a Native of
‘ this Country, my Father a Count thereof,
‘ who in a Quarrel having kill'd a Peer of
‘ the Realm, sought to fly into another
‘ Land, but in his Passage thither was drown'd
‘ at Sea, which my Mother hearing of, fell
‘ distracted ; and to add to our Miseries,
‘ the King seiz'd upon his whole Estate :
‘ But this was not all, for, as if Fate were
‘ resolv'd to use her utmost Spite against
‘ me, my only Sister, who was then upon
‘ her Marriage, being thereby disappointed
‘ of

‘ of her Portion, desperately stabbed herself,
‘ so that now all the Happiness which re-
‘ main’d to me, was a Security that I was
‘ so miserable as Fortune could not make
‘ me worse.

‘ Yet the King, commiserating my Con-
‘ dition, took me to be one of the Gentlemen
‘ of his Bed-Chamber, and withal allow’d
‘ me a competent Estate for my Maintenance,
‘ so that my Sorrows seem’d in some Part
‘ to be mitigated; but, as if my Heart were
‘ naught but a Stage for Tragedies, this
‘ serene Sky did not last long, for I attend-
‘ ing the King a hunting, he was on a sudden
‘ surpriz’d by this Giant, none but I stand-
‘ ing to him, although follow’d by a great
‘ Company, the Uglinefs of his Proportion
‘ so affrighting them, that they recommend-
‘ ed the Protection of their Lives to their
‘ Feet. And now the King and I thus left
‘ to his Mercy, nothing would redeem our
‘ Lives but the delivering up this Castle to
‘ him, which then was the Royal Mansion
‘ of his Majesty; and though this was done
‘ according to his Desire, yet this perfidious
‘ Lump of Flesh retain’d us both Prisoners;
‘ which how he us’d the King is to me un-
‘ known; but for myself, my Miseries under
‘ him were so great, that Death should have
‘ been very welcome to have arrested my
‘ Body, and laid me in the cold Prison of
‘ the Grave.’

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This so sorrowful Relation wrought great Compassion in the Hearts of Sir Owen and Sir *Pbelim*, who with wrathful Countenances commanded the old Hag to shew them presently where the King was ; but she denying there was any such one there, they threaten'd her with Words, and that not prevailing, they cut off one of her Fingers, telling her they would cut her in Pieces Joint by Joint, if she did not perform it ; whereupon she promis'd them that she would ; and leading them up to the Top of the Castle, as if he had been imprison'd in one of the Garrets, she cast herself from the Top of the Battlements to the Ground, dashing her Brains out against the Pavement, and so made an End of her damnable Life. Sir *Pbelim* and Sir *Owen* taking the Keys from this wretched Corpse, open'd many Doors, and in every Room they went to, beheld sad Spectacles of the Giant's Cruelty ; at last they came to the Place where the King lay, whom they found making his Moan in this Manner :

‘ O ye immortal Powers, what have I
‘ deserv'd to have this Punishment inflicted
‘ on me ? How is it that Death seizes on
‘ those who would willingly live, and flies
‘ from him who would court his Embraces ;
‘ O that *Atropos* would cut in twain the
‘ Thread of Life, to put a Period to my
‘ Miseries, but they are as inexorable as this
‘ Monster of Mankind, whose Adamantine
‘ Heart

‘ Heart will not hearken to my Request :
‘ Come, gentle Death, O come, come, for
‘ it is thou alone who canst ease my Misery.’

When they open’d the Door, he seeing the Keys in Sir *Owen*’s Hand, thinking they were come to torment him afresh, with a wrathful Countenance thus spake unto them.

‘ Monsters of Nature, whose wanton Cru-
‘ elty knows no End, and who please your-
‘ selves in making others to feel the Effects
‘ of your Tyranny, now satiate yourselves
‘ in Cruelty, for you shall not be readier to
‘ inflict, than I to suffer what the utmost of
‘ your Malice can lay upon me.’

Whilst thus he was proceeding in his Exclamation, the young Man who was taken Prisoner with him, came towards him as fast as his trembling Legs would carry him, and falling on his Knees, he said, ‘ Mott
‘ Gracious Sovereign, blame not these match-
‘ less Heroes, whose invincible Manhood
‘ hath gain’d our Freedom, and whose peer-
‘ less Prowess hath overcome our insulting
‘ Enemy.’

The King seeing young *Clodius* (for so was the Gentleman nam’d) was in a strange kind of Amaze, not thinking any human Power possibly able to overcome the Giant; but being by them assured that he was slain, to confirm their Words, they carried him to a Window out of which he might behold his dead Carcase : And at that Time it was
when

when Sir *Pandrasus* came unto them : Great was the Joy amongst these valiant Knights for their so happily meeting together ; but being informed by the King that there were many more Prisoners behind, they resolved not to take any Repast until they had set them all at Liberty ; and so entering into several Rooms, and setting free divers Prisoners, they came at last to a Room, wherein was enclos'd a beautiful Virgin, whom Grief had almost made distracted ; who at their Entrance into the Room took no Notice of them, but like to an intranc'd Soul stood as one with Ghosts affrighted :

‘ The Miseries (said the King) that this
‘ Virgin hath endur'd, might move a Heart
‘ of Stone to Pity, and cause the most ob-
‘ durate Soul to lament : She is the only
‘ Daughter of a wealthy Knight, endu'd as
‘ you see with Nature's chiefest Ornaments,
‘ so that before Grief had made a Transmi-
‘ gration of her, the Queen of Love might
‘ have served as a Foil unto her. It was
‘ her Chance (a fatal Chance) to fall in
‘ Love with a young Gentleman that waited
‘ on her Father, one answerable to her in
‘ all Respects, had his Estate been equal
‘ with his Parts ; and he answering her Love
‘ with like reciprocal Affection ; but as it
‘ is incident to Lovers to meet with Crosses,
‘ so did these at the very Beginning thereof ;
‘ for her Father coming to have Knowledge

' of it, this young Gentleman, whose Name
 ' was *Matteo*, was soon turn'd away, and
 ' forbid ever after from coming near unto
 ' the House, and she confin'd to a Cham-
 ' ber without any other Liberty; but as
 ' Love will creep where it cannot go, so
 ' did he find Means to pursue his Suits in
 ' Love unto her, and as he thought in a
 ' safe Way, and that in this Manner :

There was growing just by the Chamber
 Window where she lay, a stately Tree, upon
 which in the dead of the Night he used to
 ascend, and there had parly with his Love:
 This they continu'd for some Time, to their
 great Content and Satisfaction; but it so
 chanc'd upon a Night he was espy'd by one
 of the Servants, who immediately inform'd
 his Master thereof; which when he heard,
 he was so transported with Rage, that taking
 a Cross Bow, and aided with a glimmering
 Light, by Madam *Cynthia*, the pale-fac'd
 Lady of the Night, he sent a Bullet into his
 Belly, which wrought such Effect, that tum-
 bling from off the Tree, he only said, *My*
dearest, I die for Love of thee; and presently
 expir'd.

But when the Lady saw what had happen-
 ed, she fared like unto mad *Orestes*, Impa-
 tience louring in her Face, so that had she
 not been prevented by a Maid that came
 into the Chamber at that present, she had
 by a Knife given herself a Period to the Race
 of

of her loath'd Life; but being hinder'd of her Design, she fell into a Swoon, as if her Soul had made a total Separation from her Body. Lying in this Trance, the Maid who came to her, ran and cry'd out for more Help; but notwithstanding all the Means they could use, it was long before her sullen Soul would re-enter her Body, or that any Hopes of Life was perceiv'd; yet could not all this mitigate the Rage of her incens'd Father, who commanded she should be confin'd still to her Chamber, and not any one suffered to remain with her; wherefore in the Night she uncorded the Bed, and tying the Line to a Pillar of the Window, by the Help thereof she slid down to the Ground, and wandring she car'd not whither, so she were out of the Reach of her Father's Cruelty, she chanc'd to come near this Castle, whom the Giant 'spying, caught her flying from his loathed Sight, and brought her into the Castle, where ever since she hath remain'd in the Condition which you see.

C H A P. XVIII.

How Sir Phelim and Sir Owen, with Sir Pandrasus, fought with the Giant Curlo, who came to be reveng'd for the Death of his Brother Briomart.

THE King having ended his Discourse, it wrought great Compassion in all
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them that heard it, especially Sir *Pandrasus*, who much pitied her sad Condition, and therefore to comfort her, he having brought a Bottle of the healing Wine from that precious Fountain, whereof Sir *Wonder* was now Governor, he gave her some Part thereof to drink, which she no sooner had receiv'd, but her Spirits reviv'd, and her Colour came to her as if fresh Roses budded in her Cheeks; and then telling her that now all Danger was past, that the Giant was kill'd, and she at Freedom, Joy began by little and little to enter in at the Crannies of her Heart. And now all Parties being surrounded with Joy, Messengers were sent to all Parts of the Kingdom, to declare to them the joyful News of their King's Delivery; whereupon, soon after a wonderful Number of Lords, Knights, and Gentleman, came to congratulate their Prince's Freedom, and to express their Joy for the Death of the Giant, whose dead Body they beheld with great Wonder and Admiration. But in a few Days it began to stink so abominably that they were forc'd to bury it.

But should I go about to express the great Joy of the Commons for this wonderful Victory, had I as many Tongues as *Argus* had Eyes, yet were I not able to express the same; the Heavens were struck with the Sound of the trembling Bells, Mirth digg'd her Pits in every Cheek, Grief and Sorrow were

were buried, Care was cashier'd, and every Soul was chear'd with Gladness. Amongst other News that came to the Castle, one was, that the Knight, Father to the distressed Lady, was newly dead, whereby she became Heiress to his whole Estate; who having Notice thereof, notwithstanding his great Unkindness to her, yet did she make great Lamentation for him, shewing therein the right Nature of a dutiful Child. After some few Days passed, through the earnest Solicitations of the King, Sir *Pbelim*, Sir *Owen of the Mountains*, and Sir *Pandrasus*, she was perswaded to cast her Affections upon the young Count that was her Fellow-Prisoner, in Consideration whereof the King restor'd him to all his Father's Estate, and made him an Earl.

The Marriage was solemniz'd with great Splendor; when on a sudden was a great Uproar, and Cry of the People, who came running towards the Castle, as swiftly whirling as the whisking Wind; for this Giant *Briomart* had a Brother named *Curlo*, who liv'd in an Island hard by, where he us'd as much Cruelty as his Brother did in this: He hearing of the Slaughter of his Brother *Briomart*, rais'd what Force he could, and landing in the Island, kill'd all that he could catch, sparing neither, Men, Women nor Children. This being made known to these valiant Knights, they armed themselves with

all the Speed they might, mustered what Forces they could raise at present; and being prepared, they stayed near unto the Castle, expecting the coming of the Enemy, who with great Pride and Confidence came marching towards the Castle; the Giant *Curlo* at the Head of them. Sir *Pbelim* seeing the Giant marching in this Manner, with a strong Pole-ax, came up to him, betwixt whom began a most fierce Encounter. In the mean Time the two armies joined together, with as much Rage and Fury as was possible, each striving to exceed the other, who should cloy Death's Jaws the soonest, so that the Field was strowed with dead Carcases, and Mounts of slain Bodies surrounded with Moats of Blood: Sir *Owen* and Sir *Pandrasas* making Lanes to pass wheresoever they went, as if they altogether minded Mankind's Destruction: None was taken to Mercy, but every one sacrificed to the Sword.

Whilst they were thus in the Heat of the Fight, the King, with the new Bridegroom-Earl, came with those, whom Desire of Liberty, and Allegiance to their Sovereign, had brought to take up Arms with him, and giving a furious Onset to the adverse Party, they were forced a little to retire: But the Giant *Curlo* had so far prevailed against Sir *Pbelim*, that he was forced to recoil; whereupon our new Earl, to add to his Honour, entered in the Combat with the Giant;

Giant ; but alas, his Strength was not answerable to his Heart, having been so much enfeebled by his long Imprisonment ; so that notwithstanding Sir *Pbelim* did all he could in his Rescue, yet was he slain by him ; which Sir *Owen of the Mountains* perceiving, with great Rage, guided by Courage, and govern'd by Discretion, joined with a manly Resolution, opposed himself against the Giant, and so lustily laid about him, that in the End he brought him down headlong, who in his Fall made such a horrid loud Noise as wounded the Air with Terror, like the Roar of a whole Herd of Lions, enough almost to make an Earthquake : But Sir *Owen*, knowing the Success of the Battle depended upon the Giant's Life, nimbly leaped on him, and with his keen Falchion cut off his Head ; which when the rest of his Soldiers perceived, they thought to save themselves by Flight, but these valiant Knights were so exasperated by the Death of this new Earl, that, banishing all Pity from their Breasts, like enraged Lions they fell upon them, and without all Remorse never ceased till they left not one of them alive.

And now having obtained such an absolute Victory, they returned back again in Triumph, carrying the dead Body of the Corpse ; she was like to one quite stray'd from Reason's Centre, as *Atbamas* and *Ino* when the Snakes crawled in their Bosoms, or like to a Bull stung

stung by Hornets, or as rag'd *Dido* when *Aeneas* left her : ‘ And am I (said she) capable of more Sorrow ? Can all the Compass of the Light show a more unhappy Creature than I ! Did I no sooner receive a Glimpse of Comfort, but on a sudden to be thrown down again into a Dungeon of Misery ? Ah, my dear Lord, since I could not live with thee, I will not live without thee ;’ and with that she would have struck a Knife to her Heart, had she not been prevented by those that stood by her : ‘ And will you also (said she) become my Enemies ? What Injury have I done ye, that you deprive me of the only Benefit I desire to enjoy ? And now again she would have killed herself, but was the second Time prevented. But the King, Sir *Pbelim*, Sir *Owen* and Sir *Pandrasus*, with much Entreaty so perswaded her, that she engag’d to them not to lay violent Hands upon herself ; and the better to divert her from any such Thoughts, and to chear up her Heart, overladen with Grief, the King made a most sumptuous Banquet, to which were invited all the Lords, Knights, and chief Captains then present ; against which Time divers Pastimes were devised, and costly Shows performed, with most excellent Musick, rare Dancing, and other Delights, to provoke her to Mirth ; but all was as Water spilt on the Ground, it took no Impression

pression upon her Soul, such indelible Characters of Sorrow had Grief engraven on her Heart.

And now these warlike Knights being minded to go into their own Countries, took their solemn Leave of the King, who rewarded them with many rich Gifts and Presents, giving them many Thanks for their Valours shewed in his Defence; so taking Ship, they launched from Shore, when soon the Sails grew big-belly'd with the wanton Wind, and the Ship glided safely on *Nep-tune's* briny Face, capering for Joy upon the silver Waves, until such Time they each of them arrived in their own Countries, where they were received with much Joy, and where we will leave them for the present, to relate what befel to Sir *David* in going to see Sir *Wonder* at the Fountain of Health.

C H A P. XIX.

How Sir David sailed to the precious Fountain, rescu'd Sir Wonder: How he put to Death the Tyrant Almantor, and settled aged Pandion in his Estate.

THE valourous and renowned Champion Sir *David*, being now well settled in his Kingdom of *Ancona*, as you heard in the fifteenth Chapter, was very desirous to see Sir *Wonder*, and to experiment the Effects

fects of the precious Fountain; as Sir *Pandrasus* had declared unto him; wherefore selecting out a choice Number of approved Soldiers, he took Ship, and having a prosperous Wind, he in a few Days arriv'd in that fertile Island; but contrary to his Expectation, instead of being receiv'd with great Friendship, no sooner was he landed, but a Number of armed Soldiers came marching against him, bidding him either to depart the Land, or yield up his Arms into their Hands, or else to abide what their Force could compel him to: For so it was, that soon after the Departure of Sir *Pandrasus*, that those of the *Warlike Island*, understanding the rare Virtues of the Fountain, and the Fruit that grew on the Banks of it, that they resolved to become Masters thereof; and to that Purpose in friendly Manner visited Sir *Wonder*, seeming to applaud his happy Fortune in being possess'd of so rare and precious a Jewel, as was that Fountain; and so far did they insinuate into his Favour, that he trusted them with all his Secrets, which they wrought unto his Ruin, for by a Wile they locked him into an inner Room, and seized on his Servants by a Party which they secur'd in a private Place, and to that Time while Sir *David* landed, had kept them close Prisoners.

But now was the Time of their Deliverance come about, for Sir *David*, understanding there

there was no Way to be used but Force, setting his Men in Order, gave them such a Charge as put them to the Rout, the greatest Part of them being slain in the Chale; the Residue of them that escaped flying to the Fountain, raised all their whole Force, who having armed themselves, speedily march'd against Sir *David*; and now began a most terrible Fight betwixt them, with such a cruel Slaughter of Men, that the Earth was covered with dead Bodies: Sir *David* with his keen Falchion hewed his Way thro' his Enemies, until he came unto their General, with whom he encountered Hand to Hand; and after many Blows exchanged betwixt them, slew him out-right; whereupon the Residue sought to save themselves by Flight, but were so eagerly pursued, that very few of them escaped, not above three Persons reserved alive. And then giving Thanks to the immortal Powers for this great Victory, they went the next Day to the Fountain, and released Sir *Wonder*, and the rest of his Men from their Captivity.

Great was the Joy at this their Meeting, for Sir *Wonder*, notwithstanding his vast Strength, yet was so strongly imprisoned, that he despaired of ever regaining his former Liberty, which being so unexpected, made him the highlier to prize it. Then did Sir *David* with his Soldiers drink of the Wine of the Fountain, when presently they felt

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felt the powerful Virtue thereof, being in an Instant as fresh and lively, as when they first began the Fight. Afterwards Sir *Wonder* banqueted them with the Fruits of the Trees that grew upon the Banks thereof, which were of such various Tastes, and yet all of them so delicious, as gave great Satisfaction to the most indulging Palate. But they were not only delightful to the Taste, and pleasant to the Appétite, but also of that super-excellent Virtue, that whosoever tasted of them was immediately cured of all the Hurts and Wounds he had about him, were they never so deep and deadly.

That Night they slept soundly, and the next Morning went forth to behold the Rarities of the Country. In every Place they came they heard the Birds, the Air's winged Choiristers, warbling forth their Ditties most harmoniously, as if with their Chirping they sung Carols to the rosy Morn, and with their Musick courted the sullen Wood, and invited Mortals to walk abroad.

Besides the singing Birds named before, there was an infinite Number of Partridges, Pheasants, Quails, and Phenixes, which are not to be found in other Countries, were here very plentiful, all which were so tame that you might take them up in your Hands, and being kill'd, and held up against the Sun, would be instantly roasted, needing no Basting but their own Fat, but in the Eating they

they were so delicious, that the choicest Viands, which your curious Cooks with much Art prepare, came far short of their Goodness.

Being thus extraordinary well satisfied in beholding the Curiosities of this incomparable Island, they drew down to the Sea Side, where they sat beholding how the Ocean's Fry were playing on the briny Face of *Nep-tune*; and casting their Eyes a little farther, they beheld a Boat come rowing towards them, wherein sat an old Man, whose Hairs did wear the sober Hue of Gray, and whose wrinkled Countenance did seem to cast the Account of many Cares: They came rowing directly towards them, and being landed, the old Gentleman desired to speak with the chiefest of their Company; and being brought unto Sir *David*, he spake to him in this Manner:

‘ Most worthy Knight, whose valiant
‘ Acts are memoriz’d all the World over;
‘ let melting Pity creep into your Heart to
‘ give some Comfort to my Calamity: Know
‘ then, most worthy Chieftain, that in my
‘ native Country, being an Island hard by,
‘ there liveth a cruel Tyrant, one whose
‘ Will is his Law, and who seldom sleeps
‘ soundly, unless he hath Blood for his Bol-
‘ ster, thinking nothing unlawful that makes
‘ for his Advantage; and to that Intent
‘ keeping a constant Kennel of Blood-hounds
‘ to accuse whom he pleaseth, and who are

No. 23.

K k

‘ so

' so desperately wicked for his Purpose, that
 ' they will depose whatsoever he would have
 ' them ; by these Men was I accused to
 ' have conspired against his Life, and though
 ' there were neither plain Evidence, nor
 ' any Circumstance conducive thereunto,
 ' yet being Judge in his own Cause, I was
 ' condemned, and presently had my Estate
 ' seized on, which indeed was the main
 ' Cause of my Accusation.

' I was then blest with a beautiful Daugh-
 ' ter, named *Tremelia*, for whom this Ty-
 ' rant burn'd in Lust, who took her from
 ' me, pretending to keep her as a Pledge of
 ' my Fidelity ; but having her in his Keep-
 ' ing, sought to deflower her, but she re-
 ' sisting his unchaste Desires, and having
 ' given him some opprobrious Words, he
 ' in a great Rage stuck her to the Heart
 ' with his Dagger. I having Notice of what
 ' was passed, thought it high Time to pro-
 ' vide for myself, and daring trust no Body,
 ' I lay hid for two or three Days and Nights
 ' amongst Bushes, Thorns and Brakes, when
 ' disguising myself, I went to a Village hard
 ' by, where I heard of your notable At-
 ' chievements in conquering this Island,
 ' hoping, according to your former Favours
 ' to others in Distress, that you will afford
 ' me some Succour in redressing my Wrongs.'

Sir *David* hearing this sad Relation of the
 ancient Gentleman, was mov'd with great
 Pity

Pity towards him, so that he vowed by the Honour of Knighthood, either to revenge him of the Tyrant, or to lose his Life in the Attempt; and so giving the antient Gentleman some of the Water of the Fountain to drink, and some of the Apples to eat, he was so refresh'd, that he seem'd to forget his former Sorrows, and to have new Life and Vigour inspired into him. They therefore agreed to send for more Succour to Sir *David's* Country, intending to stay there until their Return; but in the mean Time this ambitious Tyrant (whose Name was *Almantor*) having heard how this Island was conquered by a few Persons, and of the rare Qualities belonging thereunto, he thought in an Instant to surprize it; and to that Purpose manned out what Force he could make, and with great Bravery sailed towards this fruitful Island, having conquered it in Conceit before he came thither. Sir *David* seeing this Fleet of Ships, he laid an Ambush to surprize them, and upon their first landing seem'd to fly, until he had brought them into the Net prepared for them, when turning Head, he gave them such a brisk Charge, as gave them a fatal Rout.

Almantor himself fought most valiantly, doing what in him lay to have obtained the Victory; and as if he had a Spirit that durst war against the Fates, seemed to dread no Danger; but all his Valour would not bear

him out against Sir *David*, who coming up to him with hardy Blows, after a smart Fight took him Prisoner ; few were saved alive besides ; for the Soldiers were so enraged against them, that all Compassion was for the present banished their Breasts.

The Victory being thus obtained, they led *Almantor* towards the Fountain, where first they refreshed themselves with some of those healing Fruits, and afterwards sat in Judgment upon him ; where was laid to his Charge all the Tyrannies, Murders and Rapines which he had committed ; all which he could not excuse, nor very well deny, and therefore he was adjudged for his Crimes to be put to Death.

His Crimes were of too sanguine a Dye to be forgiven, and all his Sorrow only feigned ; they therefore concluded he should be put to Death, and gave him Choice of eight Sorts of Ways whereby to die : viz.

1. To be hang'd on a Gibbet.
2. To be put into a Sack, and thrown into the Sea.
3. To have his Head smitten off.
4. To be poison'd.
5. To be burned to Death.
6. To be stung to Death with Snakes.
7. To be cast down headlong from a high Tower.
- Or, 8. To be shot to Death with Arrows.

‘ Sad is the Choice (said the wretched
‘ *Almantor*) chuse which I will : For, 1. To
‘ be hanged on a Gibbet, is to die the Death
‘ of

of a Dog. 2. To be put into a Sack and drowned, is to be devoured by Fishes, and want decent Burial. 3. To have my Head smitten off, is indeed the Death of a Nobleman, but which no Nobleman would willingly have. 4. To be poisoned, is to be a stinking Carcase before I am cold in my Grave. 5. To be burn'd, is of all Deaths the most cruel. 6. To be stung to Death with Snakes, is a painful lingring Death. 7. To be cast from a high Tower, uncertain Death. What then remains, but the last Kind of Death, to be kill'd with Arrows, and that is the Death of a Soldier, which I shall sooner choose; Come then, seeing you think me not fitting to live, quickly dispatch me out of the World.'

Then rending open his Doublet, he ty'd a Handkerchief before his Eyes, and leaning his Back against a Tree, he cry'd out, *Now do your worst*; whereupon immediately some Soldiers who were planted on purpose, sent a Flight of Arrows into his Breast, so that in an Instant he fell down and died.

Whilst this was doing, the Soldiers which Sir *David* had sent for, arrived in the Island, whereupon Sir *David* leaving some few for the guarding of the Island under the Conduct of Giant *Wonder*, he with the Residue sailed towards the Island where *Almantor* lived, taking along with him the ancient Gentleman

for his Guide, and sailing thither in the same Ships wherein *Almantor* came, which they of the Island espying, seeing their own Ships afar off, began to rejoice; but when they perceived Strangers in them, they began to arm themselves with all the Speed they could, and put themselves in a Posture to resist their landing: But Sir *David*, nothing daunted at their Appearance, landed in despite of all the Resistance they could make, and with his Sword quickly made Way for his Soldiers to follow him, who, encouraged by his Example, as soon made Lanes of their slaughtered Enemies. But now the Fury of their Rage being over, Sir *David* scorning to insult over a vanquish'd Party, caused a Retreat to be sounded, and sent Messengers after them, that he would parly with them; to which they willingly condescended, and to that Purpose sent three or four of the chiefest of them, to whom Sir *David* spake as followeth:

‘ The Cause of my sending to you, is to
 ‘ offer you Peace and Liberty: Liberty
 ‘ from the Thralldom of an insulting Tyrant,
 ‘ to whose insatiable Avarice you were made
 ‘ Thrall; one who not only delighted in
 ‘ Cruelty, but took Delight in executing
 ‘ the same; who hath now paid his just De-
 ‘ serts by the Stroak of Justice, being shot
 ‘ to Death for his cruel Tyranny; instead
 ‘ of whom, we shall present you for your
 ‘ Governor,

‘ Governor, one well known (and here he
‘ presented to them the ancient Gentleman)
‘ whom if you refuse to accept, then expect
‘ no other but what the Sword and a con-
‘ quering Arm will inforce you to do.’

The Messengers having heard these Words,
with a loud Voice cry’d out, *Long live our
Lord Pandion*, (for so was the ancient Gen-
tleman called ;) and thereupon they desired
Leave to acquaint the rest with their Deter-
mination ; which when they had done, there
was a general Acclamation and Shout of the
People. And thereupon coming all to Sir
David, they submitted themselves, promi-
sing faithful Obedience to the aged *Pandion*.
And having settled him in the Tyrant *Al-
mantor*’s Place, he return’d to the Island of
the precious Fountain ; where leaving a suf-
ficient Guard with Sir *Wonder*, he return’d
back to his own Country, where he was very
welcome to Queen *Rosetta*, and joyfully en-
ertain’d by the rest of his Subjects.

C H A P. XX.

*How Sir Guy, Sir Alexander, Sir David,
as also Sir Turpin of France, Sir Pedro
of Spain, Sir Orlando of Italy, Sir Ewin
of Scotland, Sir Phelim of Ireland, and
Sir Owen of Wales, met at a great Justs
at Constantinople.*

LONG had not Sir *David* been in his
Kingdom of *Ancona*, but their arrived
an

an Herald, who proclaimed a solemn Juſts to be held by the Emperor of *Conſtantinople*, in Honour of his Son's Nuptials, who was contracted to the King of *Trebizond's* Daughter, the beauteous *Lucinda*. Theſe Juſts were proclaim'd in all the Kingdoms of the Earth, ſo that at the Time appointed there arriv'd at his Court the moſt approved Knights that were then living: Amongſt others were *St. George's* three renowned Sons, *Sir Guy*, *Sir Alexander*, and *Sir David*; the valiant *Sir Turpin* from *France*, *Sir Pedro* from *Spain*, *Sir Orlando* from *Italy*, *Sir Ewin* from *Scotland*, *Sir Pbelim* from *Ireland*, and *Sir Owen* from *Wales*. Being come to the Emperor's Palace, they were by him moſt kindly entertained; and becauſe the Juſts laſted only nine Days, he appointed each of them to be Champion his particular Day.

But before the Juſts began, the Prince *Rofinda*, Son to the Emperor, was with great Magnificence married to the beauteous *Lucinda*; great were the Triumphs performed that Day by Pageants, Fire-works and other coſtly Devices, all which we ſhall paſs over; and ſpeak of the warlike Acts perform'd by our nine renown'd Heroes.

On the firſt Day of the Juſts entered *Sir Guy*, King of *Sicily*, mounted on a *Barbary Steed*, his Armour (like the Colour of his Horſe) was a dark Brown; and for his Device on his Shield was an Anchor, with theſe Words,

Words, *Anchora spe.* Against him entered a *Phrygian* Knight named *Dorofus*, upon a forrel Horse of an Epiran Breed, and flaming Nostrils; his Armour was Green, and the Device on his Shield a Laurel Tree, with these Words, *Ever flourishing.* At the Trumpet's Sound they encounter'd each other with so great Skill and Violence, that, breaking their Staves, the Splinters flew into the Air: But at the third Course Sir *Guy* ran against him with such Might, that both Horse and Man fell to the Ground. With like Valour did he overcome 25 Knights, and was with great Triumph conducted home unto his Lodging.

The next Day Sir *Alexander* enter'd the Lifts, as chief Challenger against all Comers: His Armour was Red, and for his Device in his Shield was an Ox bleeding, with these Words, *Such to Opposers.* The first that run against him was a *Macedonian* Lord, named *Lentulus*, of gigantick Stature, and approved Manhood; but by the Valour of Sir *Alexander* he was overthrown, as also 19 other Knights of Prowess and Fortitude.

The third Day Sir *David* appear'd in the Lifts, chief Champion against all Opposers: His Horse was of a Chesnut Colour, his Armour azure, and on his Shield was painted a serene Sky, with these Words, *Without Clouds*: This valiant Knight behaved himself so well that Day, that he brought to the
Ground

34 Knights, to his great Commendation and Honour.

On the fourth Day appear'd for chief
Champion againſt all Comers, the renowned
Sir *Turpin* of *France*, mounted on an *Ara-
bian* Courſer. His Armour was of a tawny
Colour, and on his Shield was painted an
Orange-Tree, with theſe Words, *Fruitfully
comforting*: This valiant Knight behaved
himſelf ſo gallantly that Day, that the Em-
peror threw unto him a Gold Chain, at the
End whereof hung a rich Medal beſet with
Pearls and Diamonds.

On the fifth Day the heroick Knight Sir *Pedro* of *Spain* enter'd the Lifts, mounted on a *Spanish* Gennet : His Armour was of a Flame Colour ; his Device in his Shield, was a Salamander living in the Fire, with these Words, *Not so consumed*. This renowned Knight by his martial Prowess overthrew no less than 34 Champions that encounter'd with him, insomuch that the Princess *Lucinda* gave him her Glove to wear, and called him her Knight.

Upon the sixth Day as Sir *Orlando* of *Italy* entered the Lifts, there met him a 'Squire, who spake to him in these Words, ' Sir ' Knight, my Master by me advises you to ' make the best Defence you can, that by ' your stout Resistance, he may obtain the ' greater Honour in your Overthrow.' To whom Sir *Orlando* reply'd, ' Go tell thy ' Master,

Master, I am prepared for him ; and that
it is not good to sell the Lion's Skin until
he be dead.' Accordingly hereunto encountering each other, they fought with so much Skill and Valour, that *Mars* might have been a Spectator of their worthy Achievements, being Men of such Prowess as not to know Fear themselves, and yet to teach it to others that had to deal with them ; long Time did Victory equally play upon their dancing Banners, but at last Conquest displayed her Silver Wings on Sir *Orlando's* Head, and his Antagonist's Brags vanished in Smoak, his Body with his Honour being laid in the Dust. With the like Success did he overcome 18 Knights that Day, whereby he won the Reputation of a most valiant Knight.

On the seventh Day the renowned King Sir *Ewin* of *Scotland* was chief Champion, who enter'd the Lifts with a *Scottish* Gallo-way ; his Armour was black, as also his Shield, with these Letters in White, *Hoping for Day*. His Success was such that he foil'd no less than 60 Knights, gaining to himself immortal Fame by such their Overthrow.

The eighth Day was managed by Sir *Pbelim* of *Ireland*, as brave a Knight as ever trod the Field of *Mars*, he was mounted on an *Irish* Hobby, deck'd with a Plume of Peacock's Feathers : His Armour so contrived, as if it had been made up of several
Pieces,

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Pieces, yet all joyn'd together in a loving Confusedness: On his Shield was pourtraited a Robin-Red-breast, with these Words, *Innocently harmless*: He encountered that Day with 25 Knights, all whom he overcame.

On the ninth and last Day there enter'd the Lists that heroick undaunted Knight Sir Owen of the Mountains, mounted on a stately *Englisb* Palfrey: His Armour was Milk-white, his Attiring else all cut in Stars, which made the Cloth of Silver Spangles each way seem to cast many Aspects. In this Shield was a Sheep feeding in a pleasant Field, with these Words, *Without Fear or Envy*. This valiant Knight Sir Owen behaved himself so gallantly, and dismounted so many Knights that Day, that the Prince *Rosinda* entituled him, *The Mirous of Chevalry, and Patern of true Magnanimity*.

After the Jufts were finished, the Emperor entertained these nine worthy Knights in a most sumptuous Manner, spending several Days in their Company, and, in Reward of their martial Performances, gave unto them nine most rich and precious Stones, each of 'em valu'd at a King's Ransom, besides other rich Presents from the Prince and Princess, and so taking their solemn Leave of the Emperor and other high Estates, with great Honour and Applause, return'd each to his own Country.

F I N I S.

